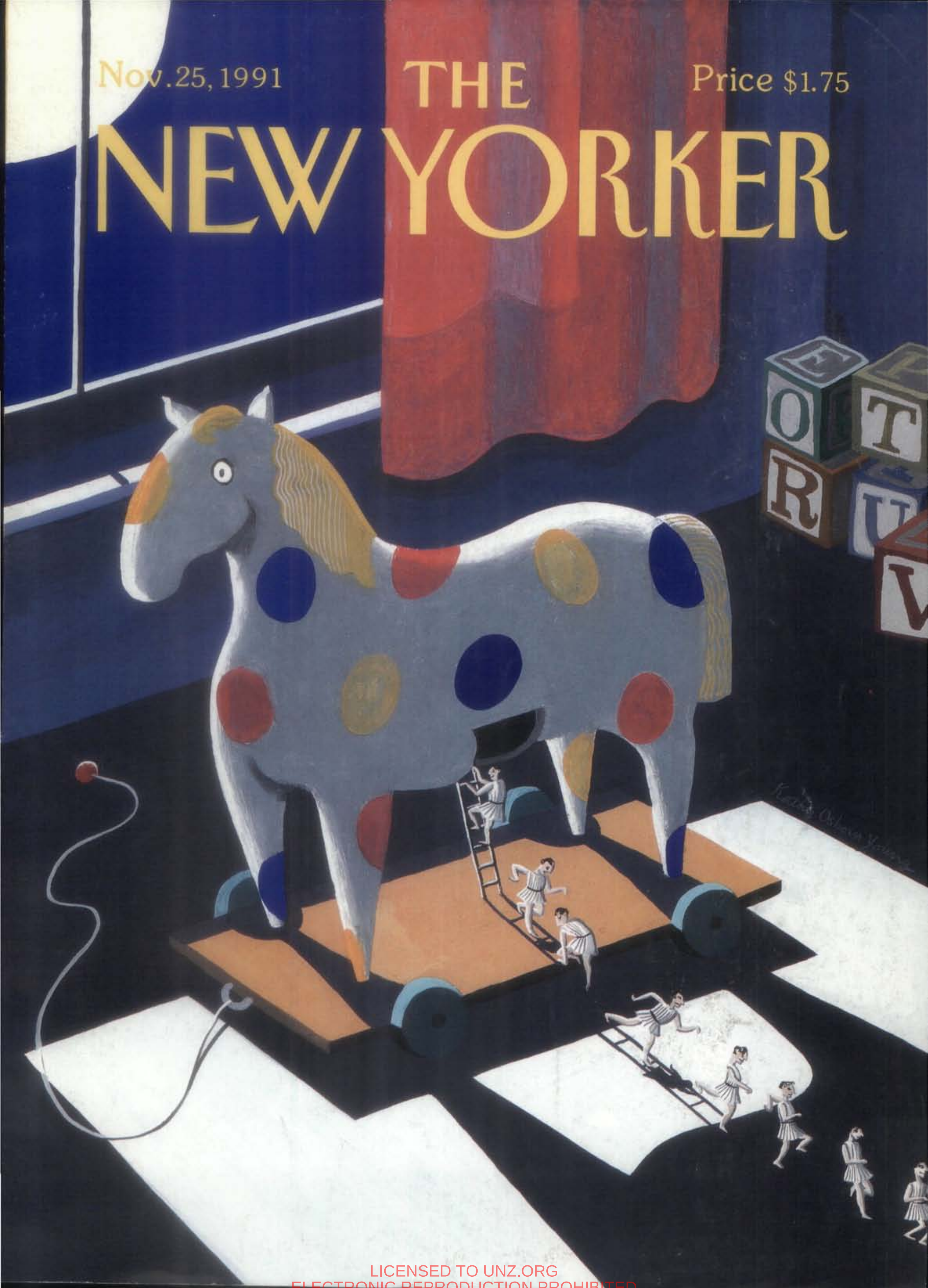
Nov. 25, 1991

Price $1.75

THE NEW YORKER


E
O
T
R
U
V
Kathy Osborn Young

1983 “From the road to the roof it’s laced with intriguing tidbits and thoughtful touches.” C

1984 “The new front-drive Camry 4-door sedan offers comfort, quality, and interior spa

1985 “Most trouble-free new car in America.”* *J.D. Power and Associates*

1986 “Best Buy” *Consumers Digest*

1987 “If the world’s auto manufacturers were only allowed to build one car to sati

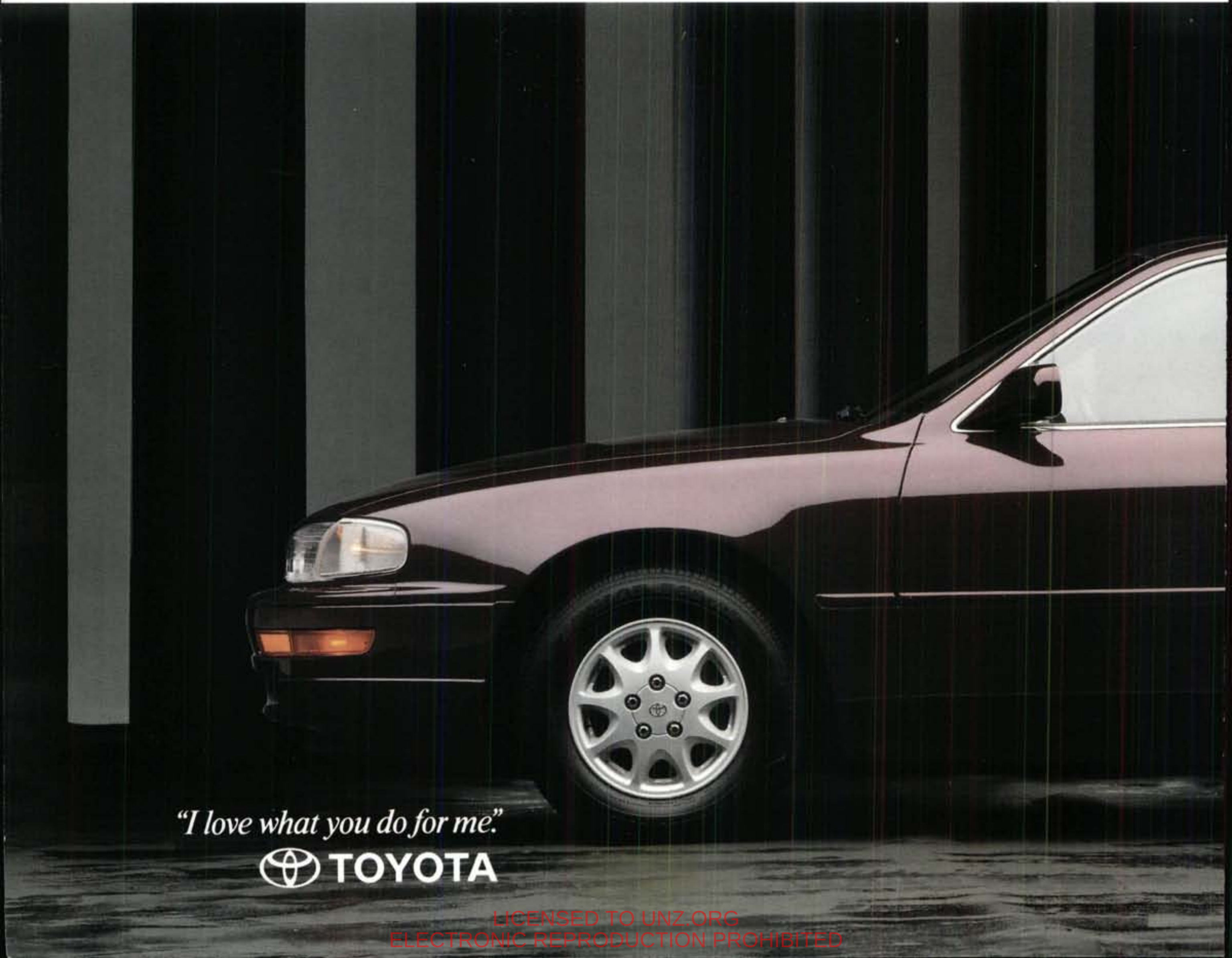
1988 “The Camry is everything a family car should be.” *Car and Driver*

1989 “Family Car of the Year.” *Family Circle Magazine*

1990 “Most trouble-free compact car in America three years in a row.”*

1991 “Ranked in J.D. Power and Associates Top Ten models in Initial Quali

1992. WE JUST COULDN’T



d Driver

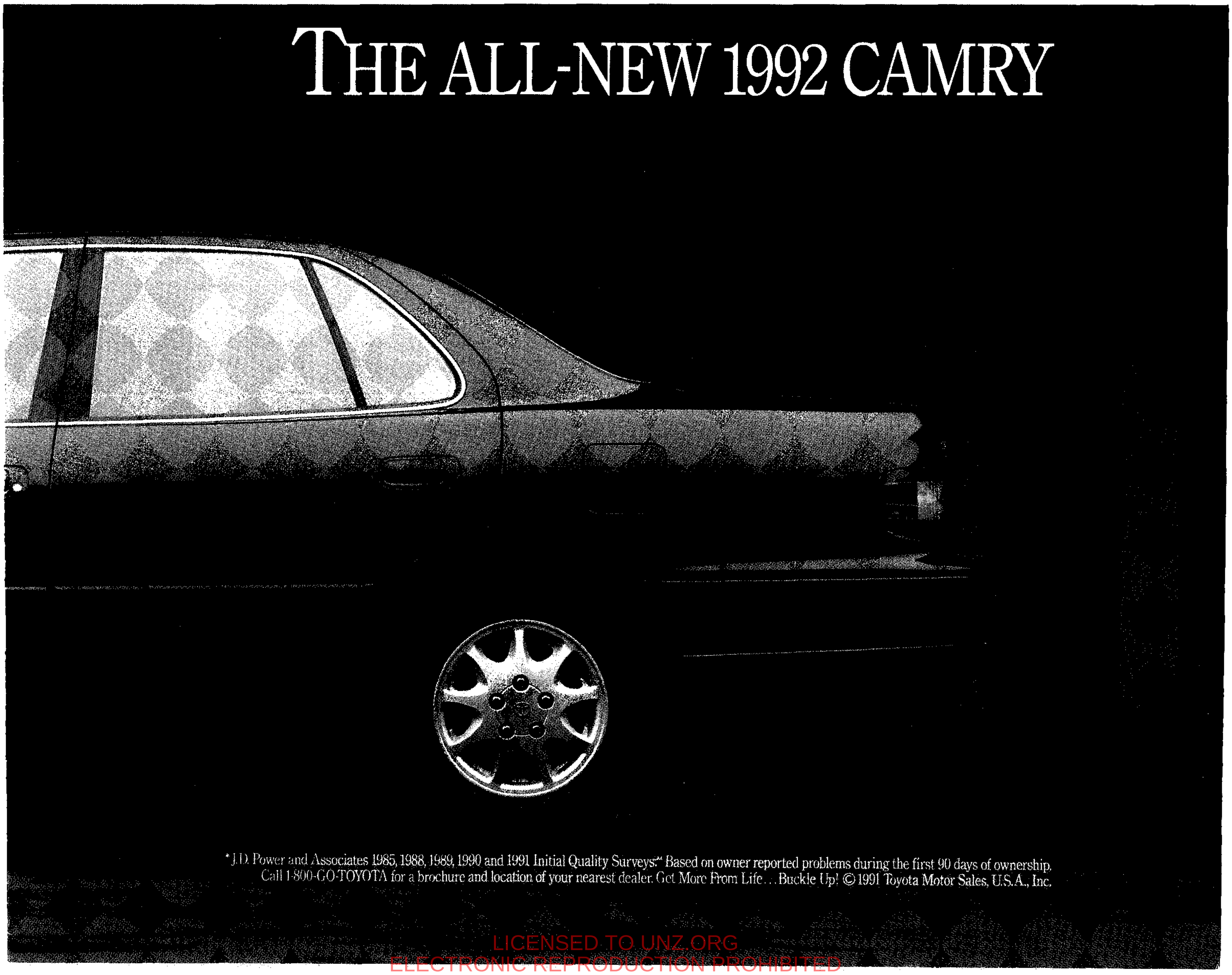
generous portions." *Motor Trend*

needs of all car buyers everywhere, the Camry would be the logical choice." *Motor Trend*

wer and Associates

D. Power and Associates

EAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE.



*J.D. Power and Associates 1985, 1988, 1989, 1990 and 1991 Initial Quality Surveys.SM Based on owner reported problems during the first 90 days of ownership. Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a brochure and location of your nearest dealer. Get More From Life... Buckle Up! © 1991 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

Philip Taaffe

NOV 21 – JAN 11

GAGOSIAN
980 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 744-2813

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NOVEMBER 25, 1991

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 39

"OUTLAW LOVE" . . . . . *Polly Frost* 44

"MAN ON A FIRE ESCAPE" (POEM) . . . . . *Edward Hirsch* 46

"WILLIAM'S SHOES" . . . . . *Lore Segal* 48

"WHERE TO BEGIN" (POEM) . . . . . *Sherod Santos* 52

LETTER FROM BERLIN . . . . . *Jane Kramer* 55

THE ART WORLD . . . . . *Adam Gopnik* 110

REPORT FROM ASPEN . . . . . *Jeremy Bernstein* 121

BOOKS . . . . . *Faith McNulty* 137

COVER: *Kathy Osborn Young*

DRAWINGS: *J. B. Handelsman, Robert Mankoff, Lee Lorenz, Robert Weber, Roz Chast, Gahan Wilson, Ed Fisher, Edward Koren, William Steig, Danny Shanahan, Victoria Roberts, Sam Gross, Bernard Schoenbaum, Glen Baxter, Dana Fradon, Jack Ziegler, Liza Donnelly, Leo Cullum, Michael Maslin*

THE NEW YORKER
20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and general manager/cfo; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and associate publisher; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president. Branch advertising office: 111 East Wacker Drive Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 1-11 Hay Hill, London, W1X7LF. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503 Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co.,Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVII, No. 40, November 25, 1991. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885. © 1991 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. *All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of* The New Yorker. THE MAGAZINE'S NAME AND LOGO AND THE VARIOUS TITLES AND HEADINGS HEREIN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS, INC. PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $56.00. Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

THERE'S A PART OF YOU THAT'S PENDLETON.®

Our warm wishes for the holidays. Pendleton Sportswear. From a distinctive collection of American originals.

PURE WOOL
WARRANTED TO BE A
PENDLETON
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS
MADE IN U.S.A. PORT. ORE.
100% PURE VIRGIN WOOL

The sewn-in Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested fabrics made of the world's best: Pure Wool. For a free booklet telling the story of the Pendleton shirt, write Box 3030, Portland, Oregon 97208.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27			

THE THEATRE

NOT long ago, readers of this magazine were told, in some detail, about La Fura dels Baus, a Spanish theatre group whose performers were so high-spirited that audience members were warned to "wear old clothes" to see them. Although similar advice would be useful for those planning to take in Blue Man Group—who are at the Astor Place Theatre reprising "Tubes," a piece that they did earlier this year at La Mama—it must be noted that the Astor Place management at least provides plastic sheets for spectators sitting up front. They'll need them, for here are just a few of the goodies that Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink, the blue-painted men who make up the ensemble, utilize in the course of the seventy-minute performance: Twinkies, Cap'n Crunch cereal, gumballs, marshmallows, and Jell-O. Once ingested, this food has a way of bubbling up through orifices both biological and mechanical. All three guys, in fact, are champion hurlers—and we're not talking baseball. While such antics may sound juvenile, Blue Man Group's concerns turn out to be more or less grownup. With the assistance of a wide-palette technological paintbox, in addition to electronic message boards, live video, and, naturally, all manner of tubing, they broach such tough subjects as deconstruction, kitsch, information overload, and overpopulation.

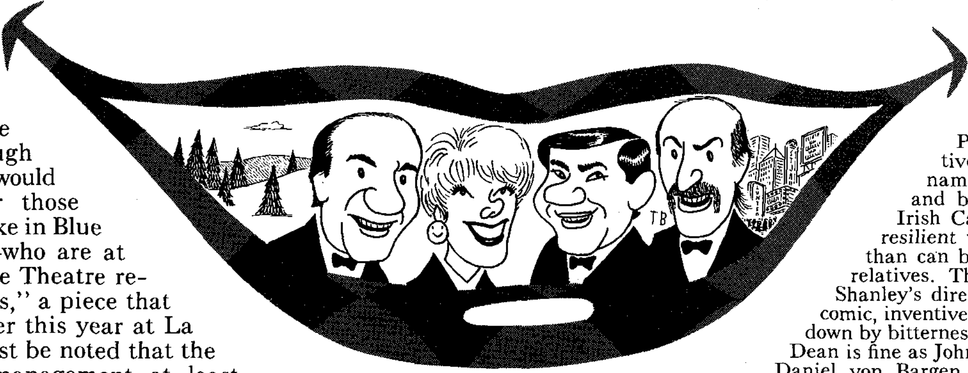
The group makes its points with more or less expressionless faces and without speaking, but lack of speech and affect doesn't mean lack of sound and feeling. B. M. G.'s audio blips—the most sophisticated this side of Otts Munderloh—rely heavily on percussion, as performed both by the actors and by a trio of backup musicians. In the most spectacular rhythmic display, the blue men bang tribally on slickened oil drums, causing pyrotechnical sprays, one primary color per performer. At times, the actors are separated by emotional hues, too. But make no mistake: the three are not distinct or original comic types, even if they are very funny and worth seeing. They're more like leftovers: visually, from "THX 1138" or George Segal's workshop; spiritually, by way of Bruegel. Eat first.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Catskills on Broadway—A comedic tribute to the borscht belt, starring Freddie Roman, Marilyn Michaels, Mal Z. Lawrence, and Dick Capri. In previews. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Circle Repertory Company—Mason Adams, Joan Copeland, Larry Keith, and Anne Pitoniak star in **THE ROSE QUARTET**, a play by Tom Cumella. Previews begin Nov. 20. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)



Dick Capri, Marilyn Michaels, Freddie Roman, and Mal Z. Lawrence in "Catskills on Broadway"

The Crucible—The National Actors Theatre (founded by Tony Randall) débuts with a revival of the Arthur Miller play. The cast includes Madeleine Potter, Martin Sheen, Fritz Weaver, Carol Woods, and Michael York. In previews. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Finkel's Follies—A show billed as "a new American musical vaudeville," conceived by and starring Fyvush Finkel. In previews. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

I Can't Stop Screaming—A play written by and starring Andy Halliday. Opens Nov. 20 at 8. (Theatre at 224 Waverly Pl. 279-4200.)

Marvin's Room—A play by Scott McPherson, featuring Lisa Emery and Laura Esterman. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Nick & Nora—Barry Bostwick and Joanna Gleason are Nick and Nora Charles in this musical murder mystery—inspired by Dashiell Hammett's "Thin Man" characters—by Arthur Laurents (book), Charles Strouse (score), and Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics). Mr. Laurents directed. Also with Christine Baranski and Chris Sarandon. In previews. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Pericles—Campbell Scott has the title role in the nineteenth play in the Shakespeare Marathon. Michael Greif directed. Previews through Nov. 23. Opens Nov. 24 at 7. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Rags—Ann Crumb and Crista Moore star in this revised version of the 1986 musical by Charles Strouse, Stephen Schwartz, and Joseph Stein. Presented by the American Jewish Theatre and directed by Richard Sabellico. In previews. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

The Shadow of a Gunman—The 1923 play by Sean O'Casey, presented by a company established by O'Casey's daughter, Shivaun. Opens Nov. 25 at 7:30, and runs through Dec. 8. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

OPENED RECENTLY

And the World Goes 'Round: The Kander & Ebb Musical—A musical revue, with a five-member cast that includes Karen Ziémba. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Approximating Mother—A play by Kathleen Tolan, with Deirdre O'Connell, Mia Dillon, Tonya Pinkins, and Showana Kemp. Presented by the Women's Project. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 873-3767. Closes Nov. 24.)

The Baby Dance—Jane Anderson's humorous, affecting play about two couples—Wanda and Al, of Louisiana, who are about to have a child, and Rachel and her husband, of Southern California, who plan to adopt it. The script is composed of sudden sympathy and petty misunderstandings, and two of the performances, under Jenny Sullivan's direction, are exceptional: Stephanie Zimbalist, as Rachel, and Richard Lineback, as Al; he could be a young Henry Fonda. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/91.) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Beau Jest—A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Beggars in the House of Plenty—Though the hero of John Patrick Shanley's eruptive satire, significantly named Johnny, is—man and boy—the victim of his Irish Catholic family, he is a resilient victim, which is more than can be said for most of his relatives. The action, under Mr. Shanley's direction, trips along in a comic, inventive manner until, weighed down by bitterness, it turns bleak. Loren Dean is fine as Johnny, as are Dana Ivey, Daniel von Bargen, and Jon Tenney, as relatives. (11/4/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes Dec. 1.)

Bluebeard—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company revives Charles Ludlam's 1970 play. (Charles Ludlam, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Bon Appétit!—Jean Stapleton in two short operas by Lee Hoiby. The first is a musical staging of Ruth Draper's monologue "The Italian Lesson"; the second is a setting of a Julia Child cooking lesson. Performed in repertory with "Cabaret Verboten." (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

Breaking Legs—The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Ronald Maccone, Nick Wyman, and, above all, Susan Giosa as the daughter who spins the plot. Karen Valentine fills in for Ms. Giosa Nov. 19-24. (6/3/91) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Cabaret Verboten—Songs and sketches from Germany's Weimar era. Performed in repertory with "Bon Appétit!" (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes Nov. 24.)

Cole and Coward: Julie Wilson with William Roy—Porter and Noël, by the singer and her accompanist. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Dancing at Lughnasa—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

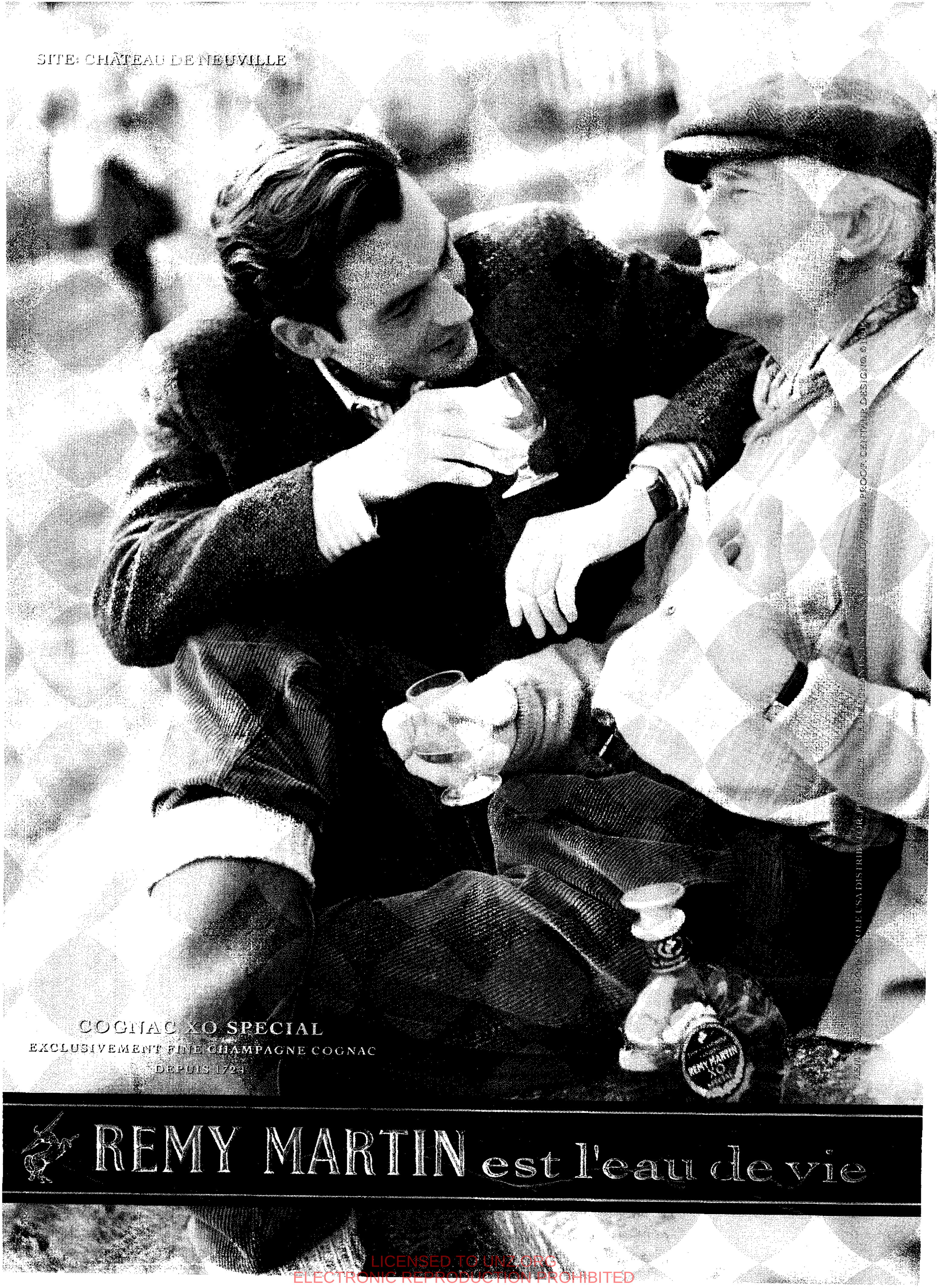
Distant Fires—The six characters are construction workers on the job, and what plot there is concerns two of them—one b. and the other w.—who are competing for an opening in the union. The play, by Kevin Heelan, is somewhat short on substance but is performed so naturalistically that it is hard to imagine the actors—they include Giancarlo Esposito, Todd Weeks, and Jordan Lage—without their hard hats. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-8755. Closes Dec. 1.)

The Dressing Room—The first play of Pan Asian Rep's season is by the Japanese dramatist Kunio Shimizu. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Closes Nov. 30.)

Free Speech in America—"MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour" essayist Roger Rosenblatt in a one-man show. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

From the Mississippi Delta—An autobiographical play by Endesha Ida Mae Holland. With Cheryl Lynn Bruce, Sybil Walker, and Jacqueline Williams. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

The Good Times Are Killing Me—The cartoonist Lynda Barry devised this memory play of words and pop tunes about a racially mixed neighborhood. At the heart of it is the friendship of two little girls, one white, the other black, who are delightfully portrayed by Angela Goethals and Chandra Wilson. The undercurrent of serious comment on race doesn't


SITE: CHÂTEAU DE NEUVILLE
COGNAC XO SPECIAL
EXCLUSIVEMENT FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
DEPUIS 1724
REMY MARTIN XO
REMY MARTIN est l'eau de vie
REMY MARTIN COGNAC SOLE USA DISTRIBUTOR: [illegible] WINE MERCHANTS INC., NY, NY 40% ALC/VOL 80 PROOF. CENTAUR DESIGN® ©1991

add much, but every humorous scene scores a bull's-eye. Mark Brokaw directed. (5/6/91) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Closes Nov. 24.)

The Homecoming—This production, the Roundabout's Broadway début, in every way revives Harold Pinter's ironic, puzzling, funny, riveting, and altogether masterful play about a professor who returns from America, with his wife, to his horrible family in London. The acting throughout is worthy of the script. Roy Dotrice plays the father of the family; Lindsay Crouse is the wife; Daniel Gerroll is a brother who pimps for a living; and Jonathan Hogan is the professor. Also with John Horton and Reed Diamond. (11/11/91) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Dec. 8.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A Mabou Mines–New York Shakespeare Festival production of Brecht's play. Directed by Anne Bogart. (11/18/91) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Nov. 24.)

Iron Bars—A play by Árpád Göncz, the President of Hungary. Translated by Katharina M. and Christopher C. Wilson and presented by the Riverside Shakespeare Company. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes Dec. 1.)

Lips Together, Teeth Apart—Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Hillary Bailey Smith, Jonathan Hadary, Roxanne Hart, and Anthony Heald; directed by John Tillinger. (7/8/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Miss Saigon—Oh, the horror! The horror! (4/29/91) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)

No Cure for Cancer—Denis Leary's one-man show, which received its première at last summer's Edinburgh Festival. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

On Borrowed Time—A first-rate revival of Paul Osborn's charming fantasy, which was originally done here in 1938. George C. Scott is Gramps; Teresa Wright is his wife; Matthew Porac is his little grandson; and Nathan Lane is Death, whom he traps in an apple tree. All of them are splendid. Mr. Scott directed. (10/21/91) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Pageant—A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

Park Your Car in Harvard Yard—Jason Robards, white bearded and padded to portliness, is a retired teacher, and Judith Ivey is a former student who gets a job as his housekeeper, in Israel Horovitz's very funny, touching play, which is set in Gloucester, Massachusetts, over a year's time. Under Zoe Caldwell's expert direction, the performances are as near to perfection as makes no matter. (11/18/91) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Penn & Teller Rot in Hell—The dynamic duo are performing their repertoire of tricks Off Broadway. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

A Piece of My Heart—In a work that manages to be both inept and exploitative, Shirley Lauro takes true stories of unimaginable suffering and reduces them to dramatic cliché. Her dreadful docudrama about American women in Vietnam (and how they got short-changed because nobody understood or appreciated their suffering) is a torment to sit through. Based on Keith Walker's oral history of the same title, it's one of those plays in which characters talk directly to the audience, telling you what you already know and then acting it out. (11/18/91) (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 581-7907. Closes Nov. 24.)

The Real Live Brady Bunch—Episodes from the acclaimed TV series, reënacted by the Annoyance Theatre, of Chicago. Something called "The Real Live Game Show" comes first. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Return to the Forbidden Planet—Gabriel Barré, Julee Cruise, Robert McCormick, and Louis Tucci are all adorable in this light-minded entertainment, a London import that won the Laurence Olivier Award for best musical in a year when it might have gone to "Miss Saigon" (whose producer's indignation led to the creation of a new award category). The show—a patchwork of beloved pop songs stitched together with Shakespeareana—has almost nothing to do with the cult movie it is based on, and still less to do with "The Tempest." Written and directed by Bob Carlton, it is more than anything else an occasion to laugh a bit and rock out a lot. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

COLOR-BLIND

As a metaphor for racism, sculptor Terry Lee Dill has constructed, on a greensward in Brooklyn's Columbus Park, a sleek cage, fifteen feet high by twenty feet long by twelve feet wide, of white steel I-beams. Hanging from the roof of the structure is a forty-eight-inch, hollow, black Fiberglas sphere that is joined through a pulley to a long black cord. Mr. Dill has mounted a marble bench on the steel-deckplate floor and placed colored panels representing five races across the side of the cage. The sculpture stands in front of the New York State Supreme Court Building, which is, incidentally, where, last year, several white youths from Bensonhurst were tried for the racially motivated killing of Yusuf Hawkins. With defiant optimism, Mr. Dill calls his work, which will be on view through April, 1992, "Creative Blindness: Memorial to the End of Racism." Mr. Dill, the winner of a competition co-sponsored by the Public Art Fund and Brooklyn's Rotunda gallery, constructed the four-and-a-half-ton work on the site over a six-week period.

A passerby is meant to step into the cage, sit down, and lower the sphere over his or her head like a helmet. That some people find this experience frightening—perhaps like the menace of racism itself—contradicts the meditative environment Mr. Dill intended. "It feels like an electric chair to sit down on that bench and have that ball go over your head," one woman told us. But when one's head is inside the dark globe, which is a little like a miniature planetarium, one hears street sounds wonderfully amplified. "It's all about listening to people," Mr. Dill explained. "People who are blind never seem to have a problem with race. As a blind man said to me, 'I don't know the difference.'"

The Secret Garden—This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (5/13/91) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Servy-n-Bernice 4Ever—A drama by Seth Zvi Rosenfeld, with Ron Eldard and Lisa Gay Hamilton. Terry Kinney directed. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-5048.)

Song of Singapore—A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. Another problem: on a busy night the seating arrangements here can be extremely cramped. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)

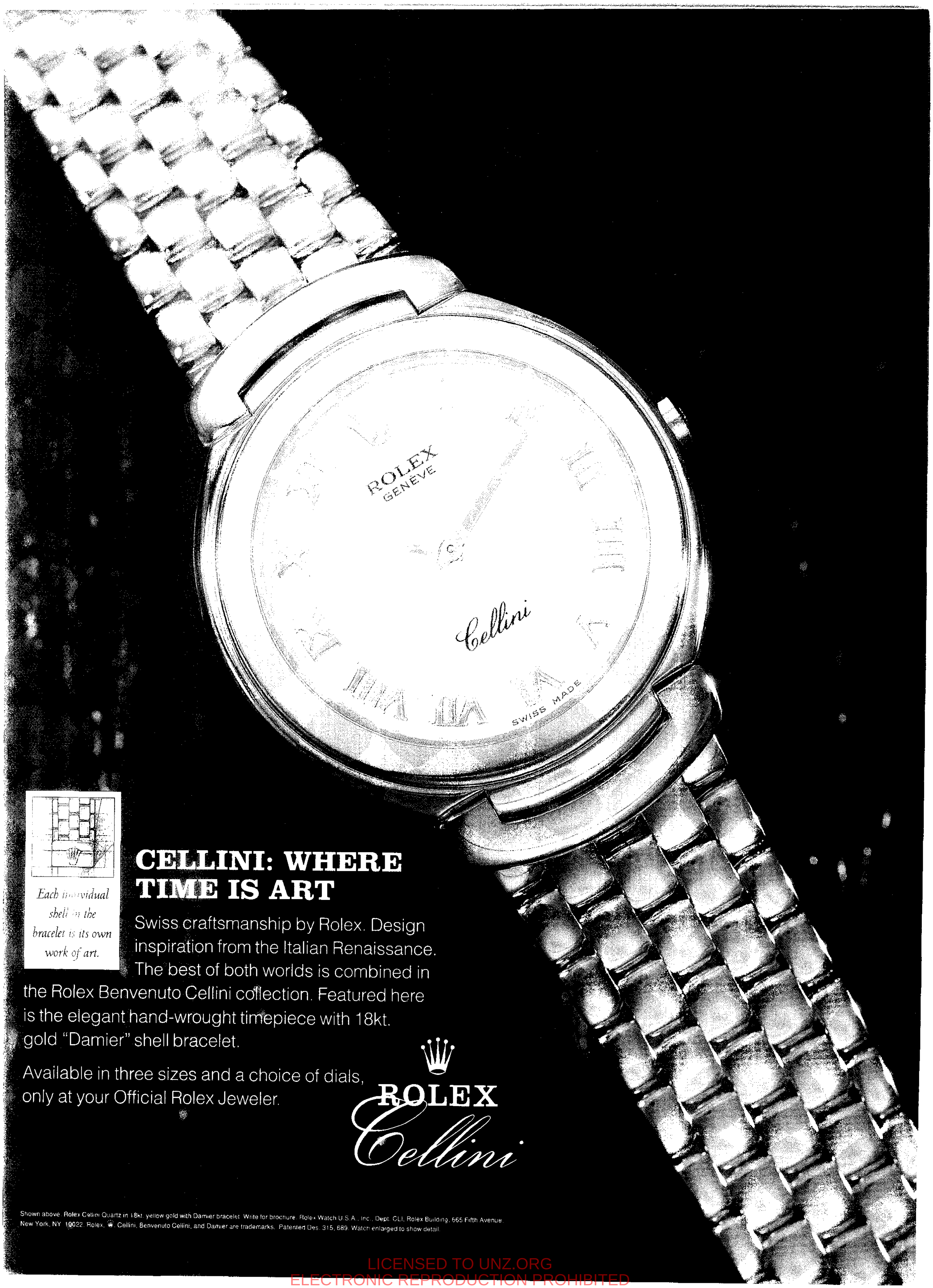
Tubes—A work by Blue Man Group. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love—All is not well in Edmonton, Alberta—that's the news in Brad Fraser's play about down-and-outers in one of Canada's provincial capitals. The script, which would have been passé in 1975, is full of desperate young people doing drugs, having sex, leaving telephone messages, committing gory crimes, making prophecies, and crying out in anguish. Tennis, anyone? (9/30/91) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

The Will Rogers Follies—The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging Rogers, but *that* is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (5/13/91) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.)... **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.)... **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991½:** This revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the barbed lyrics. A holiday edition, "Forbidden Christmas," starts Nov. 19, and will continue through Jan. 5. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)... **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)... **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **LOST IN YONKERS:** There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)... **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)... **ONCE ON THIS ISLAND:** An enchanting musical, set in the Caribbean, by Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Dec. 1.)... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION:** You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright and the director Jerry Zaks. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. Kelly Bishop has the lead. Also with Courtney B. Vance and John Cunningham. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)



Each individual shell in the bracelet is its own work of art.

CELLINI: WHERE TIME IS ART

Swiss craftsmanship by Rolex. Design inspiration from the Italian Renaissance. The best of both worlds is combined in the Rolex Benvenuto Cellini collection. Featured here is the elegant hand-wrought timepiece with 18kt. gold "Damier" shell bracelet.

Available in three sizes and a choice of dials, only at your Official Rolex Jeweler.

ROLEX
Cellini

Shown above. Rolex Cellini Quartz in 18kt. yellow gold with Damier bracelet. Write for brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. CLI, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Rolex, ♛, Cellini, Benvenuto Cellini, and Damier are trademarks. Patented Des. 315, 689. Watch enlarged to show detail.

DANCE

"I SACRIFICED marriage, children, and country to be a ballerina, and there was never any misunderstanding on my part—I knew the price. I put my dancing first, before my allegiances to friends and lovers, even husbands; before my home. It is possible to be a ballerina and give only fifty or seventy-five per cent of yourself to your art, to conserve the rest and make of it a life for yourself, apart from the stage. But that was not for me. I gave one hundred per cent of myself to my art, and my art has repaid me."

The words belong to Alexandra Danilova. (They close her book of memoirs, titled "Choura," after her nickname.) And when one thinks of her remarkable—her legendary—life they seem entirely unsentimental. It's a life that features training at the czar's Imperial Ballet School, roles made for her by Balanchine (including the Sleepwalker in "Night Shadow") and roles by Massine which she popularized ("La Boutique Fantasque" and "Gaîté Parisienne"), success with Diaghilev, triumphs with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and other post-Diaghilev companies, musical comedy ("Song of Norway"), film ("The Turning Point"), and, as a faculty member at the School of American Ballet, reverence and adoration from generations of students. Danilova is unquestionably a star from afar.

But what marks her as a great ballerina is that her radiance draws you irresistibly nearer—and the closer you get the more fascinating she is. Anyone who has ever seen Danilova teach or heard her converse knows that she is one of the wittiest individuals in her field, and anyone who has ever seen her offstage knows that she is one of the most stylish women in New York; whether her material is sentences, steps, or suèdes, she is an artist. On November 25, at 5:30 P.M., in the Bruno Walter Auditorium of the Library for the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center, the Dance Critics Association, in conjunction with the Library, will offer a seminar about her art. Rare silent films of her performances, from the nineteen-thirties through the fifties, will be shown, and some of her finest partners will be present to discuss the dancing as the projector turns. Participants will be the writer Holly Brubach and the dancers Frederic Franklin, Michael Maule, and Igor Youskevitch, and Mme. Danilova will be in the audience. Among the films to be screened are excerpts from Balanchine's "Jeu de Cartes," Massine's "Le Beau Danube," and Ashton's "Devil's Holiday."

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Feb. 23. Nov. 19 at 8: A benefit performance, including a preview of "A Musical Offering."... ¶ Nov. 20 at 8: "Episodes," "Poulenc Sonata," "Interplay," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Nov. 21 at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "A Musical Offering" (première), "Tarantella," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Nov. 22 at 8: "Episodes," "Valse Triste," "Ash," and "In G Major."... . ¶ Nov. 23 at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "Sonatas and Interludes," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," and "In G Major."... ¶ Nov. 23 at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Poulenc Sonata," "Interplay," and "Episodes."... ¶ Nov. 24 at 1: "A Musical Offering," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Nov. 24 at 7: "Interplay," "Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux," "A Musical Offering," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Nov. 26 at 8: "Episodes," "Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Nov. 27 at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Bugaku," and "In G Major." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

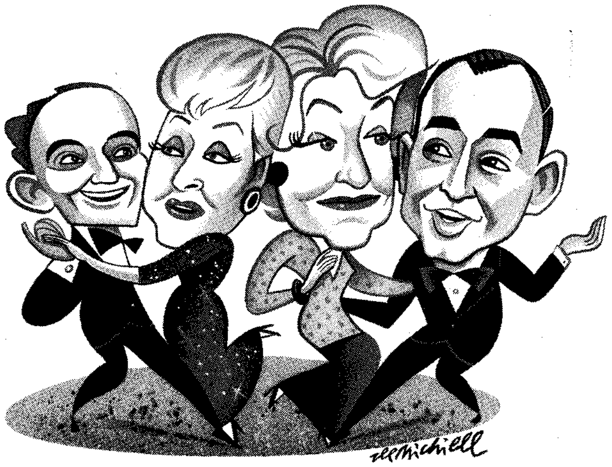
JOFFREY BALLET—In an engagement of "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Nov. 19-22 and Nov. 26-27 at 7:30, and Nov. 23-24 at 2 and 7:30. Through Dec. 1.)

JENNIFER MULLER/THE WORKS—Nov. 19 at 8 and Nov. 24 at 2: Program A.... ¶ Nov. 20 at 7:30: A benefit evening... ¶ Nov. 21, Nov. 23, and Nov. 26 at 8: Program B.... ¶ Nov. 22 and Nov. 27 at 8, and Nov. 24 at 7:30: Program C. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Dec. 1.)

VICTORIA MARKS—Presenting "This Way In," a work for five dancers. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Nov. 20-23 at 8 and Nov. 24 at 3.)

BILL YOUNG & DANCERS—In "Stormwindows" and "Joust." Presented by the Danspace Project. (*St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave.* at 10th St. Nov. 21-24 at 8:30. For reservations, call 529-2318.)

JAMES SEWELL DANCE—"Opera Moves," "Covery," "In Counterpoint," and other works. (David Howard Dance Center, 211 W. 61st St. Nov. 23 at 8 and Nov. 24 at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the performances.)



Hart, Whiting, Stritch, and Rodgers in "The Rodgers and Hart Revue"

NIGHT LIFE

RAINBOW & STARS has discovered a way to lure large audiences up to the sixty-fifth floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza: pick a composer (or team of composers), assemble a company of show-world Brahmins, and put on a revue. It worked this summer, when Cole Porter was the man of the moment, and it's working again now, with "The Rodgers and Hart Revue" (through November 23). The reason may be not so much that more is preferable as that composers for the theatre are better served by a company roving about a stage and interacting than by a lone thrush and his or her accompanist. This is particularly so with Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, whose songs are often closely identified with the musicals from which they sprang. The duo's collaboration spanned twenty-five years, during which time they produced twenty-seven musicals; from this exhaustive repertoire the company has managed to shape an hour-long revue that, rather than just trotting out the hits, has a natural flow to it.

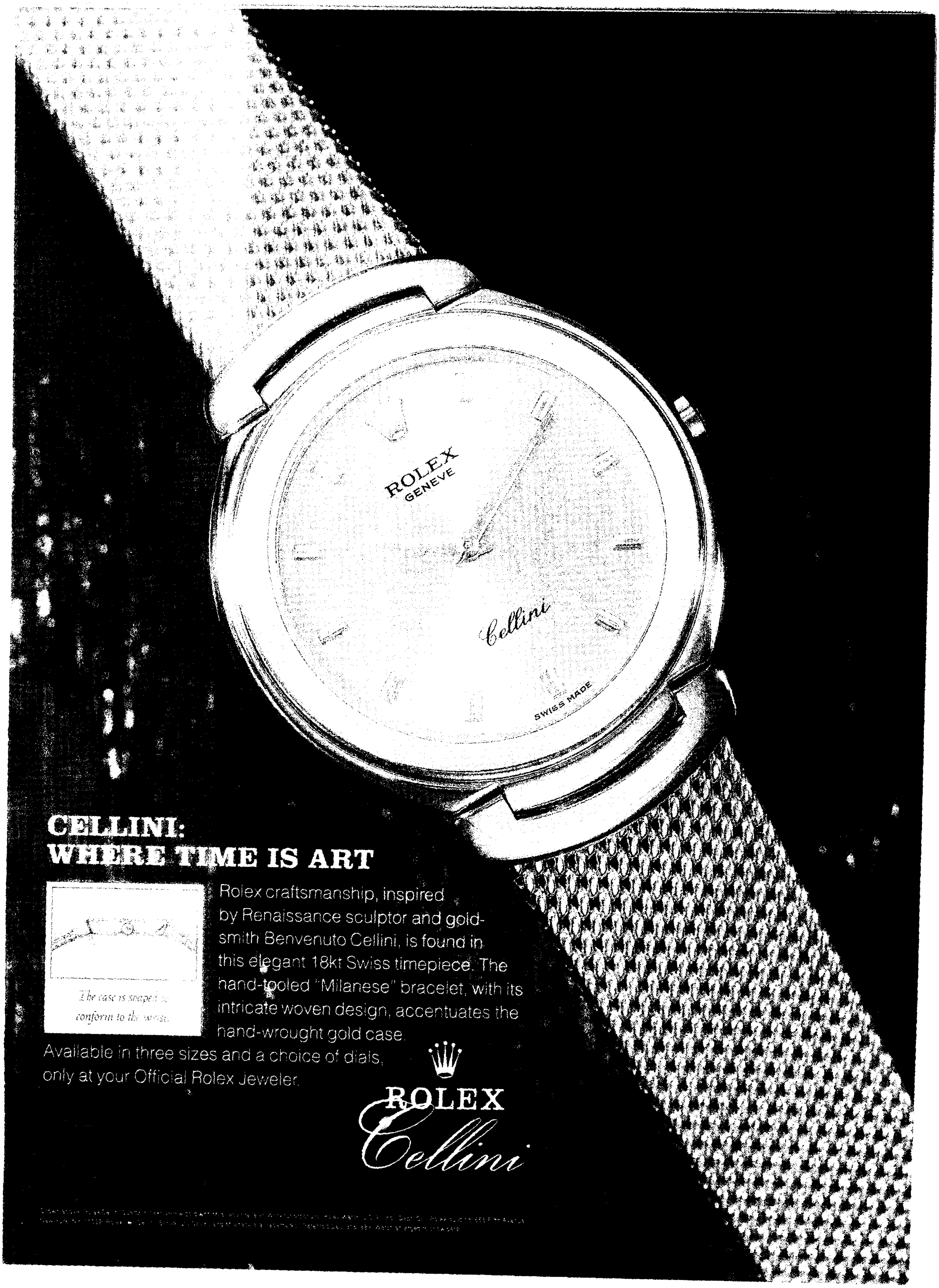
At the performance we attended, the cast was composed of the vocalists Elaine Stritch, Margaret Whiting, Judy Kuhn, and Jason Graae; the pianist-singer Fred Wells; the bassist-singer Jay Leonhart (to be replaced by John Miller starting November 19); and the drummer Joe Cocuzzo. One of the things this crew has going for it is diversity. The performers cover a range of ages, and each singer has a distinctive approach to the material, from Ms. Whiting's regal, virtuosic interpretations to Ms. Stritch's bawdy song-and-dance routines to Ms. Kuhn's pure-toned, heartfelt ballads. Mr. Graae, being the only male vocalist not bound to an instrument, is kept especially busy, and he finds himself in the sometimes amusing position of singing Romeo to three disparate Juliets. Mr. Leonhart has some fine moments, such as when he and Ms. Whiting put bass, voice, and voice together for a swinging, Manhattan Transfer-esque medley of "I Could Write a Book," "Isn't It Romantic?" and "This Can't Be Love." Ms. Kuhn and Ms. Whiting team up for an affecting "He Was Too Good to Me," and Ms. Stritch, whose strength is comedy, wrings plenty of laughs from "Zip," which concerns a literary stripper's inner monologue while on the job: "Zip! Walter Lippman wasn't brilliant today / Zip! Will Saroyan ever write a great play?"

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which *boldface type is used to pick out a* few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The singer and actress **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** takes up residence in the Oak Room on Nov. 19. The program, titled "Home for the Holidays," marks the singer's fifth anniversary at the Algonquin, and has been described as "a love letter to New York City." Saturday nights at eleven-thirty, Ms. Marcovicci is offering a set titled "I'll Be Seeing You: The Love Songs of World War II." Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—It's sleek, elegant, intimate, and slighty decadent. It also offers something that other cabarets do not: tapas, which come from the Spanish restaurant adjoining the club. **LAURIE BEECHMAN**, a Broadway VIP ("Annie," "Cats," and "Les Miz" are a few of her credits), can currently be found here. The title of her program, "Listen to My Heart," is also the title of her recently released album, and both are a mishmash of Broadway fare, standards, and contemporary pop. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at *nine*, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Many musicians who visit this



**CELLINI:
WHERE TIME IS ART**

The case is shaped to conform to the wrist.

Rolex craftsmanship, inspired by Renaissance sculptor and goldsmith Benvenuto Cellini, is found in this elegant 18kt Swiss timepiece. The hand-tooled "Milanese" bracelet, with its intricate woven design, accentuates the hand-wrought gold case.

Available in three sizes and a choice of dials, only at your Official Rolex Jeweler.

ROLEX
Cellini

jazz house are honored—if that's the word—by having their portraits done, "in concert," by the house artist. These impressionistic renderings round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. The **JOHN HICKS** trio works out Nov. 20-21, followed by **SHIRLEY SCOTT'S** threesome Nov. 22-23, **MARK MORGANELLI'S** group on Nov. 24, the **GREG ABATE** quartet on Nov. 25, and **DONALD HARRISON** Nov. 26-27, featuring **DR. JOHN.** Music from nine. Dining.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—For the price of a drink or two, you can catch a handful of bands here any night of the week. (The cover charge is mostly a formality—walk along Bleecker Street and you're sure to have a free pass handed to you.) In the old days, as a mural behind the bar attests, the club hosted the likes of Bob Dylan, Linda Ronstadt, and Joni Mitchell. Now you're not likely to recognize anyone onstage unless you went to high school with them. Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit market. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. The **LARRY WILLIS** trio is in swing through Nov. 23. Saxophonist **JAVON JACKSON,** pianist **MIKE LE DONNE,** bassist **ROBERT HURST,** and drummer **LOUIS HAYES** get rolling on Nov. 25. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to singer, pianist, and wag **BOBBY SHORT**—now in his twenty-fourth year here. Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

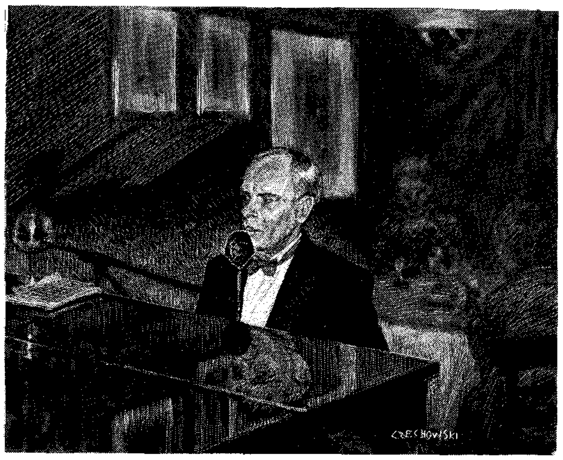
Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (255-7373)—A recently inaugurated club that promises to "feature only Chicago-area blues artists working with their regular Chicago blues bands." This concept may not appeal to New York blues artists, but it affords local blues aficionados a chance to hear what they've been missing.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. **VON FREEMAN** will lead a quartet here Nov. 19-24; **JEANIE BRYSON** starts work on Nov. 26. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Young, loud, and rude. N.Y.U. students like it here, as do punks, weekend punks, and anyone with a taste for rough-and-tumble garage-rock music. There's not a lot to look at—except the band and your fellow-patrons. **JOAN OSBORNE,** who performs here on Nov. 27, is not a particularly well-kept secret, nor should she be. The Kentucky-born singer and her band offer a bright, pop-inflected variety of blues. Osborne has a wonderfully raspy voice, over which she exerts an extraordinary amount of control, and she is usually seen slinking about the stage, lolling her head dreamily, shaking her kinky red hair, and letting out growling variations on the "aaaah yeah"/ "allllI right" theme. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at ten, Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Diva, 306 E. 81st St. (650-1928)—A newly hatched restaurant and piano bar. It's a modest-sized, brick-walled room that offers Italian fare and, Tuesdays through Saturdays, the musings of pianist **CHARLES DEFOREST.** As a composer, DeForest works in the hallowed tradition of Cole Porter, and over the past couple of years his work has been championed emphatically by Tony Bennett. **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT** takes over the keyboard on Mondays. Music from eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. The Brazilian vocalist **ASTRUD GILBERTO** is performing through Nov. 24. **MOSE ALLISON** gets under way on Nov. 26. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.



Charles DeForest at Diva

Judys', 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—An intimate, burgundy-walled *boîte* attached to the Iroquois Hotel. In the front room, which is decorated with photos of famous Judys—and of the famous daughter of a famous Judy—a pianist keeps the happy-hour barbirds occupied. In the dining room, vocalists work out from nine. This week: Bonnie Lee Sanders on Nov. 20; Doris Chwatsky on Nov. 21; Barbara Bliss on Nov. 22; **JUDY KRESTON, DAVID LAHM,** and **IRVING JOSEPH** on Nov. 23. Shows at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A couple of first-rate bands will be playing here this week: **KING MISSILE** (Nov. 23) and **PERE UBU** (Nov. 25.) The former band, which has had unlikely college-radio hits like "Jesus Was Way Cool," recently released its first major-label album, a bizarre and hilarious outing titled "The Way to Salvation." The group is fronted by John S. Hall, a performance-artist type whose vocals are, for the most part, nasty political monologues with titles like "To Walk Among the Pigs." The latter band, Pere Ubu, is a post-punk outfit that was involved in one of this year's strangest music-industry stories. It seems the band had been booked to play on "Late Night with David Letterman"—a good gig for any band, let alone for one that doesn't sell too many records—but their record company, Mercury, refused to cover the group's expenses. Pere Ubu retaliated by sending out a very public call for help. Donations soon flooded in, from R.E.M., Iggy Pop, and Lou Reed, among others—a testament, needless to say, to the band's place in the alternative-music world.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The main dining room strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. Still, there's a real nice red telephone booth when you walk in the door. The **ROY GERSON SWINGTET** is in the midst of an engagement here, offering a program devoted to the music of Louis Jordan. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot*. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking "Is the water too warm?" Through Nov. 23, the club is home to "The Rodgers and Hart Revue," which features some very worthy talent, including **MARGARET WHITING** and **ELAINE STRITCH.** Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This decaying theatre was once the famous Studio 54, and is now the home of one of the city's biggest, oldest, and loudest rock clubs, which was formerly housed in a decaying ballroom in the East Village. **BURNING SPEAR** and **EEK-A-MOUSE** share a bill on Nov. 22. The **PIXIES** and **PERE UBU** (the latter also at Maxwell's this week) perform on Nov. 23. The Pixies, who recently released their fifth record, "Trompe le Monde," are one of the most remarkable rock bands of the past few years. Their music has progressed from fierce, uncompromising dementia to a sort of macabre pop; they are one of the few initially sinister groups who have remained convincingly dark: not just mopey but jarring and ominous. With their new record, however, this darkness is beginning to sound formulaic: their weirdness is growing familiar. The Australian band **CROWDED HOUSE,** whose most recent record, "Woodface," is a masterly, diverse compilation of pop tunes, will be here on Nov. 26, with **SCHOOL OF FISH.** Show times vary.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to "score." Last fall, after a long slumber, the Tea Room's small, red-gold-and-green cabaret reopened with a series of performances. After **JO LOESSER** performs on Nov. 24, at eight and ten-thirty, the cabaret goes back into hibernation until February. Dining and, of course, drinking.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This former luncheonette has a tropical motif—straw huts, a fake palm tree, a mosaic of gourds—and one of the city's more international booking policies: Brazil, Africa, and the Caribbean are just a few of the places explored. The **OHIO PLAYERS** come in on Nov. 19; **PÉ-DE-BOI** appears on Nov. 23; **SHINING PATH** take the stage on Nov. 26; and **SUGAR MINOTT** is here on Nov. 27. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

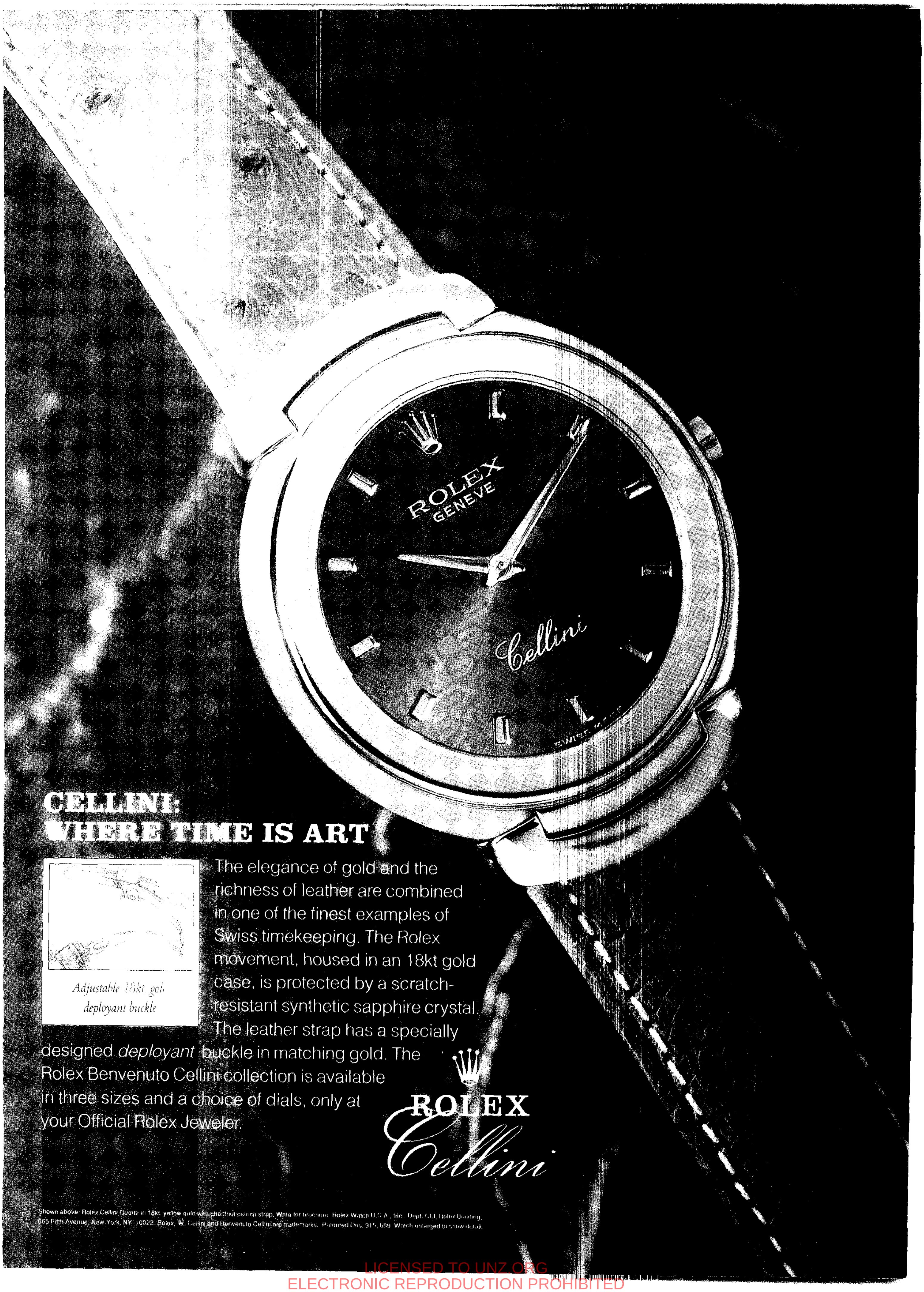
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—If you arrive late for a show at this celebrated shrine of jazz, you run the risk of being seated in the glass-enclosed terrace, which can get pretty cold these days. Otherwise, Sweet Basil is just the right environment for patrons—chiefly because it has a silence-or-else policy during shows. The fine bebop pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** leads a trio Nov. 19-24; the **JOHN SCOFIELD** quartet starts up on Nov. 26. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, Mondays after nine are set aside for salsa. Nov. 25 belongs to **EDDIE PALMIERI, HILTON RUIZ,** and **PAPO LUCCA Y LA SONORA PONCENA.** . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CALVIN HILL** work out Nov. 20-24. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, wedge-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia. **KENNY BARRON'S** quartet can be found here Nov. 19-24, and **DON PULLEN'S** trio gets under way on Nov. 26. **LOREN SCHOENBERG'S** big band is in on Nov. 25 as a one-night replacement for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** which is the usual Monday-night offering. Music after nine-thirty.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. Nov. 22 belongs to the **HORSE FLIES** and **BLACK 47,** the latter of which has been packing Irish pubs downtown for some time now. Music at ten.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO** claim Nov. 18-23, and Mr. Lightsey and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** team up for the week beginning Nov. 25. Music every night from eight.



CELLINI:
WHERE TIME IS ART

Adjustable 18kt. gold deployant buckle

The elegance of gold and the richness of leather are combined in one of the finest examples of Swiss timekeeping. The Rolex movement, housed in an 18kt gold case, is protected by a scratch-resistant synthetic sapphire crystal. The leather strap has a specially designed *deployant* buckle in matching gold. The Rolex Benvenuto Cellini collection is available in three sizes and a choice of dials, only at your Official Rolex Jeweler.

ROLEX
Cellini

Shown above: Rolex Cellini Quartz in 18kt. yellow gold with chestnut ostrich strap. Write for brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. CLI, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Rolex, ♛, Cellini and Benvenuto Cellini are trademarks. Patented Des. 315, 689. Watch enlarged to show detail.

INTRODUCE TO THE ALL-NEW

If you've always believed the only way to get an agile, aero-styled, high-performance sedan was to buy small, you're in for a big surprise. It's time to forget the past, and get to know the all-new 1992 Pontiac Bonneville.®

Under its beautifully redesigned shape lurks a potent 170 horsepower 3.8L **3800 V6** with tuned port sequential fuel injection locked onto an advanced 4-speed automatic. Available **anti-lock brakes** and a precision-engineered, road-gripping sport suspension for outstanding control, stopping or steering. Available advanced **traction control** for superb power application on slippery surfaces. Bonneville even features a

Call Toll-Free **1-800-762-4900** for your own 1992 Bonneville brochure.
BUCKLE UP, AMERICA! © 1991 GM CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

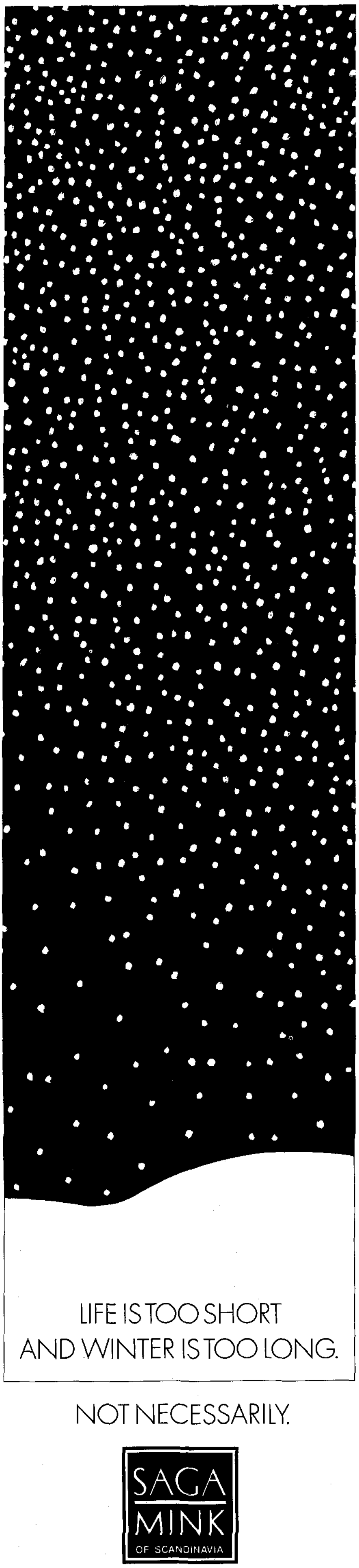
**YOURSELF
BONNEVILLE.**

standard **driver's airbag**, for additional safety assurance.

That's the technical side. But to really get the feel of the new Bonneville, you've got to get behind the wheel. Notice how the solid-feeling controls react smoothly to the touch. How the analog gauges are well-defined for quick, decisive reads. How the whole cockpit is driver-oriented, and designed for performance. Then remind yourself this is a **full-sized** four-door sedan that can easily and comfortably carry six adults.

The all-new 1992 Bonneville. Introduce yourself at your Pontiac dealer soon. Just be prepared for an attitude adjustment to take place. Very, very quickly.

PONTIAC® **We Build Excitement**®



EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THIS was supposed to be a column about the transformation of Amsterdam Avenue between 79th and 86th Streets into a street-lamp-lit Easter Parade each weekend, and about the clusters of males attempting to flit from flower to flower along the city's newest primrose path. But on Friday the eighth, the bloom was off the road. More than the making of Bud Light, the popularity of Iron John, or the hormonal side effects of steroids, the news forever altered a lot of men's ideas about pollinating. Magic Johnson had left them devastated.

"I can't believe it happened to my man," said one guy, scanning the back pages of the *Post* at a newsstand on 79th for more info about his hero. "I ain't touchin' nobody now," said his friend. "Aw, c'mon," said a third buddy. "That include Karen? If we walked up to the Raccoon and Karen was standing at the front door saying 'Take me,' you'd say no?" "I'd want a doctor's note," replied his friend. He wasn't kidding.

There were no immediate jokes, like those about Clarence Thomas, and no lewd wisecracks like those that connected Jeffrey Dahmer and Pee-wee. In fact, there is no light side to this revelation. Everyone had seen Arsenio. Several people mentioned that they had tried phoning the AIDS hot line and couldn't get through. One guy admitted he'd never used a condom and didn't know what size to buy.

Two men carrying black gym bags the size of barbells, fresh from Equinox, the exercise temple at 342 Amsterdam Avenue, sat drinking coffee amid the tumult of the just-opened Café Monaco as if it were a bus station in Oswego at 1 A.M. "I cried myself to sleep last night," said one. "I woke up my lady. And I asked her if she would leave me if I found out I was positive." "*I* would," said the other. "That's why I'm not in love with you," his friend replied, continuing, " 'When you get married you take vows,' she said. 'I'm still willing to take them.' Then I held her so tight I thought I'd crush her." The storyteller stared into his coffee cup as if he could see the future. "I'm scared," said the friend. It's about time.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—Nov. 23 at 8 and Nov. 24 at 3: Urban Bush Women in "Praise House," a dance work. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Dec. 7.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—Performances under the little big top run through Jan. 5, in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park. For ticket and schedule information, call 874-8990.

"THE CHRISTMAS SPECTACULAR"—Radio City Music Hall's annual Yuletide dancearama—with the Rockettes, of course—opened last week and runs though Jan. 7. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

MOSCOW CIRCUS–CIRK VALENTIN—The well-known troupe in a new edition of its show. Bobby Previte composed the score. (Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. For information about show times and tickets, call 586-6510. Through Jan. 5.)

WALT DISNEY'S WORLD ON ICE—With Mickey, Minnie, Donald, Goofy, Roger Rabbit, and many others. (Nassau Coliseum. Nov. 19-24. For information about show times and tickets, call 1-516 794-9300. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. Nov. 26-Dec. 1. For information about show times and tickets, call 1-201 935-3900.)

FRANK MAYA—Presenting a work in progress. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, between Houston and Prince Sts. 219-3088. Nov. 22 at 10:30.)

P. S. 122—Nov. 21-24 at 8: Michael Matthews in a dance-theatre work inspired by Mary Shelley's Frankenstein story. . . . ¶ Nov. 21-24 at 9: The Rhythm Technicians, a seven-member rap-poetry-dance group, in "What Happens Now?" Through Nov. 30. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

THE earliest piece in the current show of "Selected Works: 1967-1991" by Barbara Rossi (Kind, 136 Greene Street; through November 22) is a painting on canvas that reflects the febrile touch and citrus colors of an Arshile Gorky, but with a kind of TV hum added in, and perhaps a soupçon of Ed Paschke. Rossi, who was taking classes at the Art Institute of Chicago at the time she painted it, was not yet aware of work by initiates of the Hairy Who, the city's devilish band of artists, but ties soon developed. In the comfort of this new camaraderie, Rossi bore strange fruit. She cosseted her offspring with bits of fur and the pearls of her exquisite and laborious paint-dot technique. She made quilts that had erogenous zones, in etching and aquatint on stitched nylon ciré. Influences from India and the Far East were entertained, along with paradox. "Madame May with Necklegs" (1974), a shadow-box depiction of an Arcimboldo head made up of deftly contoured biomorphic parts, includes two real pigeon feathers stuck into the wooden outer frame.

By around 1977, the artist had mostly forsworn such furbelows and was making two-dimensional paintings in acrylic on canvas. These are straightforward enough, though hardly conventional. The impeccably schematic cartoons of "El Sombrero" (1982), or "Crucifixions by a Thread" (1983), might remind some viewers of the early Duchamp—"Chocolate Grinder," perhaps. Their flat but lushly offbeat colors, and their vain yet wholesome-looking frames, may invite visions of a postmodern little schoolhouse on the prairie or the apartment of a modern university professor in the Punjab. But always, in Rossi's work, the body is in question and the peculiar dynamisms of the sexes are inventively borne out. With an especially delicate group of grisaille drawings, she even addresses the dream terrors of teeth. Her most recent painting, at once folkloric and reminiscent of early work by Polke, is a family tree of encoded vessels. Male relations have spouts—a twice-married grandfather, for example, has two of them—and the females have round shapes, with small circular openings to indicate children. Several vessels in this family have been marked with Coptic eyes. Wouldn't you know that the bowl with the biggest peeper—the pink one near center-bottom—is Rossi's own.

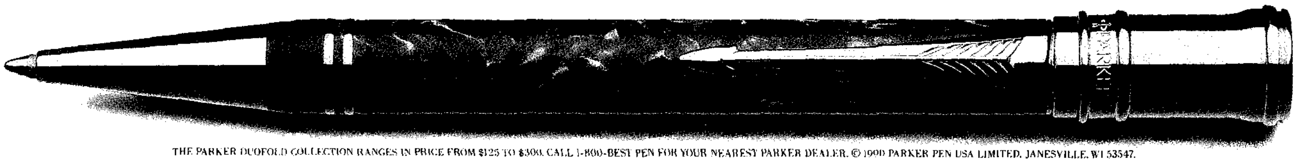
It's so beautiful we're afraid some people will miss the point.

What kind of impression should a ball point make? The new Parker Duofold Ball Point Pen pictured below unquestionably makes a rather beautiful one. Indeed, no expense has been spared to make it so.

More to the point, however, is that looks have never been everything at Parker. Put to paper, the Duofold Ball Point will glide across the page leaving an even flow of ink. No skipping. No blobbing.

To guarantee that it will (and we do for a lifetime), we sculpt our ball points from tungsten carbide, rather than using the more common and less wear-resistant steel ball. It is the finest writing ball point in the world.

We invite you to examine the new Parker Duofold Ball Point Pen and matching propelling pencil at your nearest Parker dealer. Beauty, as they say, is in the eye of the beholder. A statement never truer than when you're making one with the new Parker Duofold Ball Point Pen.



THE PARKER DUOFOLD COLLECTION RANGES IN PRICE FROM $125 TO $300. CALL 1-800-BEST PEN FOR YOUR NEAREST PARKER DEALER. © 1990 PARKER PEN USA LIMITED, JANESVILLE, WI 53547.

PARKER

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of the works of Stuart Davis (1892-1964), including a hundred and seventy-five paintings, murals, watercolors, and drawings. Starts Nov. 23. . . . ¶ "Seurat." A crisply efficient and compartmentalized exhibition of paintings by the short-lived Neo-Impressionist, on the centenary of his death. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ "Neo-Impressionism: The Friends and Followers of Georges Seurat," best taken as a kind of appetizer before the main course, consists of eighty-eight paintings, drawings, and watercolors, by Paul Signac, Camille Pissarro, Henri Matisse, and many others. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ A selection of a hundred and fifty American watercolors from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Sixteenth-century Italy has taken up permanent residence in a new installation of sculptures, furniture, tapestries, and much more that reveals the influence of Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo. . . .¶ "Resplendence of the Spanish Monarchy." This breathtaking exhibition of sixteenth-century works centers on eleven very large tapestries of beautifully intricate detail, made by the most respected Flemish craftsmen, and on some of the finest armor ever forged, from Augsburg, in present-day Germany. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Alphabets." If you find yourself somewhere between the Old Master and the nineteenth-century galleries, this small display of prints of the alphabet is an appealing diversion. Included are an inventive Italian "R" constructed from a pack of playing cards, and Jan Theodor De Bry's highly stylized late-sixteenth-century letters, including an "N" adorned with fish and gourds and having a portrait of Noah at its center. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ A small show of twenty-nine nineteenth-century European photographs, by such artists as Le Gray, Baldus, and Nadar. Through Dec. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Stuart Davis

Stuart Davis at the Metropolitan Museum and at the Salander-O'Reilly and Washburn galleries

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Dislocations" is an exhibition of seven commissioned installations, by Louise Bourgeois, Chris Burden, Sophie Calle, David Hammons, Ilya Kabakov, Bruce Nauman, and Adrian Piper. The show is ambitious, confrontational, bracing, and histrionic throughout; the works form a sort of choral *j'accuse*—a collective reproof of racial, sexual, and class stereotypes, as well as of nationalism, governments, bureaucracies, and war. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "Pleasures and Terrors of Domestic Comfort" explores the contemporary photographer's supposed preoccupation with the life of the home in more than a hundred and fifty works by Nan Goldin, William Eggleston, Cindy Sherman, Tina Barney, and others. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibition of drawings, photographs, scale models, and a video related to projects by Tadao Ando, one of Japan's leading architects, who designed this show himself. It's a beautiful but rather chilly mix of two well-known modern Japanese specialties: high-tech corporate production values and exquisitely rendered, dauntingly pristine structures for life, work, and the spirit—all somehow seen in the abstract. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ The annual "New Photography" series presents recent work by Eberhard Grames, Sheron Rupp, and Stephen A. Scheer. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until May, 1992.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Seventy multimedia works, from 1971 to the present, by Alexis Smith. Starts Nov. 21. . . . ¶ "The Last Tableau" is a group of the last sculptures designed by Scott Burton (1939-89): a pair of cherry "Guardian Cabinets" with mirrorlike bronze heads, a granite "Bench Goddess," and a stainless-steel "Slave Table" in the form of a crawling man. Through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Fifty mobiles, stabiles, works on paper, tapestries, and other objects by Alexander Calder (1898-1976). . . . ¶ "American Life in American Art." Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Sigmar Polke." Despite some big problems—the absence of films, for one—this mid-career retrospective comes as a pleasant surprise. It begins in the mid-sixties, with essentially good-natured parodies of minimal and Conceptual art, which are nevertheless underscored by a certain resignation to their hegemony. And from the early eighties come the finest paintings of Polke's career, including the symphonic "Paganini" and the haunting "The Camp." Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Objects of Myth and Memory." A fascinating exhibition of two hundred and fifty of the nine thousand Native American objects that the museum owns; nothing from the collection has been on view since the thirties. Some of them are exquisite: a group of extraordinary Mimbres stone figures, a charming Zuni fetish in the form of a bear, a number of haunting kachina dolls. The most engaging items are not the treasures, of which there are a number, but the objects of daily life: games, clothes, pots, baskets, belt buckles, rattles, and hats. Through Dec. 29. . . . ¶ A companion show of contemporary Native American works, including ceramics, elk-horn carvings, and Pomo baskets. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A thirty-foot-long platform of forged-iron sculptures is the fifteenth installment in Alain Kirili's "Commandment" series. Through Jan. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Chiefly Feasts: The Enduring Kwakiutl Potlatch" presents elaborately decorated plates and bowls, masks, and other objects used in the British Columbian tribe's lavish rituals of hospitality and wealth. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The forty-third annual purchase exhibition. Fifty-eight contemporary artists are represented this year, among them Jane Hammond, Sean Scully, Ida Applebroog, and Nicholas Africano. About one third of the works on view will be bought by the Academy and donated to museums around the country. Through Dec. 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright: Preserving an Architectural Heritage" is a show of more than seventy pieces of furniture, art-glass windows, lights, and other decorative objects spanning sixty years of the architect's career. Through Jan. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Undercurrents in the Floating World: Censorship and Japanese Prints." Although the pretty, often erotic ukiyo-e prints of the Tokugawa period (1615-1868) are perhaps the most popular of all Japanese art, they are rarely understood in their historical context, which has little to do with the picturesqueness that influenced Monet, Whistler, and others. Produced during an artistically repressive time, they were subject to the scrutiny of censors. What's more, artists were forced to conform to rigid rules, many of which might sound silly today, even though, curiously, explicit sexual imagery was often deemed acceptable. By means of informative wall labels, this exhibition articulately decodes works in several categories: "dangerous pictures," "heroes in disguise," "secret messages," and "forbidden news." The show is an intelligent and impassioned response to recent attempts to legislate "appropriate" subject matter for art. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Motifs and Meanings in Asian Art," a selection of sixty Korean, Chinese, and Japanese works from the Rockefeller collection. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Friday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight paintings and fourteen drawings by the French rococo master Nicolas Lancret (1690-1743). Through Jan. 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"From Expressionism to Resistance: Art in Germany, 1909-36" is a selection of a hundred and ninety paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the Marvin and Janet Fishman Collection. Artists on view include George Grosz, Erich Heckel, Conrad Felixmüller, and Otto Dix. Starts Nov. 21. . . . ¶ "The Sigmund Freud Antiquities: Fragments from a Buried Past" is a show of eighty-six objects from the psychoanalyst's personal collection, including Egyptian, Greek, Near Eastern, and Asian works. Another twenty works from London's Freud Museum and the Library of Congress supplement the exhibition, which was inspired by Edmund Engelman's 1938 photographs of Freud's Vienna study. Eight of those works are also on view. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Swiss Folk Art" consists of nearly a hundred and ninety works, including utilitarian and decorative objects, religious and ceremonial works, and American pieces inspired by Swiss design. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily, 11:30 to 7:30.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Hallowed Haunts," a show of seventy-three drawings and watercolors by Charles Addams (1912-88), most of which first appeared in these pages. Through Jan. 12. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Imagining the New World" is a shipload of paintings, drawings, maps, astrolabes, and other Columbian iconography drawn from museums and libraries in Italy, France, and Germany. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ "While They Fought: The Homefront in New York City" includes many posters, photographs (one shows Kate Smith surrounded by sailors), and artifacts from the Second World War. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A large selection of manuscripts, letters, photographs, and other objects that shed light on the life of Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950). (Berg Collection. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ Merlin, Mordred, Gawain, and Galahad leap off the pages and prints of "King Arthur: Looking at the Legend." Through Feb. 22. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.). . . ¶ A hundred and fifty German Expressionist prints and books—mostly from the period 1910-30—by Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Käthe Kollwitz, Wassily Kandinsky, George Grosz, and others. Through Jan. 4. (Third Floor Gallery. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 7:30; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

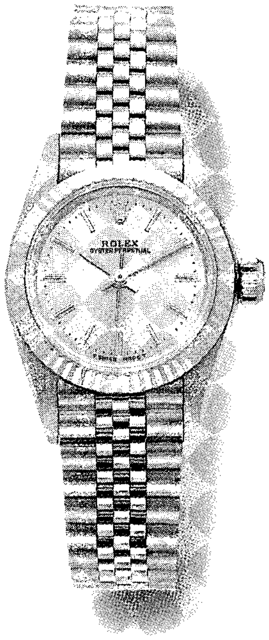
Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Closet No. 9," by Kenny Scharf, is one of the artist's surreal Day-Glo environments, incorporating paintings, customized appliances, and industrial materials. Through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Seventeen drawings and sculptures by Mel Chin. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Buy what you want to buy.
And no bankcard is going to stop you with a limit set long ago.*
You know what you can afford. You just want to be trusted.
You're a responsible person. Most of the time.

THE CARD.
THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD.

*Charges approved based on your ability to pay as demonstrated by past spending and payment patterns and personal resources. © 1991 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

THIS CLASSIC 18 KARAT GOLD
LADIES' ROLEX FEATURES THE
JUBILEE BRACELET AND FLUTED BEZEL. LIKE
ALL ROLEX OYSTER PERPETUAL WATCHES,
IT HAS A PRECISION AUTOMATIC-WIND
MOVEMENT AND IS WARRANTED PRESSURE-PROOF
TO A DEPTH OF 330 FEET.
A WELCOME ADDITION TO THE MOST
ACTIVE OF LIFESTYLES.



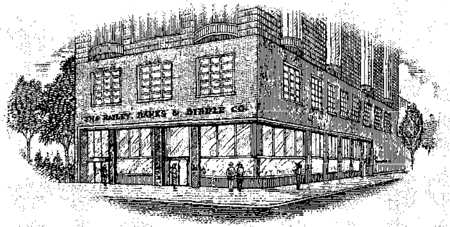
FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT OUR
ROLEX COLLECTION OR THE STORE NEAREST YOU,
DIAL 1-800-999-GOLD. BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE.
YOUR OFFICIAL ROLEX JEWELER.

ROLEX

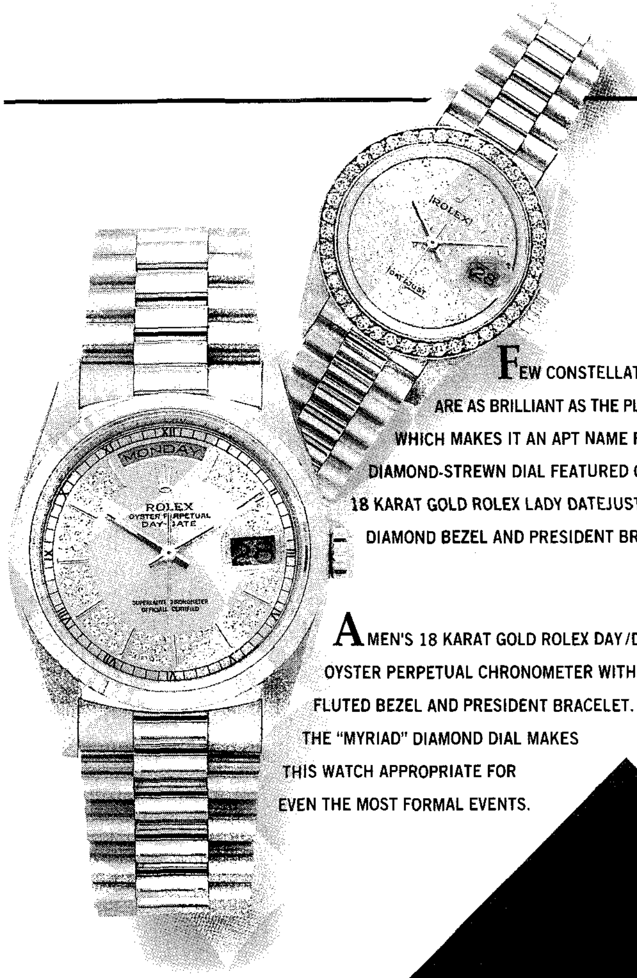
• Philadelphia • Atlanta • Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Denver •

BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE
JEWELERS SINCE [illegible]

SOME PEOPLE VALUE
THEIR TIME MORE THAN OTHERS,
WHICH IS PRECISELY
WHY SOME PEOPLE WEAR
ROLEX.


THE BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE CO.

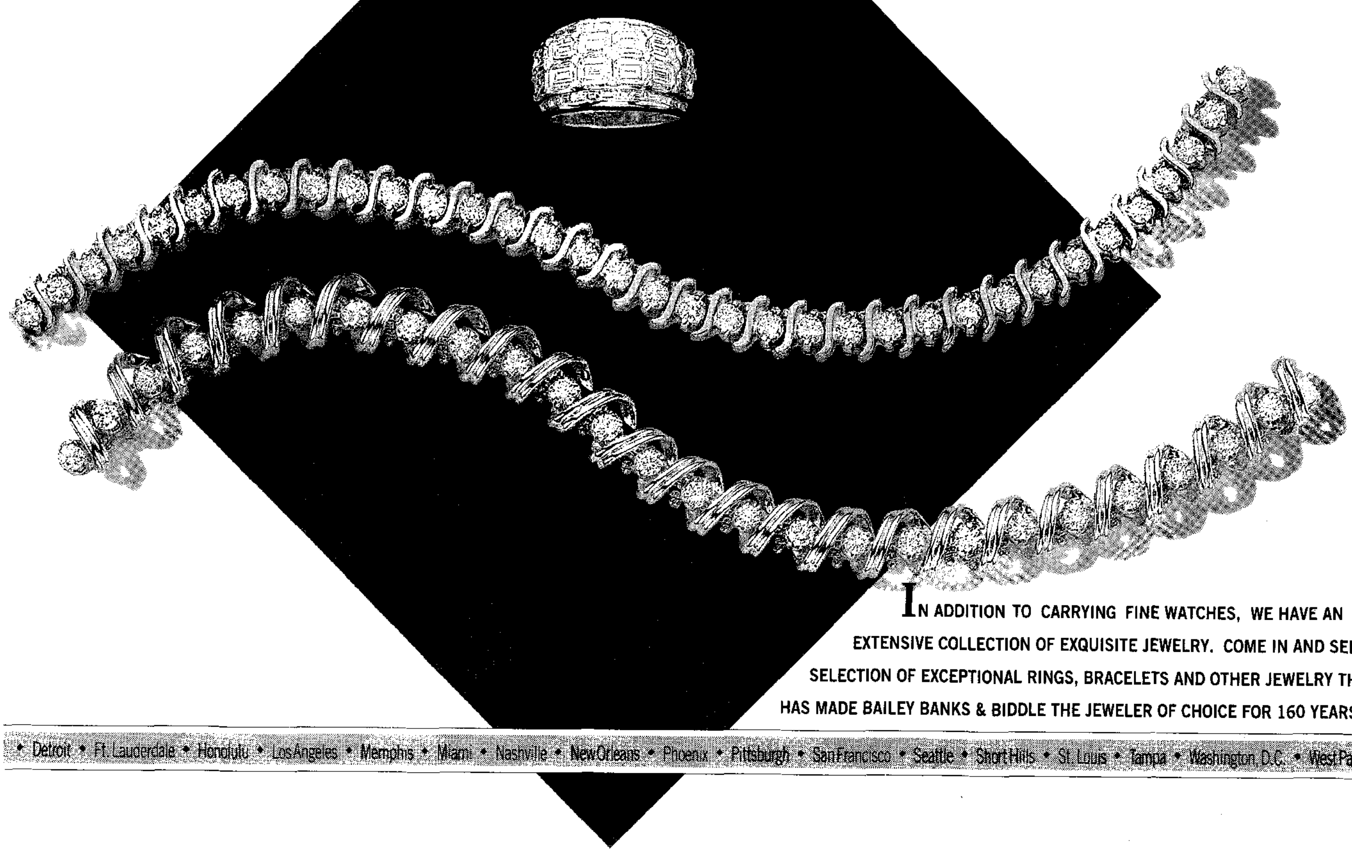
THE JEWELER OF CHOICE FOR SEVEN GENERATIONS.



FEW CONSTELLATIONS ARE AS BRILLIANT AS THE PLEIADES, WHICH MAKES IT AN APT NAME FOR THE DIAMOND-STREWN DIAL FEATURED ON THIS 18 KARAT GOLD ROLEX LADY DATEJUST, WITH DIAMOND BEZEL AND PRESIDENT BRACELET.

A MEN'S 18 KARAT GOLD ROLEX DAY/DATE OYSTER PERPETUAL CHRONOMETER WITH FLUTED BEZEL AND PRESIDENT BRACELET. THE "MYRIAD" DIAMOND DIAL MAKES THIS WATCH APPROPRIATE FOR EVEN THE MOST FORMAL EVENTS.

Repeatedly, Rolex watches have proven themselves to be extraordinarily dependable. From boardroom to base camp, at every longitude and latitude, they have served their owners handsomely. No other watch enjoys the reputation of Rolex. No other watch has earned it. ◈ For information about the complete Rolex line, speak with your official Rolex Jeweler at Bailey Banks & Biddle. Stop by at your convenience.



IN ADDITION TO CARRYING FINE WATCHES, WE HAVE AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF EXQUISITE JEWELRY. COME IN AND SEE THE SELECTION OF EXCEPTIONAL RINGS, BRACELETS AND OTHER JEWELRY THAT HAS MADE BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE THE JEWELER OF CHOICE FOR 160 YEARS.

• Detroit • Ft. Lauderdale • Honolulu • Los Angeles • Memphis • Miami • Nashville • New Orleans • Phoenix • Pittsburgh • San Francisco • Seattle • Short Hills • St. Louis • Tampa • Washington, D.C. • West Palm Beach •

BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27			

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Short List—**stuart davis** and **graham nickson,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 21); **joellyn duesberry,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through Dec. 14); **jörg immendorff,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through Dec. 21); **marino marini,** Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through Dec. 20); **bob thompson,** Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St. (through Dec. 14).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Donald Baechler—Paintings from 1981 and 1982. This artist's earlier works, such as "Bay of Naples," with its sweetly hapless image of a pizza-baker, are looking very classic these days, as well-bred, in their quiet yet subversive way, as early Lichtenstein or Johns. This small, elegant show includes several white-on-white paintings, and one whose blotted image of a Miami Beach hotel hovers over a mottled, sandy ground. Through Dec. 21. (Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Eight new works. This brilliant sculptor, a former junk-yard dog and orchestrator of detritus, is making rather grand and enduring pieces these days, and is sounding a number of thematic gongs. His partly deconstructed black marble Walkman, with its fast-forward and rewind arrows and rather funereal body, might be an epitaph for contemporary sculpture: two parts minimalism to one part Pop. "Trees," which consists of three beech trunks into which oversized wood rubber-stamp handles have been driven, suggests the romantic naturalism of Arte Povera and an artist like Giuseppe Penone. "The Crossing," however, a roiling roller-coaster construction of miniature freeways complete with little cars, is most Craggish of all—the strangest, toughest thing in this very strong show. Through Nov. 30. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

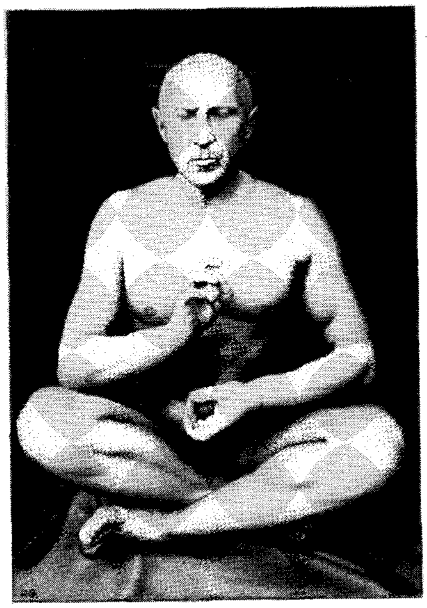
Lucas Samaras—Abstraction is the focus of this show, a retrospective ranging from drawings made in 1952, when Samaras was in high school, to his 1991 "mosaic paintings," a series of combustively inventive formal variations on what seems to be an apartment floor plan. He is evidently one of those people who were hatched fully formed. While he has certainly made different kinds of things over the years—from fetish boxes to photographs to crazy quilts to paintings—a sense of step-by-step development has never been an element of his work. Eccentric though he is, Samaras is as securely hooked to the past as to the present. Through Nov. 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**alexander archipenko,** Adler, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 2); **arman,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 21); **william beckman,** Steibel, 32 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 11); **larry cohen,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 10); **enzo cucchi,** Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 30); **stuart davis** and **anne ryan,** Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 30); **nicola de maria,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 30); **elisabeth frink,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 7); **rainer gross,** Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 30); **robert kushner,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 7); **richard pousette-dart,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 7); **abby shahn,** Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 30); **daniel spoerri,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 31); **pavel tchelitchew,** Rosenfeld, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 14); **bill traylor,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 11); **jane wilson,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 30).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ford Beckman—Lots of paintings that look like Meyer Vaisman trying to do Bruce Nauman's "Clown Torture" à la Andy Warhol and Jasper Johns. The works look daring and naughty, which is how bad-boy art is supposed to appear, but they're still tedious. Through Nov. 30. (Shafrazi, 130 Prince St.)

Jonathan Borofsky—Neo-Conceptual sculptures, by an artist with roots in the original Conceptual era. There are smoothly polished wood numerals, as clear-eyed as Danish Modern, spaced apart on the walls in a carnivalesque manner; steely, futuristic, red-beaconed watchtowers telling us Big Brother might be present within hours, or even minutes; endangered men—a hulking white Fiberglas tightrope walker, for example—making their way in the world like Jacob's ladders. Through Nov. 23. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)



Photographer František Drtikol

Chuck Close—Recent portraits of some of the artist's artist friends, including Eric Fischl, Janet Fish, April Gornik, Alex Katz, Elizabeth Murray, Lucas Samaras, and William Wegman, as well as one of Close himself. Some of these faces look as if they had been viewed through an antique blown-glass window: the prismatic diffusions of color become, like Rembrandt's basking yellows, metaphors of the psyche. The small patches of paint—vaguely Islamic, and a bit like Alfred Jensen's marks as well—of which the images are made (which break down when viewed up close) express the cool judgmentalism of one sitter, the unself-conscious good humor of another, the Lost Prophet moroseness of a third. These are grandly distorted pictures, procedurally indebted to the Tragic Muse. Through Dec. 14. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Lois Lane—This artist has been heard from only intermittently since the flurry of attention she received in the late seventies, when she pursued a style called New Image painting, which flickered between abstraction and representation. These paintings may well be her best work since then, and possibly her best work, period. As in the earlier paintings, there is a give-and-take between figuration and abstraction, except that here the two elements are not adversaries, but, rather, participants in a pictorial narrative of a semi-private nature, with images that include a ram, several crosses, a sail, and a dancing figure. The artist uses black in a curiously improvisatory way, resulting in an unsettling combination of Ryder-like agitation and dark lyricism. Through Nov. 30. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Richard Serra—There is more variety to this sculptor's work than he is usually given credit for, and this exhibition, though comprising only three works, indicates his breadth. In the main gallery is a piece consisting of two fat cylindrical slices of forged steel, installed at an angle so as to make them lean. They rise only to eye level, as if to deny their own monumentality, and have a strong ritualistic reference, but with a twist, as if they were upended mastabas. In a small second gallery are two massive plates of steel angled in such a way as to add new meaning to the metaphor of having one's back against the wall. All three are powerful works. Through Jan. 11. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

"La Metafisica della Luce"—An overcrowded installation of both old-fashioned, gestural abstract paintings and more self-consciously "abstract" paintings. The show doesn't really shed any light on the material on display, but it does include some first-rate work. Through Nov. 30. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

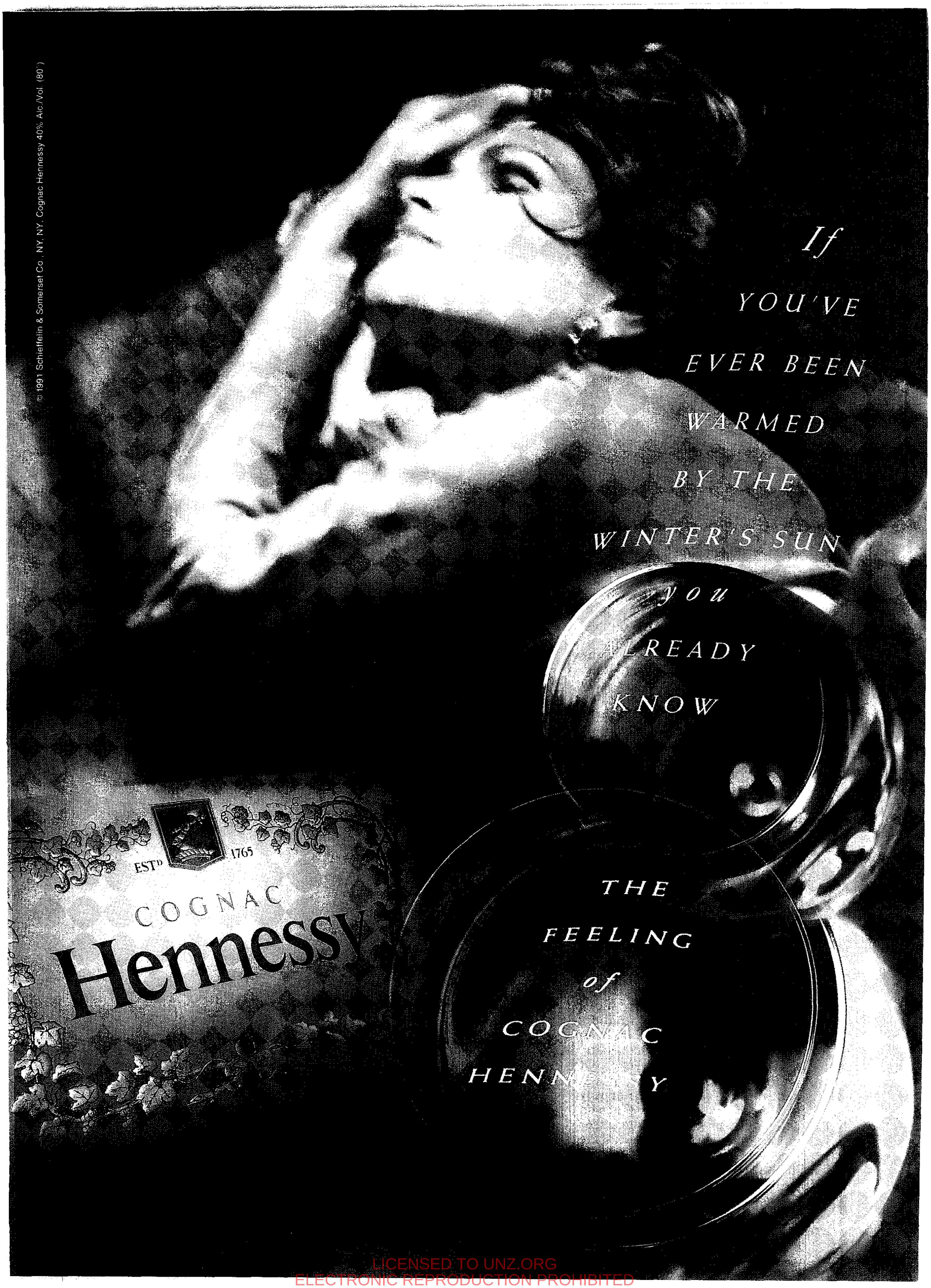
Short List—**vincenzo agnetti,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 28); **elise asher,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through Dec. 3); **georg baselitz,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through Dec. 21); **john beerman,** Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway (through Dec. 21); **richard bosman,** Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through Dec. 18); **pat colville,** Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St. (through Nov. 23); **william copley,** Nolan, 560 Broadway, (through Dec. 14); **günter förg,** Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway (through Nov. 30); **raoul hague,** Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (through Dec. 28); **robert jessup,** Gimpel-Weitzenhoffer, 415 West Broadway (through Dec. 7); **sol lewitt,** Pretto, 103 Sullivan St. (through Nov. 30); **jörg madlener,** Humphrey, 594 Broadway (through Dec. 7); **paul marcus,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through Nov. 23); **susan norrie,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through Dec. 11); **tony oursler,** Brown, 23 Watts St. (through Nov. 30); **giulio paolini,** SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St. (through Dec. 21); **chéri samba,** Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through Dec. 7); **italo scanga,** Helander, 415 West Broadway (through Dec. 4); **edvins strautmanis,** Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. (through Nov. 23); **carol szymanski,** Lipton, 67 Prince St. (through Dec. 21); **william wegman,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Jan. 4).

OTHER GALLERIES

Short List—**hawkins bolden,** Ricco/Maresca, 105 Hudson St. (through Dec. 7); **roz chast,** Illustration Gallery, 330 E. 11th St. (opens at 1 Tuesdays through Sundays, through Dec. 1).

PHOTOGRAPHY

ON a recent drizzly Sunday we spent much more time than usual at the Metropolitan Museum. The visit reminded us what's great about the Metropolitan: you can get lost there, you can ramble. The scale and organization of the place, and the aesthetic span that it covers, lead to experiences of looking that encourage the viewer to be a discoverer. The Equestrian Court was jammed, the Seurat exhibition even more so, but the modest gallery for photographs was thinly populated. The current exhibition is a selection of European work, most of which was made in the early years of the medium. The wall labels and captions could be clearer, and the general ideas behind the show—photography as a democratic medium that disseminates information and is therefore a kind of substitute for ownership; the richness of its early technologies—are certainly not being explored for the first time here. Still, this show offers much pleasure. Many of the pictures—Le Gray's of the Church of Saint-Jacques at Aubeterre, Corot's cliché-verre of the Fontainebleau forest—are breathtaking. The care that the photographers took, the responsibility one can sense that so many of them felt, is very moving.


If
YOU'VE
EVER BEEN
WARMED
BY THE
WINTER'S SUN
you
ALREADY
KNOW
THE
FEELING
of
COGNAC
HENNESSY
ESTD 1765
COGNAC
Hennessy

© 1991 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY. Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)

PHOTOGRAPHY—Cont'd

Nick Waplington—All the photographs in this show are of two families in Nottingham, England, plus their friends and people from their neighborhoods. Waplington's color images are lively and believable, because in making them he became part of these surroundings, seizing the chaos, the fun, the bad times, the movement. There's nothing picturesque about his perspective. Through Nov. 27. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St.)

Short List—**tina barney,** Borden, 560 Broadway (through Nov. 27); **william claxton,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through Nov. 30); **františek drtikol,** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (through Dec. 7); **lee friedlander,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Nov. 23); **sally larsen** and **louis de clercq,** Lowinsky, 575 Broadway (through Jan. 18); **annie leibovitz,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through Dec. 1); **joel meyerowitz,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Nov. 23); **irving penn,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 30); **richard rabbers,** 4th Street Photo, 67 E. 4th St. (open Tusedays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 2 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 3 to 10; through Nov. 30); **matthew rolston,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through Nov. 30).

MUSIC

Midway through a generally fair-to-middling "Rigoletto" last season at the Met, a great operatic experience crept up on the audience. It happened in an aria that is not usually a showstopper, the Duke of Mantua's reverie about going back to Gilda's house and finding it abandoned. The Duke of the evening, Alfredo Kraus, was singing the aria in a perfectly unostentatious way: no grandstanding, no astonishingly high or loud or soft notes, nothing novel in the expression. But as the song unfolded we began to realize just how superbly it was being sung, and how long it had been since we had heard anything comparable in this sort of music. A description could hardly be exciting: it was just a matter of line, of well-placed tone, of confident sincerity in expression, of unforced surrender to the sentiment and the idiom. Mr. Kraus reminded us just how rich, how important a vein is the songfulness at the heart of Italian opera. (And oh, yes, there was one spectacular item: at a spacious tempo, liberally stretched, and without any sense of stress, Mr. Kraus sang in one breath the lines "cara fanciulla amata; ei che vorria coll'anima." Anyone familiar with the aria can run over those phrases for the personal satisfaction of turning blue while achieving a precise appreciation of Mr. Kraus's capacities.) After the last note trailed away, there was a very, very long ovation from an audience that up till that point had been only ordinarily gracious to the artists.

Mr. Kraus is sixty-four years old and on his best nights sounds uncannily youthful and fresh. It is probably fair to say that he is the last tenor on the stage whose formative experiences were firmly grounded in the values of the interwar operatic epoch. He is coming back to the Met for seven performances, in two roles very well suited to him: Nemorino in "L'Elisir," beginning on November 19, and Alfredo in "La Traviata," beginning on November 30.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for the Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St., 854-7799.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**la traviata,** with Cheryl Studer, Franco Farina, and Juan Pons; conducted by John Fiore. (Nov. 18, Nov. 22, and Nov. 26, all at 8.) . . . **l'elisir d'amore,** in a new production, with Kathleen Battle, Alfredo Kraus, Mark Oswald, and Enzo Dara; Marcello Panni. (Nov. 19 at 8.) . . . With Kathleen Battle, Alfredo Kraus, Juan Pons, and Enzo Dara; Marcello Panni. (Nov. 23 and Nov. 27 at 8.) . . . **aida,** with Aprile Millo, Dolora Zajick, Lando Bartolini, and Timothy Noble; Rico Saccani. (Nov. 20 at 8 and Nov. 23 at 1:30.) . . . **così fan tutte,** with Carol Vaness, Delores Ziegler, Dawn Upshaw, Frank Lopardo, Richard Cowan, and Renato Capecchi; Leopold Hager. (Nov. 21 at 8.) . . . With Carol Vaness, Jane Bunnell, Hei-Kyung Hong, Frank Lopardo, Richard Cowan, and Carlos Feller; Leopold Hager. (Nov. 25 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

Lee Hoiby Operas—See under "Bon Appétit!" in Theatre listings.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 19 at 8: Kurt Masur conducts four sets of variations: William Shuman's orchestral transcription of Ives' "Variations on 'America,' " Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Haydn," Reger's "Variations on a Theme of Mozart," and Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" (with pianist Viktoria Postnikova). . . . ¶ Nov. 21-23 at 8, and Nov. 26 at 7:30: Charles Dutoit conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 14, Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé" (Suite No. 2), Bartók's "Miraculous Mandarin," and Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (with Midori). . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducts Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," Poulenc's "Concert Champêtre" (featuring harpsichordist Lionel Party), and music by Mozart: his Concertone for Two Violins (featuring Hae-Young Ham and Gary Levinson) and excerpts from "Don Giovanni" (whether orchestral snippets or arrangements, the conductor won't reveal; all we know is that no singers are involved).

Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra—Carl Davis directs the orchestra, the Collegiate Chorale, the Boys Choir of Harlem, and soloists Barbara Bonney (soprano), Sally Burgess (mezzo-soprano), Jerry Hadley (tenor), and Willard White (bass) in "Paul McCartney's Liverpool Oratorio," a work that the ex-Beatle composed with help from Mr. Davis. Just who wrote what remains somewhat unclear, though the actual notation certainly fell to Mr. Davis—and will continue to in the event of future collaborations, since Mr. McCartney, discussing his musical illiteracy in a recent interview, declared "I'm happy to stay in this ignorant state." (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 18 at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducts arrangements of popular hits and Broadway tunes, with Mel Tormé lending his ageless baritone. A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 19 at 7:30.)

Les Arts Florissants—William Christie directs the Paris-based early-music group in Marc-Antoine Charpentier's celebrated Te Deum, as well as two of the composer's motets and a march for solo timpani by Jacques Philidor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Nov. 20 at 8.)

Moscow Virtuosi—Vladimir Spivakov conducts Bach's Third Orchestral Suite, Mozart's Symphony No. 24, and Haydn's Symphony No. 94 (the "Surprise"), and doubles as violin soloist in Schnittke's "Sonata for Violin and Orchestra" (so called because it's actually a reworking, for chamber orchestra, of an earlier violin-and-piano sonata). (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 20 at 8.)

Music Today—Richard Fletcher conducts jazz-inspired works by "bad boy of music" George Antheil (his "Jazz Symphony"), Michael Torke, Gunther Schuller, and Tobias Picker (his "Keys to the City," featuring pianist Anthony de Mare). (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 20 at 8.)

"Mozart Masses in Concert"—Murray Sidlin directs the chorus and orchestra from the University of Minnesota School of Music in Mozart's Missa Brevis in B-Flat (K. 275) and "Litaniae de Venerabili Altaris Sacramento" (K. 243), as well as an early motet, a church sonata, and the Symphony No. 33. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 21 at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducts an all-Mozart program: incidental music from "Thamos, König in Aegypten," Three German Dances (K. 605), and the final piano concerto (in B-Flat, K. 595, featuring Anton Nel). (Metropolitan Museum. Nov. 23 at 7.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducts a concert in memory of those who perished in the Terezin concentration camp. Included are the Double Concerto for Flute, Piano, and Orchestra by Ervin Schulhoff (who spent time in Terezin before being sent to his death in Auschwitz, in 1942), Ronald Senator's "Lament for Hannah Szenesh" (featuring pianist Miriam Brickman), Samuel Adler's cantata "Stars in the Dust," in remembrance of Kristallnacht (featuring William Warfield as narrator), and several choruses from Bach's "St. Matthew Passion." The Canticum Novum Singers assist. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Nov. 23 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Oslo Philharmonic—Mariss Jansons conducts Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony and Mendelssohn's E-Minor Violin Concerto (in which Frank Peter Zimmermann will be featured as soloist). (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 23 at 8.)

I Cantori di New York—Mark Shapiro directs a-cappella music by Monteverdi, Brahms, Elgar, Bartók, and Rorem. (Rutgers Presbyterian Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Nov. 23 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Hanover Band—Roy Goodman conducts the period-instrument group in Mozart's overture to "La Clemenza di Tito" and Clarinet Concerto (with Colin Lawson), as well as Beethoven's Romance in F Major (with violin soloist Benjamin Hudson) and Eighth Symphony. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 24 at 3.)

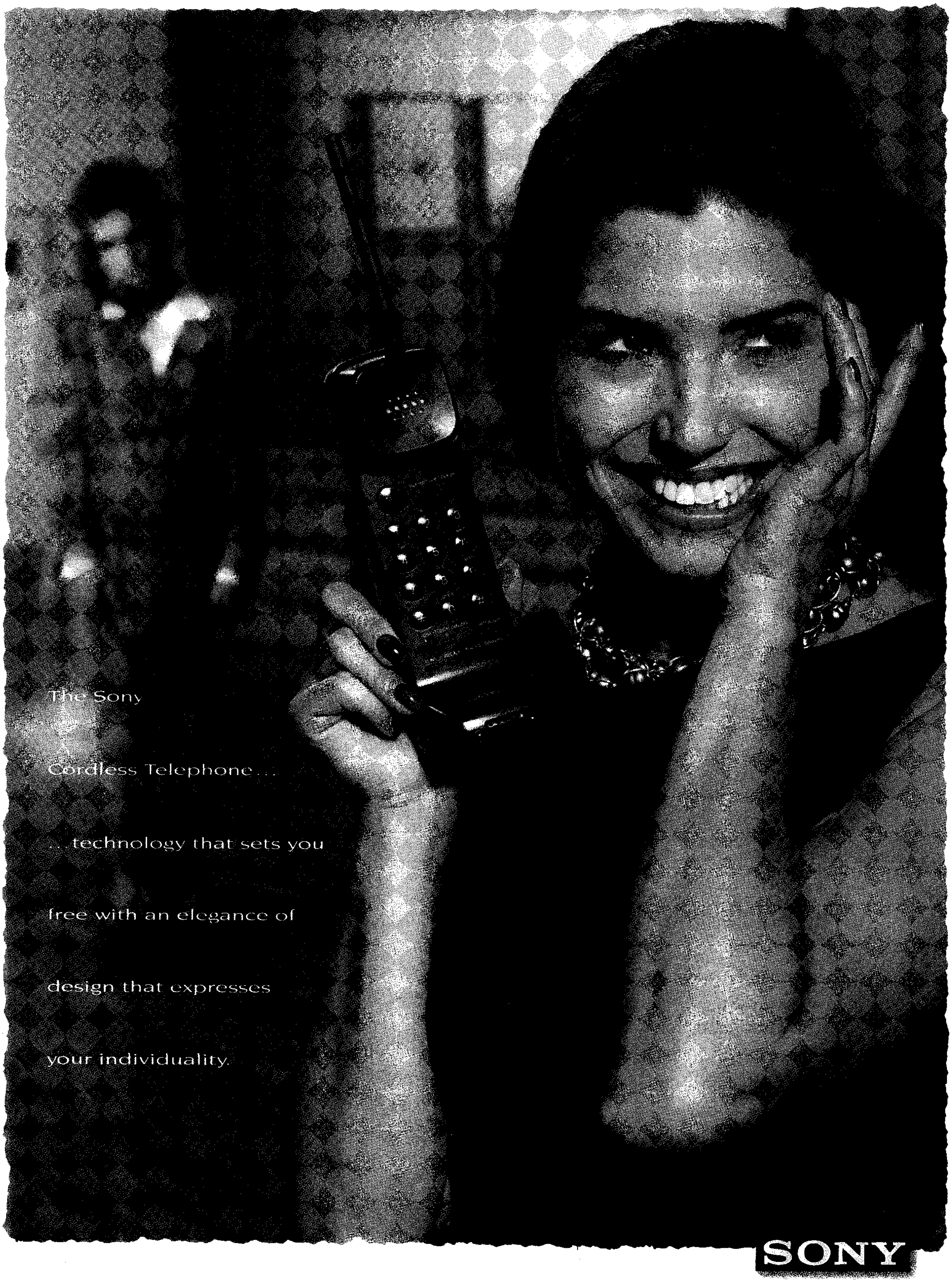
Florilegium Chamber Choir—JoAnn Rice directs Bach's Cantata No. 80 ("Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"), Britten's "Festival Te Deum" and "Five Flower Songs," and works by Byrd. Organist Walter Hilse assists. (German Church, 315 W. 22nd St. Nov. 24 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

New York Youth Symphony—Samuel Wong conducts Nielsen's Fourth Symphony (the "Inextinguishable"), Beethoven's "Emperor" Piano Concerto (featuring André Watts), and a new work by the Vietnamese-American composer P. Q. Phan. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 24 at 3. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 581-5933.)

Collegium Antiquum—In celebration of the Feast of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music (which falls two days earlier), Mary Jane

Joseph Kalichstein

Don't Be Bound By Convention



The Sony

Cordless Telephone . . .

. . . technology that sets you

free with an elegance of

design that expresses

your individuality.

SONY

Put the best seat in the house in your garage.

The Buick Park Avenue Ultra.

This is what you get when you tell your interior designers to spare no expense.

You get 6-way power front seats that place you instantly at ease. An optional memory feature even recalls your favorite seating position at the push of a button.

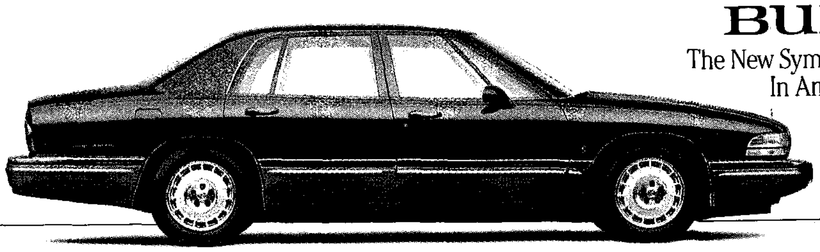
You get deeply cushioned rear seats, designed for maximum relaxation. Rear-seat passengers even have their own lighted vanity mirrors.

And of course, the Ultra's seating areas are covered with soft, supple leather.

So if you're looking to redecorate, we suggest you start by putting a 1992 Park Avenue Ultra in your garage.

BUICK®

The New Symbol For Quality
In America.



GM® Buckle up, America!
©1991 GM Corp.
All rights reserved.

Park Avenue is a registered
trademark of GM Corp.

MUSIC—Cont'd

Newman directs the orchestra and choir in Alessandro Scarlatti's Missa Sancta Cecilia. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. 602-0873. Nov. 24 at 4.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Presenting trios by Beethoven and Schubert, Martinů's Piano Quartet, and the première of Bruce Adolphe's "At the Still Point, There the Dance Is" (for clarinet and string quartet). (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 19 at 7:30.)

Meridian Arts Ensemble—A brass quintet performs a twentieth-century program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 19 at 8.)

Los Angeles Piano Quartet—Performing works by Beethoven, Brahms, and John Harbison (his "November 19, 1828," a musical rumination inspired by contemplating the death of Franz Schubert). (Miller Theatre. Nov. 20 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Performing quartets by Mozart (in C Major, K. 465), Tchaikovsky (in D Major, Op. 11), and (with the assistance of soprano Benita Valente) Schoenberg (his second). (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 20 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Pianist Staffan Scheja performs Grieg's Ballade, Op. 24, and is joined by string players for Beethoven's G-Major Trio (Op. 9, No. 1) and Brahms' G-Minor Piano Quartet (Op. 25). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Nov. 21 at 7:30 and Nov. 24 at 4.)

Hilliard Ensemble—The a-cappella vocal quartet performs Franco-Flemish, Italian, Spanish, and English works found in a collection of music compiled at the court of Naples in the late fifteenth century. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. Nov. 21 at 8.)

New Renaissance Chamber Artists—The contemporary-music group performs works by George Crumb ("Idyll for the Misbegotten"), David Noon, Hilary Tann, Peter Roebles, and others. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Nov. 21 at 8.)

David Holzman— Pianist, performing a concert of music by Donald Martino, including his "Twelve Preludes," which were completed earlier this year. (Miller Theatre. Nov. 21 at 8.)

Anonymous 4—Few composers have left as rich a legacy as Heinrich Isaac, whose enormous output is unusual in its consistent quality as well as its chameleonic adaptation to the different national styles of its time. Born in Flanders (in about 1450), Isaac became the most cosmopolitan of composers, numbering among his affiliations appointments at the court of the Medicis, in Florence (where Lorenzo the Magnificent served as matchmaker for the composer and his Florentine bride), and at the Hapsburg court of Germany (where, beginning in 1496, he was the leading composer to Emperor Maximilian I). In this concert, the women's vocal quartet (augmented by several friends) presents works from Isaac's German period: a composite Mass (made up of movements from four separately conceived masses, settings of Propers from his "Choralis Constantinus" cycle, and connecting chants) and the six-voiced motet "Virgo prudentissima." (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Nov. 22 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

The Hans Hollein Bösendorfer—Since the Austrian architect Hans Hollein received the prestigious Pritzker Architecture Prize, in 1985, his interests have extended to Italian watches, California lifeguard stations, and now—for the Viennese firm of Bösendorfer—a showpiece piano, sleek and industrial, yet inviting in its rich crimson, black, and gold. Since pianos should be heard, and not just seen, the instrument has been spotlighted in several concerts, the last of which features Karl-Ulrich Schnabel and Joan Rowland performing four-hand music by Mozart, Schubert (his F-Minor Fantasy and "Variations on a Theme from Hérold's 'Marie' "), Bizet, and others. (Bösendorfer Center, 406 E. 79th St. 472-9799. Nov. 22 at 8.)

Dmitri Alexeev—Pianist, performing Prokofiev's "Visions Fugitives" (Op. 22) and Schumann's cycle "Faschingsschwank aus Wien," as well as Chopin's B-Minor Sonata and four Mazurkas (Op. 67). (Metropolitan Museum. Nov. 22 at 8.)

Joseph Kalichstein—In 1843, the Leipzig piano manufacturer Louis Schoene built a pair of pedal pianos for illustrious customers: a grand for Mendelssohn and an upright for Schumann, the latter having twenty-nine courses of extra strings that resonated over a separate soundboard suspended on the back of the instrument. Pianos with independent pedal attachments were nothing new (Mozart had had one built in 1785), but these were unusual in that the extension could be activated either directly by pedalwork or, through a complicated mechanism, from the regular keyboard. It may be, however, that Schoene's instruments didn't work well, since two years later Schumann rented an independent pedal attachment, and set about writing three sets of pedal-piano compositions. Mr. Kalichstein performs two excerpts each from Schumann's "Studien für den Pedal-Flügel" (Op. 56) and "Vier Skizzen" (Op. 58)—in the performer's own transcriptions for a normal piano without a pedal board. Rounding out the concert are Schumann's cycle "Kreisleriana," as well as Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Schumann" (Op. 9) and Book Two of his "Variations on a Theme by Paganini" (Op. 35). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Nov. 23 at 8.)

Continuum—An elusive, mysterious figure from Arkansas, Conlon Nancarrow was ostracized by the United States as an undesirable citizen for his Socialist inclinations (especially as reflected in his having fought against the Fascists in the Spanish Civil War). He consequently moved to Mexico City, in 1940, where he has worked in near-isolation ever since. His output is slender, with most of his works being written for customized player pianos, for which he personally perforates the rolls so as to achieve rhythmic accuracy and complexity beyond the potential of human performers. In this concert, however, the Continuum ensemble offers all of Nancarrow's solo and chamber works for live musicians, including the String Quartets No. 1 and No. 3 (No. 2 has yet to be written) and the première of a Trio for Oboe, Bassoon, and Piano completed earlier this year. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 23 at 8.)

New York Concert of Viols—The ensemble, augmented by violinist David Douglas and harpsichordist Gwendolyn Toth, performs English music from the seventeenth century. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park. Ave. at 84th St. Nov. 24 at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Alicia de Larrocha—The pianist performs Mozart's Sonatas in G (K. 283) and in C (K. 330), as well as Schubert's spacious Sonata in B-Flat (Op. posth.). (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 24 at 3.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Members of the orchestra perform trios by Haydn and Schubert, as well as a guitar quintet by Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (featuring guitarist Sharon Isbin). (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 24 at 3.)

New York Festival of Song—Mezzo-soprano Lorraine Hunt and baritone Christopher Trakas, assisted by pianists Michael Barrett and Steven Blier, perform Spanish love songs by Schumann, Wolf, Fauré, and Chabrier as well as by several Spanish composers. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. 242-4770. Nov. 24 at 5.)

Maggini String Quartet—The British foursome plays Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 59, No. 3; Mendelssohn's Quartet in E-Flat, Op. 44, No. 3; and the New York première of David Gow's "Quartetto Amabile." (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Nov. 24 at 5.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—The ensemble, with the help of several assisting artists, performs music by Mozart, Shostakovich (his E-Minor Trio, Op. 67), Jeffrey Mumford (the première of a Quintet), and Nicholas Maw (his Flute Quartet). (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 25 at 8.). . . **note:** Mr. Maw will discuss his music in a lecture, open to ticket-holders, beginning at 7:15.

Neal Ramsay—Saxophonist, performing the first in a series of three concerts exploring his instrument's history and repertoire. This recital comprises Leon Stein's "Quintet for Saxophone and String Quartet" (with the Meridian String Quartet), the original saxophone version of Milhaud's "Scaramouche Suite," the "Tableaux de Provence" of Paule Maurice, and Mr. Ramsay's own arrangements of pieces by Handel and Gershwin. Pianist Ann Newton assists. (Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 25 at 8.)

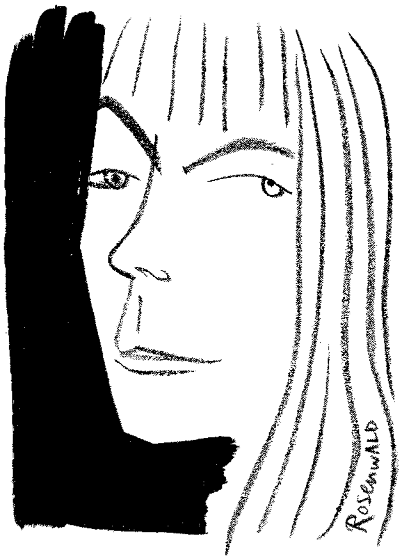
Aequalis Chamber Ensemble—The contemporary-music group presents works by Chinary Ung, Marjorie Merryman, Armand Qualliotine, Marilyn Shrude, and Martin Boykan. (Miller Theatre. Nov. 26 at 8.)

American Academy in Rome Concerts—Featuring works by composers Jack Beeson, Chester Biscardi, Sheila Silver, and Kent Kennan, all of whom have received support from the Academy, and the first three of whom will be present to discuss their works. (Paul Recital Hall, Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza. Nov. 26 at 8. For information about tickets, call 517-4200.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

EMF—Like Jesus Jones, EMF have brought British techno-rave to the top of the American charts. Their No. 1 single, "Unbelievable," was one of the biggest hits of the summer, and deservedly so. The band mixes samples, rock guitars, and a great hard-edged dance beat with a brazenness that's refreshing. (Their music sounds less calculated than Jesus Jones', a little more sloppy and defeatist.) EMF's shows are energetic, tape-filled dance marathons that are frantic, funky, and sometimes perfect. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Nov. 26 at 8.)

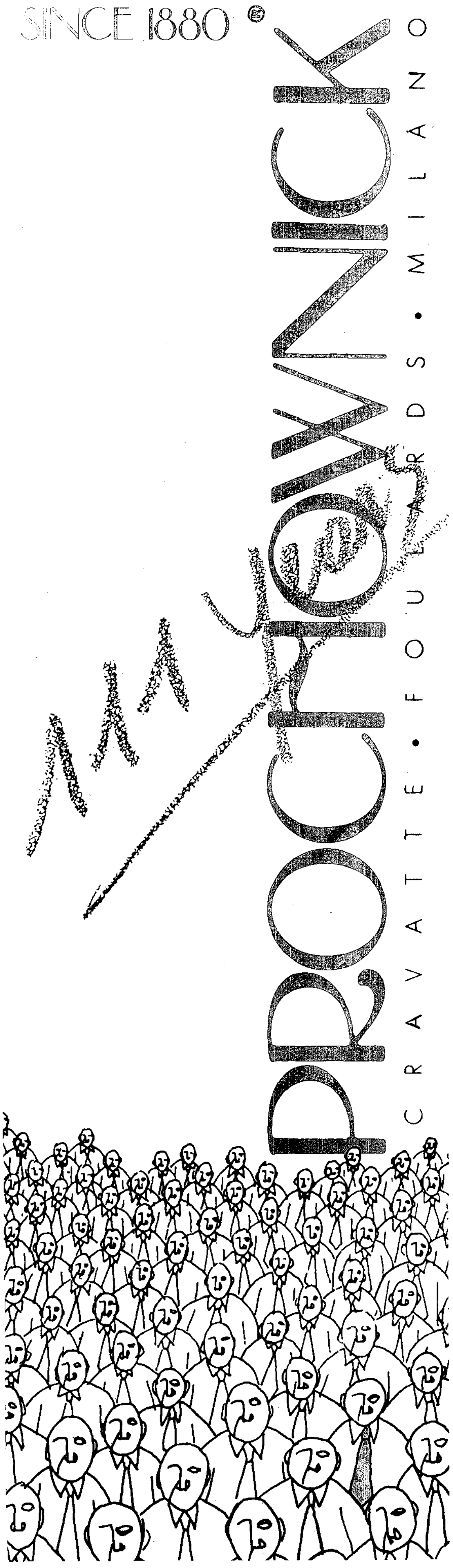
Tin Machine—Has there ever been a superstar performer who has confounded his fans as often as David Bowie has? The Great Chameleon is at it again, this time trying to convince a dubious public that he's just a singer in a rock-and-roll band. Well, he isn't. "Tin Machine 2," his latest group's new album, would have had a better chance of being heard if he had released it under his own name. It is a far more listenable album than their first release, and even includes a few hook-laden songs. But on this tour, on which he will forgo his usual large gestures and props, Bowie will have a hard time putting these tunes over; they will have to carry themselves, and they're just not strong enough. Who wants to see one of the great men of rock theatre in a "small" setting? Bowie is a true rocker, and he's trying to prove that rock can still be surprising and confrontational. Better luck next time. (Academy Theatre, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. Nov. 27 and Nov. 29 at 8.)



Rickie Lee Jones

Rickie Lee Jones—There's been a lot of water under the bridge since this L.A. singer made her late-seventies début as a bohemian street-poet folkie and one-hit wonder ("Chuck E.'s in Love"). After releasing a couple of unsuccessful and achingly purple follow-up records (done in the Laura Nyro style, as emotional epics) and then taking a long career hiatus, Rickie Lee Jones returned with an O.K. comeback album, last year's "Flying Cowboys," and has now released "Pop Pop," a new collection of standards ("I'll Be Seeing You," "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most") and neo-standards (songs by Jimi Hendrix and Jefferson Airplane) done as hepcat cabaret material. One thing remains the same: you either go for her weepy tremolo and baby-doll phrasing or you don't. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 26 at 8.)

Michael Bolton—Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Nov. 19-20 and Nov. 22-23 at 8.



SINCE 1880 ®

USA **JEAN ROBERT** New York Tel. (212) 24 61 979
CANADA **RADIX** Toronto Tel. (416) 32 49 356

MUSIC–Cont'd

Kenny Loggins—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Nov. 19-20 at 8.

Sweet Honey in the Rock—Carnegie Hall. Nov. 22 at 8.

Richie Sambora—Academy Theatre. Nov. 26 at 8.

Planet Drum—An ensemble consisting of Mickey Hart, Baba Olatunji, Airto Moreira, Flora Purim, Zakir Hussain, T. H. Vinayakram, Sikiru Adepoju, and Giovanni Hidalgo. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 27 at 8.)

Benefit Concert—George Shearing, Dorothy Donegan, and Dick Hyman. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Nov. 21 at 7:30.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Jets—Vs. the San Diego Chargers, Nov. 24 at 4.

Rangers—Away until Dec. 2, when they meet the Philadelphia Flyers.

Islanders—Vs. the Boston Bruins, Nov. 27 at 7:35.

Devils—Vs. the Washington Capitals, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Vs. the Hartford Whalers, Nov. 22. (Game time, 7:35.)

Knicks—Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Nov. 23 at 8:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Miami Heat, Nov. 26 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Sacramento Kings, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Celtics, Nov. 23. (Game time, 7:30.)

(The Jets play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-516 538-6600; the Rangers and Knicks at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Brooklyn Handicap is Nov. 23. . . . At the Meadowlands: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Through Dec. 7. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1.

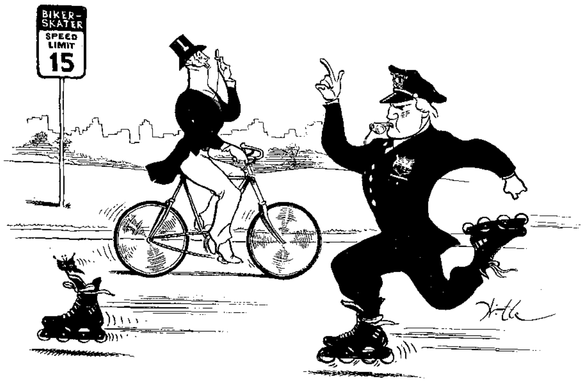
CHAMPIONSHIP—TENNIS

Virginia Slims Tournament—Seles, Graf, Sabatini, Navratilova, and Capriati, among others, battle for points in Madison Square Garden. The matches start on Nov. 18 at 5 and finish with the singles final, Nov. 24 at 12:30. For information about tickets, call 465-6500.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

THE first thing you should know about the Salzburg Marionette Theatre is that it is probably the most conservative opera company on earth. It performs works as if the music and the story mattered so much to the audience that the director's job was to bring these elements together and get out of the way. The second thing you should know is that the theatre's most responsive audience is composed largely of adults. This didn't stop us from introducing a thoroughly delighted four-year-old to the group's production of "The Nutcracker" the last time it was in town, but we would think twice about asking a small child to sit through "Don Giovanni" or "The Marriage of Figaro," unless that individual took pleasure in operas with human casts.

From November 25 through December 1, the Salzburgers will mount those two works, along with "The Magic Flute" and "Cosi Fan Tutte," at Alice Tully Hall (for information, call 875-5050), as part of the Mozart Bicentennial festival, and the person we would want to have at our elbow would be the biggest ballet fan in town. Everything about this puppet theatre serves the sophisticated action: the carving of the dolls, the costumes and sets, the staging of the gestures (with their remarkable illusion of weightedness), the music-making (two-hour adaptations of distinguished recordings). The more one knows about opera, the more one will be able to appreciate the subtlety of the enterprise. A word of caution: even though Alice Tully Hall is comparatively intimate, once you get past the first ten rows the marionettes can seem very far off. You may want to bring opera glasses.



Toys—In anticipation of the holiday season, the people at the American Craft Museum have put together a show of handmade dolls, stuffed animals, games, and other fanciful items. All of the toys displayed will be for sale. (40 W. 53rd St. Nov. 25-Dec. 1. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5, and Tuesdays, 10 to 8.)

Movies About Trains—An offbeat local tradition is Roger Arcara's annual "Railway Nostalgia Movie Nights," in which Mr. Arcara, a transportation historian, shows film clips of old trains. Featured this year are steam locomotives, electric trains from the Pennsylvania Railroad, the defunct Third Avenue El, and trolleys. (Y.M.C.A., 2244 Westchester Ave., the Bronx. Nov. 23 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 1-914 638-3798.)

Orchids—Twenty-five varieties will be for sale at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza), on Nov. 23, from 10 to 4. Also for sale will be such orchid-growing essentials as fir bark, tree-fern fibre, and orchid pots.

Readings and Talks—Nov. 19 at 7: Caroline Marshall, Roy Blount Jr., and Richard Panek read from their own short stories. (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6: Philip Hamburger talks about his career. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.). . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6: Richard Wilbur reads from his own poetry. Presented by the American Academy in Rome. (41 E. 65th St. 517-4200.). . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6: Robert Fizdale talks about his new biography of Sarah Bernhardt. Also, slides will be shown. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160.). . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 8: Ved Mehta reads from his own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.). . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 8: Rosamond Bernier reads from her book, "Matisse, Picasso, Miró As I Knew Them." (Three Lives & Co., 154 W. 10th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 7: Mary Gaitskill and Emily Prager read from their own prose. (Pat Hearn Gallery, 39 Wooster St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Memoranda—The Triple Pier Antiques Show at Piers 88, 90, and 92 (which run along the Hudson River, from 48th to 55th Sts.): On Nov. 23, Pier 90 opens at 9; Pier 92 at 10; and Pier 88 at 11; all piers close at 6. On Nov. 24, all piers open at 11, and Pier 90 closes at 5; Pier 92 at 6; and Pier 88 at 7. . . . ¶ Sanford Smith's Modernism show will be held at the 7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St., Nov. 21-22, from 11 to 9; Nov. 23, from 11 to 8; and Nov. 24, from 11 to 6.

New York Life is large, conservative, and dull. Reassuring in times like these, isn't it?

Things are a bit shaky these days in the financial world. Investors are getting a lot less adventuresome. And words like "stability" and "security" are coming back into vogue.

To some, of course, this is just the current economic trend. But at New York Life, we've had a conservative investment policy for 146 years.

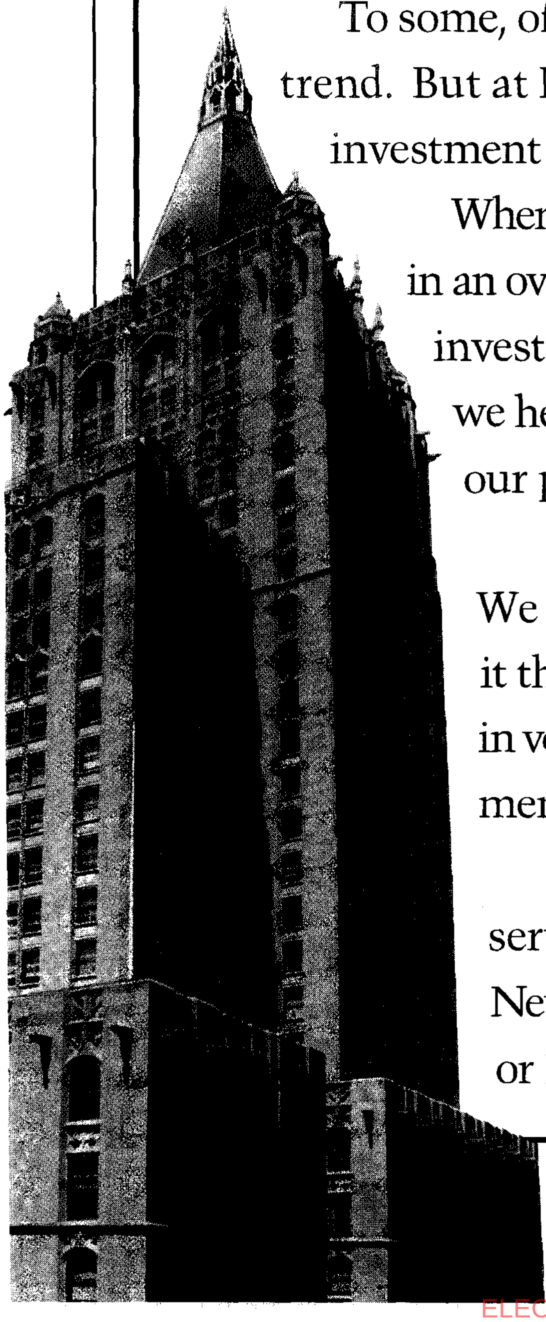
When the financial community tied its money up in an overheated real estate market, we were modest investors. When others embraced junk bonds, we held back. (In fact, 95 percent of the bonds in our portfolio are investment grade.*)

Does that make us large and conservative? We should say so. And as for dull, we look at it this way: If being exciting means investing in volatile junk bonds, that's the kind of excitement we can all do without.

For information on any of our products and services, call your local New York Life agent or 1-800-695-4331.

NEW YORK LIFE

The Company You Keep.®



*As of December 31, 1990; includes New York Life Insurance Company and New York Life Insurance and Annuity Corporation, a Delaware Corporation.

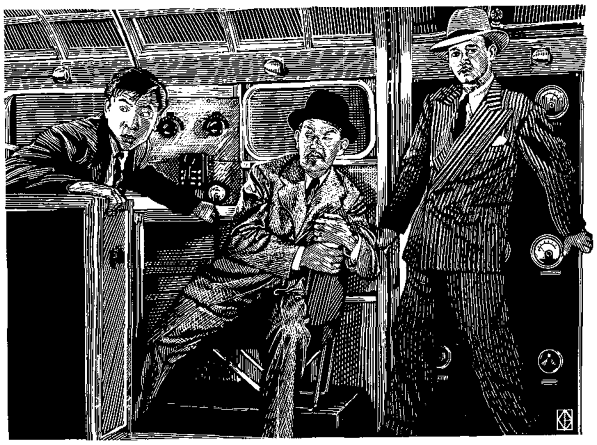
©1991 New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. All rights reserved.
New York Life Insurance and Annuity Corporation, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.



At Theatre 80 St. Marks,
Sen Yung, Sidney Toler, and Robert Lowery in
"Murder Over New York"

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Black Robe" (†).
Theatre 2: "Prospero's Books" (directed by Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 21: "The Rapture" (Michael Tolkin), with Mimi Rogers. From Nov. 22: "My Father Is Coming" (Monika Treut; in English and German), with Alfred Edel and Shelly Kastner.
Theatre 4: "The Commitments" (†).
Theatre 5: "Exposure" (Walter Salles), with Amanda Pays, Peter Coyote, and Tcheky Karyo.
Theatre 6: "Life Is Sweet" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Revolution!" (Jeff Kahn), with Christopher Renstrom.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Ricochet" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fisher King" (†).
Theatre 3: "29th Street" (George Gallo), with Danny Aiello, Anthony LaPaglia, and Lainie Kazan.

Loews Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Frankie & Johnny" (†).
Theatre 2: "Frankie & Johnny" (†)".
Theatre 3: "All I Want for Christmas" (†).
Theatre 4: "Strictly Business" (†).
Theatre 5: "Other People's Money" (†).
Theatre 6: "Highlander 2: The Quickening" (Russell Mulcahy), with Christopher Lambert, Virginia Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Sean Connery.
Theatre 7: "And You Thought Your Parents Were Weird" (Tony Cookson), with Joshua Miller, Edan Gross, Marcia Strassman, and Sam Behrens.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Homicide" (†).
Theatre 2: "Billy Bathgate" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Story of Boys and Girls" (Pupi Avati, in Italian).
Theatre 5: "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron), with Imelda Staunton and Saskia Reeves.
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 21: "Hearing Voices" (Sharon Greytak). From Nov. 22: "Beauty and the Beast," a Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 7: "The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston, Tess Harper, and Gail Strickland.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Little Man Tate" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ricochet" (†).
Theatre 3: "Curly Sue" (John Hughes), with James Belushi, Kelly Lynch, and Alisan Porter.
Theatre 4: "The Butcher's Wife" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Fisher King" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 21: "Dead Again" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Andy Garcia, Derek Jacobi, Hanna Schygulla, and Emma Thompson. From Nov. 22: "The Addams Family" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia, Christopher Lloyd, Christina Ricci, Jimmy Workman, Judith Malina, and Carel Struycken.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Deceived" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Cape Fear" (Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, and Jessica Lange.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston, Tess Harper, and Gail Strickland.
Theatre 2: "Billy Bathgate" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 21: "Shattered" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Tom Berenger, Bob Hoskins, Greta Scacchi, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, and Corbin Bernsen. From Nov. 22: "Beauty and the Beast," a Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 4: "And You Thought Your Parents Were Weird" (Tony Cookson), with Joshua Miller, Edan Gross, Marcia Strassman, and Sam Behrens.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Other People's Money" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "Frankie & Johnny" (†). From Nov. 22: "The Addams Family" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia, Christopher Lloyd, Christina Ricci, Jimmy Workman, Judith Malina, and Carel Struycken.
Theatre 3: "Strictly Business" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"All I Want for Christmas" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Curly Sue" (John Hughes), with James Belushi, Kelly Lynch, and Alisan Porter.

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (Jonathan Demme), with Jodie Foster, Anthony Hopkins, Scott Glenn, Ted Levine, and Anthony Heald.
Theatre 2: "Homicide" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"29th Street" (George Gallo), with Danny Aiello, Anthony LaPaglia, and Lainie Kazan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"My Own Private Idaho" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Strictly Business" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "Highlander 2: The Quickening" (Russell Mulcahy), with Christopher Lambert, Virginia Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Sean Connery. From Nov. 22: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rambling Rose" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, and Jessica Lange.
Theatre 2: "Cape Fear."

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Beauty and the Beast," a Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 2: "Billy Bathgate" (†).
Theatre 3: "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron), with Imelda Staunton and Saskia Reeves.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Fisher King" (†).
Theatre 2: "All I Want for Christmas" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Black Robe" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 21: "Frankie & Johnny" (†). From Nov. 22: "The Addams Family" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia, Christopher Lloyd, Christina Ricci, Jimmy Workman, Judith Malina, and Carel Struycken.
Theatre 2: "Little Man Tate" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Overseas" (Brigitte Roüan; in French), with Nicole Garcia, Marianne Basler, and Roüan.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Other People's Money" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Frankie & Johnny" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, and Jessica Lange.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer. From Nov. 22: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Loews Orphem VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: Nov. 22-26: "The Butcher's Wife" (†). From Nov. 27: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
Theatre 2: Nov. 22-26: "The Fisher King" (†). From Nov. 27: "My Girl."
Theatre 3: From Nov. 22: "Prospero's Books" (Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud.
Theatre 4: From Nov. 22: "All I Want for Christmas" (†).
Theatre 5: From Nov. 22: "Little Man Tate" (†).
Theatre 6: From Nov. 22: "The Addams Family" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia, Christopher Lloyd, Christina Ricci, Jimmy Workman, Judith Malina, and Carel Struycken.
Theatre 7: From Nov. 22: "The Addams Family."

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 21: "Strictly Business" (†). From Nov. 22: "Beauty and the Beast," a Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 2: "Billy Bathgate" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Images of the World and the Inscription of War" (1988, directed by Harun Farocki). From Nov. 20: "Uncle Moses" (1932, Sidney Goldin and Aubrey Scotto; in Yiddish), with Maurice Schwartz.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 26: "The Wages of Fear" (1953, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck. From Nov. 27: "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (Fax Bahr), a documentary about the making of "Apocalypse Now."

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "My Own Private Idaho" (†). From Nov. 22: "The Addams Family" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia, Christopher Lloyd, Christina Ricci, Jimmy Workman, Judith Malina, and Carel Struycken.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Looney Tunes Hall of Fame."

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, and Jessica Lange.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer. From Nov. 22: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbe-

link and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Rambling Rose" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Boy Who Cried Bitch" (Juan Jose Campanella), with Harley Cross and Karen Young.
Theatre 3: "Whore" (Ken Russell), with Theresa Russell.
Theatre 4: "Paris Is Burning" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Frankie & Johnny" (†).
Theatre 2: "Billy Bathgate" (†).
Theatre 3: "City of Hope" (†).
Theatre 4: "Strictly Business" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 21: "And You Thought Your Parents Were Weird" (Tony Cookson), with Joshua Miller, Edan Gross, Marcia Strassman, and Sam Behrens. From Nov. 22: "Beauty and the Beast," a Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 6: "Homicide" (†).
Theatre 7: "Other People's Money" (†).
Theatre 8: Through Nov. 21: "Highlander 2: The Quickening" (Russell Mulcahy), with Christopher Lambert, Virginia Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Sean Connery. From Nov. 22: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.
Theatre 9: "Cape Fear" (Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, and Jessica Lange.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Beastmaster 2: Through the Portal of Time," with Marc Singer and Kari Wuhrer.
Theatre 2: "All I Want for Christmas" (†).
Theatre 3: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 21: "All I Want for Christmas" (†).
From Nov. 22: "Beauty and the Beast," a Walt Disney animated film.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 21: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer. From Nov. 22: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Rambling Rose" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Fisher King" (†).
Theatre 4: "And You Thought Your Parents Were Weird" (Tony Cookson), with Joshua Miller, Edan Gross, Marcia Strassman, and Sam Behrens.
Theatre 5: "The Rapture" (Michael Tolkin), with Mimi Rogers.
Theatre 6: "Curly Sue" (John Hughes), with James Belushi, Kelly Lynch, and Alisan Porter.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 21: "The Commitments" (†).
From Nov. 22: "For the Boys" (Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, James Caan, George Segal, Patrick O'Neal, and Christopher Rydell.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston, Tess Harper, and Gail Strickland.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Prospero's Books" (Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Barton Fink" (†).
Theatre 2: "Homicide" (†).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Cheap Shots."

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"All I Want for Christmas" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
Through Nov. 21: "Black Robe" (†).
From Nov. 22: "Beauty and the Beast," a Walt Disney animated film.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Hope" (†).
Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (Agnieszka Holland, in German and Russian), with Marco Hofschneider.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 23: "La Belle Noiseuse" (Jacques Rivette, in French), with Michel Piccoli, Emmanuelle Béart, and Jane Birkin. From Nov. 24: "The Double Life of Véronique" (Krzysztof Kieslowsk; in French and Polish), with Irène Jacob and Philippe Volter.

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (496-7070)
From Nov. 22: "At the Max" (Julien Temple), a concert film of the Rolling Stones.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Cape Fear" (Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, and Jessica Lange.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Billy Bathgate" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fisher King" (†).
Theatre 3: "Other People's Money" (†).
Theatre 4: "Curly Sue" (John Hughes), with James Belushi, Kelly Lynch, and Alisan Porter.
Theatre 5: "Little Man Tate" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 21: "Frankie & Johnny" (†). From Nov. 22: "The Addams Family" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia, Christopher Lloyd, Christina Ricci, Jimmy Workman, Judith Malina, and Carel Struycken.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Strictly Business" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "29th Street" (George Gallo), with Danny Aiello, Anthony LaPaglia, and Lainie Kazan. From Nov. 22: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer.
Theatre 2: "Beastmaster 2: Through the Portal of Time," with Marc Singer and Kari Wuhrer.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "House Party 2" (†).
Theatre 2: Theatre closed.
Theatre 3: "Other People's Money" (†).
Theatre 4: "Ricochet" (†).
Theatre 5: "Beastmaster 2: Through the Portal of Time," with Marc Singer and Kari Wuhrer.
Theatre 6: "Strictly Business" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Nov. 26: "Billy Bathgate" (†).
From Nov. 27: "My Girl" (directed by Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Little Man Tate" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 26: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger, Linda Hamilton, Edward Furlong, and Robert Patrick. From Nov. 27: "Billy Bathgate" (†).
Theatre 3: "Highlander 2: The Quickening" (Russell Mulcahy), with Christopher Lambert, Virginia Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Sean Connery.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Nov. 18: Theatre closed.
Nov. 19-20: "Frankie & Johnny" (†).
Nov. 21: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 22: "The Addams Family" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia, Christopher Lloyd, Christina Ricci, Jimmy Workman, Judith Malina, and Carel Struycken.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, and Jessica Lange.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer. From Nov. 22: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Nov. 21: "Dial M for Murder" (1954, directed by Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.
Nov. 22-25: "Baxter" (1988, Jerome Boivin; in French); and "The Wonderful World of Dogs" (1990, Mark Lewis).
Nov. 26-27: "Blood in the Face" (Anne Bohlen, Kevin Rafferty, and James Ridgeway), a documentary; and "Berkeley in the Sixties" (see blurb on page 30).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 18: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968, Ingmar

A COMMUNIQUE FROM THE BAR of a leading hotel, subsequent to a recent Whisky Convention held in a doughty resort in the Scottish Highlands, comes to hand:

"The bigwigs and panjandrums of the whisky business were gathered, *with taste-buds honed.*

In deference to such company, the organizers had assembled a magnificent *nay awe inspiring*, range of the proudest malts and noblest blends for the pivotal tasting ceremony.

In fact, so wide was the choice that, at the end of the first evening, in spite of the delegates doing ample justice to the occasion–not one bottle had been completely demolished. *With one notable exception.* In the waste bin at the barman's feet, there reposed in splendid isolation...four empty bottles of THE MACALLAN."

THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY
Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol © 1991

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont’d

Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and “The Passion of Anna” (1970, Bergman; in Swedish), with Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.

Nov. 19: “The Big Heat” (1953, Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and “Beyond a Reasonable Doubt” (1956, Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine.

Nov. 20: “Alphaville” (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and “Le Gai Savoir” (1968, Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Juliette Berto.

Nov. 21: “Phone Call from a Stranger” (1952, Jean Negulesco), with Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill, and Bette Davis; and “The Scapegoat” (1959, Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness and Davis.

Nov. 22-23: “Murder Over New York” (1940, Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan; and “Charlie Chan on Broadway” (1937, Eugene Forde), with Warner Oland as Chan.

Nov. 24: “Los Olvidados” (“The Young and the Damned”; 1950, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and “Viridiana” (1961, Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.

Nov. 25: “Lola” (1982, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and “Veronika Voss” (1982, Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech.

Nov. 26: “Bombshell” (†); and “Red Dust” (1932, Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor.

Nov. 27: “Seconds” (†); and “The Train” (1965, John Frankenheimer), with Burt Lancaster, Paul Scofield, and Jeanne Moreau.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Nov. 19 at 2:30 and 6: “Black and White” (1991, directed by Boris Frumin), with Elena Shevchenko and Gilbert Giles. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 2:30 and Nov. 22 at 6: “Seeds of Freedom” (1928, Grigori Roshal; a Russian silent film, with English intertitles), with Yuri Untershlak. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 6 and Nov. 23 at 2: “A Vilna Legend” (1933, George Roland and Zygmund Turkow; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2:30 and Nov. 23 at 5: “East and West” (1923, Sidney M. Goldin; an Austrian silent film, with English and Yiddish intertitles), with Molly Picon. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 3 and 6: “100 N.Y., N.Y. 1989” (1990, Kyle Kibbe) and “The Salt Mines” (1990, Susana Aiken and Carlos Aparicio), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6 and Nov. 22 at 2:30: “Laughter Through Tears” (1928, Grigori Gricher-Cherikover; a Russian silent film, with English intertitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 3 and 6, Nov. 23-24 at 2:30 and 5, Nov. 25 at 3, and Nov. 26 at 3 and 6: Eight programs of films and videos about AIDS. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2: “Menakhem Mendl” (1925, Alexander Granovsky; a Russian silent film, with English intertitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 5: “The Return of Nathan Becker” (1932, Boris Shpis and Rokhl M. Milman; in Yiddish and Russian). . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2:30 and Nov. 26 at 6: “The Unfortunate Bride” (1932, Henry Lynn; in Yiddish, with Yiddish and English intertitles), with Maurice Schwartz. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 6 and Nov. 26 at 2:30: “Jiskor” (1924, Goldin; an Austrian silent film, with English subtitles), with Schwartz. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 6:30: A program of films by Barbara Hammer, who will be present.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Nov. 20 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: “Paper Wedding” (1989, Michel Brault; in French), with Geneviève Bujold, Manuel Aranguiz, Dorothée Berryman, and Monique Lepage. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: “Impromptu” (James Lapine), with Judy Davis, Hugh Grant, Mandy Patinkin, Bernadette Peters, and Julian Sands.

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Nov. 19 at noon: “The Empire Strikes Back” (1980, Irvin Kershner), with Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Billy Dee Williams, and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 1: “Kind Hearts and Coronets” (†).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718-784-0077)—Nov. 23 at 2: “Sappho” (1921, Dimitri Buchowetski; silent), with Pola Negri and Alfred Abel. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 4: “Hotel Imperial” (1927, Mauritz Stiller; silent), with Negri and James Hall. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2: “Monsieur Beaucaire” (1924, Sidney Olcott; silent), with Rudolph Valentino, Bebe Daniels, and Lois Wilson. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 4: “Valentino” (†).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Selections from Jack Benny’s appearances on his own weekly television show and in specials. Showings Tuesdays and Wednesdays at noon and 4, Thursdays (except Thanksgiving) and Fridays at noon, 4, and 6, and Saturdays and Sundays at noon and 4.

92nd Street Y, Lexington at 92nd St. (996-1100)—Nov. 20 at 7:45: “Tootsie” (1982), with Dustin Hoffman, Jessica Lange, Teri Garr, Bill Murray, Charles Durning, and George Gaynes. The director, Sydney Pollack, will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 7:45: “Pascali’s Island” (1988), with Ben Kingsley, Charles Dance, and Helen Mirren. The director, James Dearden, will be present.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Nov. 22 at 1 and 4:30: “Brightness” (1987, Souleymane Cissé; a Malian film, in Bambara); and “Sugar Cane Alley” (1983, Euzhan Paley; in French). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6:30: A three-hour program of performances by Redd Foxx, Jackie (Moms) Mabley, and other black comedians. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 from 1: “The ’91 Jazz & Blues Film Festival,” with performances by Charlie Mingus, Chicago Blues, Art Blakey, and others. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2: “The Birth of a Nation” (1915, D. W. Griffith; silent), with Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, and Henry B. Walthall; “Black History: Lost, Stolen or Strayed” (1969, George Foster); “Dr. Jeffries’ Albany Lecture” (1991); and “Malcolm X: Highlights of His Life & Speeches” (1980).

Watching Mark Kitchell’s “Berkeley in the Sixties” (playing November 26-27, at Film Forum 2), you can’t help thinking, What a great place it must have been to go to school! This attempt to cram ten years of tumult into two hours boasts a diversity of engaging interviews, with figures ranging from philosophy professor John Searle to onetime student firebrand Frank Bardacke. At the start, Kitchell includes footage from a right-wing propaganda film called “Operation Abolition,” depicting students as Commie agitators and dupes for condemning the 1960 H.U.A.C. hearings at San Francisco’s City Hall. Bardacke explains how the movie boomeranged and turned into a leftist recruiting tool. The Berkeley campus became a one-of-a-kind magnet, attracting the mercurial and repulsing the leaden.

The first section of this three-part film is the most lucid. In period footage and reminiscences, the Free Speech Movement—the Berkeley students’ surge of support for unfettered on-campus political discussion—comes off as the progenitor and high point of widespread activism. But when Kitchell proceeds to chronicle the growth of the antiwar movement and the counterculture, and the adoption of revolutionary tactics, the subject matter proves too complex for any normal-length documentary. He presents myriad, sometimes contradictory views of the extreme New Left, including kamikaze radicals, utopian hippies, and Black Panthers, but he fails at portraying how their militancy meshed with the rest of student life.

Kitchell’s comprehensiveness leads to rushed chronologies and analytic shorthand. Feminism, for example, makes a special guest-movement appearance as Berkeley’s crowning achievement. Still, the film’s interviewees are always articulate and engrossing. They earn—and sustain—a tone of wizened celebration.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

All I Want for Christmas—A pair of incisors wouldn’t hurt. This attempt at feel-good Yuletide moviemaking doesn’t even have baby teeth. The plot and tone are numbing. The thirteen-year-old hero (Ethan Randall) and his kid sister (Thora Birch) conspire to reunite their divorced parents (Harley Jane Kozak and Jamey Sheridan) on Christmas Eve. Since this is one retro little Christmas movie, Kozak and Sheridan are a dream couple (Why did they ever break up?), while Kozak’s cold new flame, played by Kevin Nealon, is Wall Street scum. The joke is on the filmmakers: the disarmingly smarmy Nealon gets the most laughs, possibly because his droll depiction of simmering boredom reflects the feelings of the audience. Despite a rushed application of big-studio gloss, the whole movie has the ambience of a TV special, from the soap-opera settings in a cushy, lily-white Manhattan to the grande-dame guest star (Lauren Bacall) and a sprinkling of comics (Andrea Martin, Renée Taylor, Leslie Nielsen) who have next to nothing to do. Robert Lieberman directed; the script is by Thom Eberhardt and Richard Kramer.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, 34th St. East, Gemini, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Guild; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum VII; starting Nov. 22.)

Barton Fink—The Coen brothers’ macabre comedy about a blocked writer in 1941 Hollywood is densely packed with allusions, clever dialogue, ingenious visual jokes, startling plot twists, and imaginative atmospheric effects, yet it feels thin. It’s an empty tour de force, and what’s dismaying about the picture is that the filmmakers (Joel Coen directed, Ethan Coen produced, and they wrote the script together) seem inordinately pleased with its hermetic meaninglessness. Fink (John Turturro), the protagonist, is a left-wing New York playwright—obviously based on Clifford Odets—who signs a contract to write screenplays in Hollywood. His first assignment is a wrestling picture for Wallace Beery. He can’t get started on it: he sits in his seedy, depressing hotel room, stares at the typewriter, and feels defeated. The Coens treat this emblematic figure of thirties culture with merciless contempt. They quickly expose him as a phony, a buffoon, and a talentless hack, and then spend the rest of the movie punishing him. The picture is designed to visit ever more grotesque indignities on a character who’s pitiful from the outset; there’s not much fun in that. And there’s no fun at all in Turturro’s hyperactive performance: the way he plays this leftist intellectual, the movie might as well have been called “The

In just one shave,
this man will change his shaving habits.

His skin will be smooth. Look sleek. Feel fine. Will stay that way longer than usual.

Because of a fact dermatologists have always known: You get a comfortable close shave only when you have enough vital lubricants. And a cream formulation holds more of these than a foam. That's why Clinique developed Cream Shave.

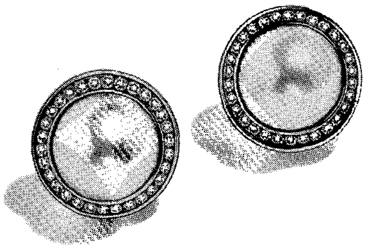
Cream Shave is full of lubricants. Allows a shave so close it lasts longer. Soothes skin during and after shaving. Cuts down cuts. Helps heal. Comes in a convenient portable tube. You'll find it—plus a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

Cream Shave. Use it once, and your face will want it every day. It's habit-forming.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

© 1986 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

©T&CO. 1991



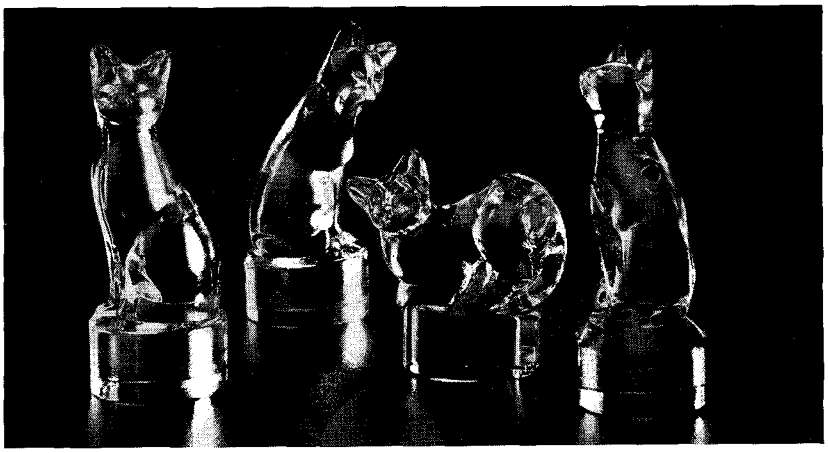
Cultured Circles

Classic mabe pearl ear-clips with diamonds
set in eighteen karat gold, $5,900.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS SAN FRANCISCO SOUTH COAST PLAZA DALLAS
HOUSTON WASHINGTON, D.C. CHICAGO ATLANTA BOSTON PHILADELPHIA 800-526-0649

CATS PLAYING
HIDE AND SEEK
AMONG FLOWERS



Cats by Kamiyama. Haiku by Issa. Hts: 3″-3¾″. $75 each. With initials engraved on base for personal seal, $130. Hoya Crystal Gallery. 450 Park Avenue at 57th Street, New York, New York 10022. *Please call us at (800) 654.0016 for complimentary brochure or $5* catalogue. Also at George Watts & Son Milwaukee and Gump's Beverly Hills.

MUSEUM CRYSTAL
HOYA

Nutty Pinko." The Coens' interests are purely academic, and their prankish formalism becomes very irritating in the course of the picture. Also with John Goodman, Michael Lerner, John Mahoney, Judy Davis, and Tony Shalhoub. The movie won awards for best picture, best director, and best actor (Turturro) at the 1991 Cannes Film Festival.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/9/91.) (Carnegie Hall Cinemas)

Billy Bathgate—A refined, stately gangster movie, based on E. L. Doctorow's refined, stately novel about the decline and fall of Dutch Schultz. The director, Robert Benton, and the screenwriter, Tom Stoppard, are scrupulously faithful to the book. Their studied, reverential approach has a perverse kind of appropriateness: it reflects all too accurately the novel's high-art air of importance. (Doctorow's literary exquisiteness had already drained the vulgar energy from the material.) Actually, the movie is marginally livelier than the novel, but this sort of story is much more familiar to moviegoers than to readers of prestigious fiction: the filmmakers' evocation of violent crime in Prohibition-era New York can only be seen in the context of the rich gangster-movie tradition, and this picture simply doesn't have the raw vitality and the headlong drive that the classics of the genre—from the original "Scarface" to "Once Upon a Time in America"—have led us to expect. The movie sustains our interest mostly by virtue of two remarkable performances. Steven Hill plays Schultz's middle-aged business manager, Otto Berman, and his acting is miraculously nuanced and complex: we feel as if we can read the whole history of the gang's triumphs and disasters in Berman's cunning, weary eyes. And Hoffman, as Schultz, is terrific. He's very funny and volatile. Playing a mean, stupid man, Hoffman—probably the most intelligent actor of his generation—is terrifyingly precise about the human deficiencies that make a great, legendary crook. Also with Loren Dean (in the title role) and Nicole Kidman.—T.R. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Nov. 27.)

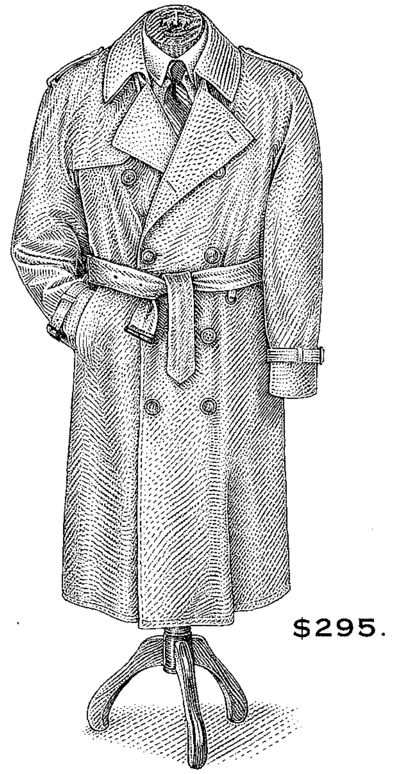
Black Robe—An unusual and absorbing new film about North American Indians and a French Jesuit missionary in the early seventeenth century. It's a culture-clash drama in which the most important conflicts take place in the realm of the spirit. The main characters are an excruciatingly pious young priest called Father Laforgue (Lothaire Bluteau) and an Algonquian chief named Chomina (August Schellenberg). Their world views are so radically opposed that at times the two men seem unable to acknowledge each other as human. The screenwriter, Brian Moore, and the director, Bruce Beresford, show extraordinary respect for the stubborn, almost impenetrable otherness of their historical characters. This is a movie we have to feel our way into—tentatively, gradually—and it accumulates emotional force as it goes along. The film is an adventure story in the truest sense: the filmmakers lead us into unknown territory, and keep pushing us farther and farther on, until, by the end, we find ourselves deep in the wilderness of the seventeenth-century consciousness. Despite the movie's rigor, it never feels austere or academic. The story has plenty of action, in the James Fenimore Cooper manner—ambushes, escapes, tense confrontations. And the late-autumn and winter landscapes in which the action is set are ravishing. Bluteau's performance is enervated, but the script is superbly intelligent, the direction is confident, and Schellenberg's Chomina is magnificent. The picture moves on a steady, powerful flow of ideas and emotions, and it stirs in us a sense of discovery. Based on Moore's 1985 novel of the same name. Also with Aden Young, Sandrine Holt, and Tantoo Cardinal. Cinematography by Peter James.—T.R. (11/18/91) (Angelika Film Center, and Beekman. . . . ¶ 62nd & Broadway; through Nov. 21.)

Bombshell (1933)—A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted, dumb-blonde movie star. Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style, made at M-G-M before fear of church pressure groups turned the studio respectable and pompous. Lee Tracy is the star's finger-wagging, fast-talking press agent, and Franchot Tone is slickly funny as the man who woos her with lines such as "Your hair is like a field of daisies—I should like to run barefoot through your hair." With Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Isabel Jewell, Pat O'Brien, Louise Beavers, Ivan Lebedeff, Mary Forbes, and C. Aubrey Smith. Victor Fleming directed rather stridently and unimaginatively, but from an enjoyably snappy, rude script by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman, adapted from a play by Caroline Francke and Mack Crane.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov., 26.)

The Butcher's Wife—This slow-building, erratic, genial romantic comedy has been promoted as an heir to "Ghost," simply because it stars Demi Moore as a North Carolina clairvoyant. She misreads one of her own dreams, marries a New York City butcher (George Dzundza), and promptly falls for the psychiatrist across the street (Jeff Daniels). But it's Daniels and the supporting cast—including Margaret Colin, Max Perlich, Mary Steenburgen, and Miriam Margolyes—who light up the movie like birthday candles circling a dull white cake. Daniels gives a marvellously instinctive performance as a super-analytic man in love with a supernatural woman: he physicalizes cerebral tension, at one moment threatening to roll his head a full three hundred and sixty degrees. The romance is about accepting magic as part of life, especially the magic of true love. The comedy is about seeing the potential craziness in self-examination. Christopher Durang embodies that theme hilariously as a patient of Daniels' who neatly reverses their therapeutic roles. The director, Terry Hughes, is sometimes hokey and awkward, but he creates an atmosphere in which anything outlandish can happen—and does. Ezra Litwak and Marjorie Schwartz wrote the script; Frank Tidy did the cinematography.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum VII; Nov. 22-26.)

City of Hope—This panorama of Northeastern urban life is filled with intrigue and conflict. Yet it plays as if it were still on the drawing board. The writer, director, and editor, John Sayles, lays out the action so that every class and ethnic group participate in the corruption and the possible redemption of fictional Hudson City, New Jersey. In the major plot developments, a white professor is accused of having sexually approached one of two black kids who mugged him, and an urban-renewal project leads to arson and death. Sayles sketches the racial and economic agitations that leave the city in a state of tense inertia. The naturalistic design doesn't allow the three dozen characters to spring to unruly, independent life. Nick (Vincent Spano), the morally drifting son of the city's major contractor, is a poor choice for a unifying hero. He's unspecific and archetypal—an overgrown, mixed-up kid. In keeping with today's delayed maturity cycle, he's twenty-eight, not eighteen. The enormous cast includes Joe Morton, Tony LoBianco, Barbara Williams, and Josh Mostel.—M.S. (Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza.)

The Commitments—Alan Parker's film is a loose, friendly musical comedy about the brief career of an Irish soul band. The Commitments are the brainchild of an energetic young music enthusiast named Jimmy Rabbitte (Robert Arkins), who lives in a poor Dublin neighborhood. He puts together a ten-piece group that learns, eventually, to play precise and spirited versions of soul classics in the Memphis style. The music of the Commitments isn't original, but that doesn't prevent it from being enormously entertaining: the band's hard-won proficiency charms us. Parker concentrates on the day-to-day details of rehearsals and performances; he seems to revel in the complexity of the group's musical, emotional, and sexual interactions, and he does full comic justice to the petty irritations of life in a band. What holds the Commitments together is a combination of Jimmy's ingenuity, their common pleasure in making music, and the daily challenge of responding to their fellow-band members' provocations with quick, profane humor. The kids' verbal sparring is another kind of music—maybe the true sound of Dublin soul. Until the last half hour, when the direction gets a little pushy, the picture has an offhand, unassuming grace. Most of the Commitments are played by young Dublin



$295.

THE BROOKS MEN'S TRENCHCOAT.

[ZIP AROUND TOWN.] Made to go anywhere, anytime. Rain or shine. Sleet or snow. This dashing double breasted classic may well be the most versatile article of clothing ever made. Designed with a zip-in wool liner and button-on wool collar for layering as the winter progresses. Features a water-resistant cotton-poly shell, cut-through pockets and a leather belt buckle. In British tan. A classic convertible.

PURE WOOL

The sewn-in Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested fabrics made of the world's best...Pure Wool.

Brooks Brothers

MADISON AVENUE CHICAGO BOSTON WASHINGTON
PHILADELPHIA LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO ATLANTA

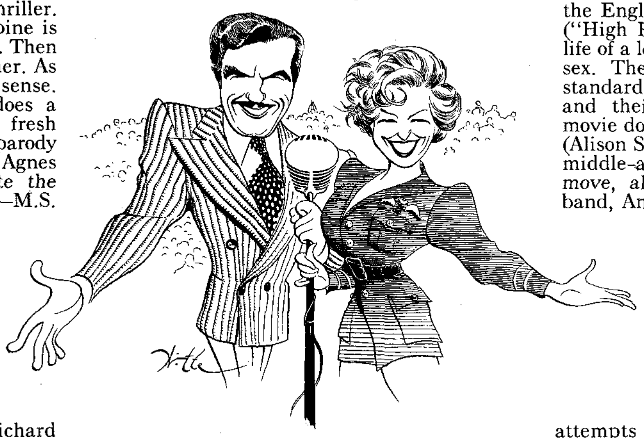
musicians who answered a casting-call advertisement. They're a vivacious and spontaneous crew. The screenplay is by Dick Clement, Ian La Frenais, and Roddy Doyle, from Doyle's novel. The songs are great—chosen, with unusual intelligence, from the repertoires of Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, and other soul giants.—T.R. (8/26/91) (Angelika Film Center. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; through Nov. 21.)

DECEIVED—Goldie Hawn gives her most emotional performance in years as a wife who suspects her husband (John Heard) of philandering, chicanery, and worse. Hawn's maturity is less a revelation than a delayed proof of the gifts her fans have known she's been keeping under wraps. When she expresses her doubts, anxieties, and sexual quaverings, her empathic and comic powers intensify. The film is only half a good thriller. It's tense and involving when the heroine is figuring out her husband's real identity. Then she makes one dumb move after another. As she loses her poise, the plot loses its sense. Still, the director, Damian Harris, does a smooth job of navigating the action's fresh antique-art milieu, and there's a clever parody scene of kiddie-whipped adults. Mary Agnes Donoghue and Derek Saunders wrote the script, from a story by Donoghue.—M.S. (Gramercy.)

THE FISHER KING—This hundred-and-thirty-seven-minute endurance test is the story of a former New York City "shock jock" (Jeff Bridges) who befriends a schizoid former medievalist (Robin Williams) and joins his quest for the Holy Grail. The gonzo filigree of the director, Terry Gilliam, surrounds this fable of redemption with pseudo-originality. The allusion-mongering of the writer, Richard LaGravenese, gives it delusions of grandeur. At heart, the film is no different from a whole string of Hollywood movies centering on mysterious madmen who may be legendary heroes. As usual for this drippy kind of film, Williams' throwback character, Parry—short for Parsifal—is supposed to inspire everybody with his virtuous whimsies. But Gilliam doesn't know how to give the fantasy any sentimental charm, and he's hell on the actors, including Mercedes Ruehl as Bridges' earthy lover and Amanda Plummer as Williams' gawky amorous ideal. They mug; Gilliam takes mug shots. The movie is a peculiarly irritating failure—a leaden piece of uplift.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Worldwide Cinemas, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum VII; Nov. 22-26.)

FRANKIE & JOHNNY—The movie version of Terrence McNally's 1987 play "Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune" is a sweet-tempered romantic comedy whose main characters are a New York coffee-shop waitress, Frankie (Michelle Pfeiffer), and a short-order cook, Johnny (Al Pacino). McNally, adapting his two-character play for the screen, has expanded and drastically rearranged his original story. He and the director, Garry Marshall, have attempted to place Frankie and Johnny in a variety of settings, to stretch the narrative out over a longer period, to surround the lovers with lots of other people—and to incorporate all this extra material without dissipating the emotional tensions of the main characters' relationship. Although the new characters and settings sometimes give the movie the feel of a sitcom, the filmmakers keep the basic principles of romantic comedy in view, and the stars' performances elevate the material. Pacino brings out the comedy and the ambiguity of a middle-aged man's sense of emotional rebirth: he's exuberant, touching, and a little scary. And Pfeiffer is extraordinary; her Frankie is a superbly detailed rendering of a woman with a fanatically conservative heart. The strength of the play was its simplicity and its directness; the movie preserves those qualities by telling the story in the ordinary, straightforward Hollywood manner. This is a vehicle for Pacino and Pfeiffer, and they're more glamorous than the characters they're playing, but, in a weird way, their star power is perfectly appropriate here: it's the meat-and-potatoes stuff of big-budget movie entertainment. Kate Nelligan and Nathan Lane are standouts in a large supporting cast, which also includes Hector Elizondo and Jane Morris.—T.R. (10/21/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, U. A. East, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; Nov. 19-20. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Nov. 21.)

HOMICIDE—This urban cop thriller, written and directed by David Mamet, is a genre picture with delusions of grandeur. The plot is designed to give the hero—a decent and fairly sensitive Jewish homicide detective named Bobby Gold (Joe Mantegna)—a whopping existential crisis. Gold, who is thoroughly assimilated, becomes involved in a case that has anti-Semitic overtones, and he's forced to reëvaluate his sense of Jewish identity. He discovers a conspiracy, hooks up with a clandestine Jewish-defense organization, and finally blows up the printing press of an Aryan-supremacist group—a mission that makes him late for an important stakeout. The plot is ridiculous, but Mamet dramatizes this gamy material with tremendous solemnity. The funereal pace and the melancholy, reflective tone seem intended to mask the story's essential recklessness and irresponsibility, and perhaps also to conceal the trite cop-movie mechanics of its construction. Mamet uses the controversial, hot-button issue of cultural identity simply to give his hero the obligatory "personal" stake in the case, and as a result the movie gives off a pungent odor of opportunism. This picture, for all its pretensions to significance, is as alienating and depressing as the local news: it turns ethnic and racial differences into cheap thrills. Also with William H. Macy.—T.R. (11/18/91) (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)



*At the Ziegfeld,
James Caan and Bette Midler
in "For the Boys"*

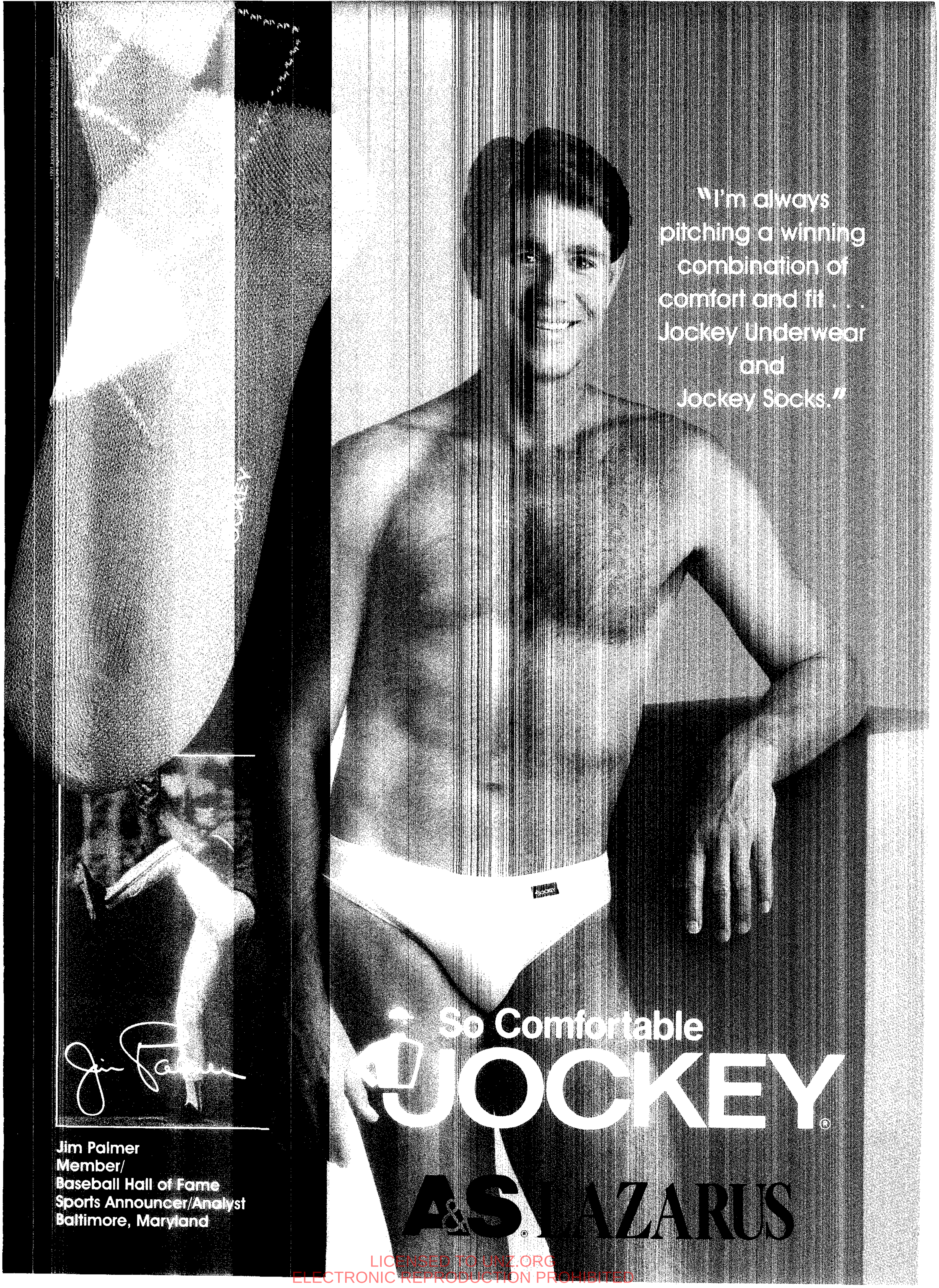
HOUSE PARTY 2—There's one heaven-sent dream sequence of the hero, Kid, rising up in a circle of cloud-borne, boogying college students clad in orange graduation robes. It's a gas just to see his wedge of hair literally brush the vapors. For the most part, though, this sequel is as scattered as the first film and a lot more familiar. Kid decides to forgo his rap ambitions as half of Kid 'N Play and enter college. But Play hands over Kid's enrollment money to a record-world scam artist; later, to make amends, Play comes up with the idea of raising money with a pajama party (or "pajama jam" or "jammy jam"). The cast includes some engaging low comedians, especially Martin Lawrence as a would-be d.j. off on his own frequency; at his best, he operates as a staticky Greek chorus. But the gags are usually lame or shaggy. And the inspirational quotes from Marcus Garvey and James Baldwin, as well as a subplot about political correctness, stick out from the story the way Kid's hair does from his pop-eyed face and gangly body. Christopher Reid is Kid and Christopher Martin is Play; produced and directed by Doug McHenry and George Jackson.—M.S. (Criterion Center.)

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS (1949)—This tart black comedy on the craving for social position and the art of murder has a brittle wit that came as a bit of a shock: such amoral lines were not generally spoken in forties movies. The film is heartless, and that is the secret of its elegance. Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the insouciant young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight: a snob, a general, a photographer, an admiral, a suffragette, a clergyman, a banker, and the duke—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Secure in the knowledge that Guinness will return in another form, the audience suffers no regret as each abominable D'Ascoyne is coolly dispatched. And as the murderer takes us further into his confidence with each foul deed, we positively look forward to his next success. With purring little Joan Greenwood as the minx-nemesis Sybilla, Valeria Hobson as the high-minded Edith, Miles Malleson as the poetasting executioner. Based on the 1907 novel "Israel Rank," by Roy Horniman; adapted by Robert Hamer and John Dighton. Hamer directed.—P.K. (Donnell Library Center; Nov. 26.)

LIFE IS SWEET—In this wonderful new comedy, the English writer and director Mike Leigh ("High Hopes") takes us into the domestic life of a lower-middle-class family in Middlesex. The characters are, by conventional standards, ordinary, but they aren't dreary, and their actions aren't predictable; the movie doesn't treat anyone as a type. Wendy (Alison Steadman) is an attractive, ebullient middle-aged woman who's always on the move, always doing something. Her husband, Andy (Jim Broadbent), is an amiable dawdler, a guy who starts ambitious home-improvement projects and never quite gets around to finishing them. They're the parents of a ludicrously mismatched set of twins: Natalie (Claire Skinner), a quiet, serious, dignified girl; and Nicola (Jane Horrocks), who hates her life and responds with snarls and contemptuous epithets to even the most innocuous attempts at conversation. Leigh doesn't give us an obvious narrative hook—a clear sense of what the story is going to be about or what sort of dramatic revelations he might have in store for us. And, despite Nicola's bratty outbursts, the tone is light and casual. The movie even throws in some extended slapstick sequences featuring an oddball family friend played by Timothy Spall: we're never able to settle into a single mood. Leigh doesn't manipulate our responses; he roughs them up a little, though. By means of a dense texture of tiny behavioral details and disconcerting shifts of style, he attempts to reshuffle our emotions. He prepares us to accept the moments of piercing, almost miraculous clarity that arise, as if by accident, at the end of his best films. In this picture, he builds up to a conversation between Wendy and Nicola that is perhaps the most extraordinary scene in recent movies. Also with Stephen Rea.—T.R. (11/4/91) (Angelika Film Center.)

LITTLE MAN TATE—Fred Tate (Adam Hann-Byrd) is a seven-year-old intellectual prodigy who lives with his single, working-class mother, Dede (Jodie Foster). The screenplay, by Scott Frank, presents the young hero as one unhappy whiz kid: Fred's public-school education doesn't challenge him, and his classmates treat him like a freak. Nobody comes to his birthday party. The picture (which was directed by Foster) is frustrating, because it seems reluctant to explore with any rigor the special problems that a boy like Fred might have. The filmmakers keep falling back on pathos and on the easy irony that the main character is, despite his extraordinary gifts, an ordinary boy with the normal emotional needs of any seven-year-old. By the end of the movie, his precocious intelligence has lost its distinctive qualities, and he's no more than an exotic variant of a standard type: the lonely, misunderstood kid who yearns for love and acceptance. Our interest in Fred actually diminishes in the course of the picture; Frank and Foster introduce a unique hero and then spend two hours stripping him of his individuality.—T.R. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum VII; starting Nov. 22.)

MY OWN PRIVATE IDAHO—This new feature by the independent filmmaker Gus Van Sant is like an exploded version of his previous films "Mala Noche" and "Drugstore Cowboy," and it scatters meanings all over the landscape. It's a beautiful disaster, like a bomb test in the middle of nowhere. The


"I'm always pitching a winning combination of comfort and fit . . . Jockey Underwear and Jockey Socks."
Jockey
Jim Palmer
Jim Palmer
Member/
Baseball Hall of Fame
Sports Announcer/Analyst
Baltimore, Maryland
So Comfortable
JOCKEY®
A&S® LAZARUS

© 1991 Jockey International, Inc., Kenosha, WI 53140 USA
JOCKEY, SO COMFORTABLE and Jockey figure are registered trademarks of Jockey International, Inc.

movie is set primarily in Van Sant's familiar territory—the seedier parts of Portland, Oregon—and its main characters are a pair of young hustlers, Mike (River Phoenix) and Scott (Keanu Reeves), who sell their bodies on the street. Mike is a narcoleptic: every time he blacks out, he has lyrical dreams composed of imagery from his childhood. Scott, who is the son of Portland's mayor, is modelled on Shakespeare's Prince Hal; the Falstaff character here is a scruffy gay cokehead called Bob (William Richert), and his scenes with Scott are stylized variations of incidents from both parts of "Henry IV" (hence also variations on Orson Welles' "Chimes at Midnight"). Van Sant takes a lot of chances, and visually the movie is so imaginative, so fiercely alive, that it carries us along. But when the over-all design of the picture becomes clear, we feel cheated rather than enlightened. Scott turns into a villain; Bob is ennobled as a symbol of outlaw freedom; and Mike takes on the aura of a holy fool, the Prince Myshkin of the Portland meat market. Van Sant's vision is disappointingly trite and schematic. Phoenix, however, gives a superbly intelligent and intuitive performance. The original screenplay is by Van Sant. Eric Alan Edwards and John Campbell did the cinematography.—T.R. (10/7/91) (Plaza, and Waverly.)

Other People's Money—The film version of Jerry Sterner's 1989 play is an attempt to turn the corporate-takeover frenzy of the Reagan era into the material of farce. The main character is a greedy, unscrupulous Wall Street wizard known as Larry the Liquidator (Danny De Vito), who's trying to buy—and close down—a small, stable, profitable New England wire-and-cable company. This family business is run by a benign patriarch (Gregory Peck), who is meant to embody the old-fashioned values of American free enterprise: he hates debt, cares about his workers, and wears cardigan sweaters around the office. Shuttling between the opposing camps is Kate Sullivan (Penelope Ann Miller), a young lawyer with a devious mind and good legs: she represents the wire-and-cable company, but she and Larry are manipulative soulmates, and in the course of negotiations their enthusiastic gamesmanship evolves into a weird kind of courtship. The director, Norman Jewison, and the screenwriter, Alvin Sargent, are old pros, and they set up the movie's intricate plot with admirable clarity. But they're conscientious to a fault. They lay out the moves and countermoves of the takeover battle so deliberately that even the Great Communicator himself might be able to follow the story. The movie feels like two hours of exposition; when it's over, we're still waiting for the fun to start. And the attempt to merge De Vito's trademark comic-vulgarian persona and the attributes of a romantic leading man doesn't come off at all. De Vito's performance is a Schwarzenegger-like exercise in image adjustment: it's not acting, it's spin control. Also with Piper Laurie and Dean Jones.—T.R. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Alec Guinness in
"Kind Hearts and Coronets"

Paris Is Burning—Jennie Livingston's documentary about gay black and Latino men who compete in drag balls is a beautiful piece of work—lively, intelligent, exploratory. The drag queens we see here seem to be holding up a mirror to the world of the empowered as they see it in movies, TV shows, and magazines. In the ballroom, some present themselves as elegant, glamorous women in designer outfits, and walk with the hip-swinging slouch of runway models, while others adopt more mundane personas: college students (of both sexes); military men; Wall Street businessmen; aristocrats at play, dressed for yachting or riding to hounds. The criteria by which all these turns are judged is verisimilitude—"realness." The material is almost too rich, too suggestive. Everything about the ball culture signifies so blatantly and so promiscuously that the movie induces a kind of semiotic daze. Livingston is smart enough not to reduce her subjects to the sum of their possible meanings, perhaps because she realizes that the way the drag performers manipulate image and fetishes and the iconography of popular culture is for many of them a sophisticated form of humor. The most self-aware of the gay men in this picture revel in the ironies of their social and sexual identities, and Livingston makes us appreciate the comic grace and the strange wisdom of that approach. Like all the best documentary filmmakers, she does her subjects the honor of allowing them to retain some of their mystery. Edited by Jonathan Oppenheim.—T.R. (3/25/91) (Quad Cinema.)

Rambling Rose—A nineteen-year-old live wire named Rose (Laura Dern), an unconventional housekeeper and nanny, brings sexual electricity to an eccentric middle-class household in sleepy Depression-era Georgia. She throws herself at Daddy (Robert Duvall) and introduces thirteen-year-old Brother (Lukas Haas) to the mysteries of the female orgasm. By the time she leaves, her good-hearted promiscuity inspires the freethinking Mother (Diane Ladd) to new heights of proto-feminist passion. Scripted by Calder Willingham from his 1972 novel, this piece of screwball Americana pokes along with an alternately prickly and tender charm. The director, Martha Coolidge, isn't an ace at pacing or shaping scenes, but she elicits superb performances from her male leads. Duvall jettisons his usual rural mannerisms, giving a subtle, fluid, full-bodied characterization of a starchy patriarch with off-the-wall eloquence. Haas is irresistibly sly and rapt as an adolescent whose lustful curiosity turns to love. Coolidge restrains Ladd—she's touchingly dissociated as a spacey woman with insight and a hearing problem. But Dern's self-conscious ardor idealizes Rose even more than the script does. And the movie hits a bad bump when it weds the celebration of a free spirit to anti-sexist melodrama. Still, at its best, it's ticklish and original—sweetly raunchy.—M.S. (59th Street East Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

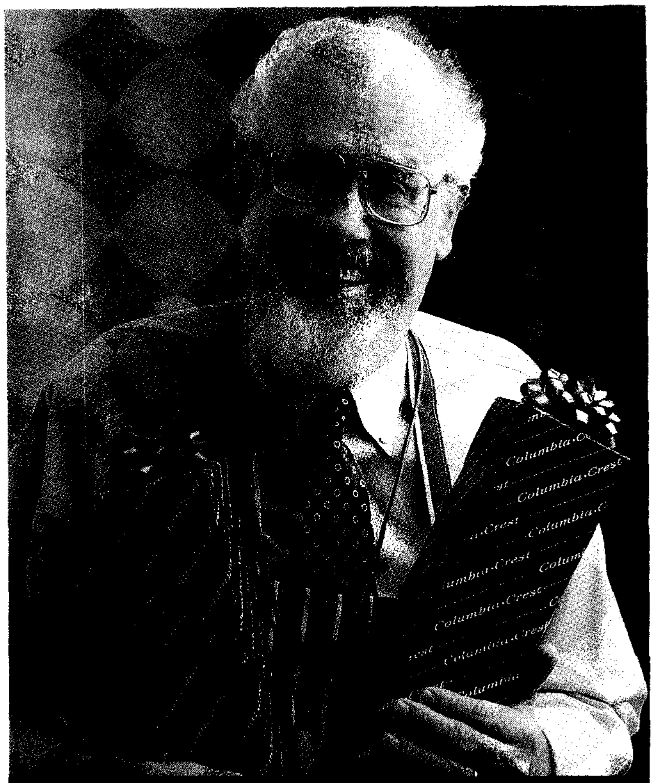
Ricochet—A black political figure on the rise is suddenly tagged in public as a sexual sleazebag. "The Clarence Thomas Story"? No, just the latest shock schlock from director Russell Mulcahy (the "Highlander" films), with Denzel Washington as a cop-turned-assistant-D.A. and John Lithgow as the vengeful, psychopathic hit man who'll stop at nothing to frame him. Extremism can be fun, but not when it's as calculated, sadistic, and nonsensical as it is here; the two stars bring slumming to new pits. Washington has the more amusing and unpredictable turn as a man willing to push the edge of the legal envelope. But the hero's innocence and eventual triumph are never in doubt: Justice Thomas, eat your heart out. Steven E. de Souza wrote the script, from a story by Fred Dekker and Menno Meyjes.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, and Criterion Center.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—Trudy, a crazy bag lady, has taken upon herself the task of showing visiting extraterrestrials the variety of life on earth. She has an umbrella hat that picks up signals from everywhere and turns her into a living TV set, with lots of channels and great reception. She's played by Lily Tomlin, and every person whose life flashes onto Trudy's psychic screen is played by Lily Tomlin, too. Tomlin gives us a clear, sharp picture every time: she's a high-definition actress. This astonishing one-woman show, presented on Broadway in 1985, was written for Tomlin by her longtime collaborator Jane Wagner. The belated film version, directed by John Bailey, adds some distracting visual effects, but it mostly does justice to the extraordinary talents of these women. Nothing interferes with the dazzling rhythm of Tomlin's performance, and the piece is constructed so that its themes build up an inexorable momentum. The characters who flash across the screen turn out, in the end, to be connected to each other in ways we couldn't have anticipated. And it's immensely gratifying to see all the different personalities gathered together in one woman. This is probably the only solo theatrical performance that truly deserves to be called democratic.—T.R. (10/7/91) (Village East Cinemas.)

Seconds (1966)—John Frankenheimer's macabre sci-fi thriller about a diabolical conspiratorial organization that arranges for people to be "reborn" via plastic surgery. There are some good ideas tucked away inside the scrambled unpleasantness; the best of them concerns a banker (John Randolph) who is vaguely dissatisfied with his life and arranges a Faustian bargain for a second chance (he comes back as Rock Hudson) but doesn't have any conception of a new life. Unfortunately, Hudson seems dull to us as well as to himself. Frankenheimer shows off (he even stages a bacchanal), and James Wong Howe displays his camera pyrotechnics as if they were going on sale in the nation's supermarkets; Lewis John Carlino did the screenplay, from David Ely's novel.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 27.)

Strictly Business—This "secret of my success" story attempts to win the Congeniality Award in the young-black-filmmakers sweepstakes. It fails, because of the sour stereotypes in Pam Gibson and Nelson George's script and the bop-on-the-noggin direction by Kevin Hooks. The story is a simple matter of tit for tat: buppie Joseph C. Phillips helps street-hip Tommy Davidson rise out of the mailroom at a high-stakes real-estate firm; in return, Davidson teaches Phillips how to dress for sexual success with voluptuous bohemian Halle Berry, who'd otherwise be too "fly" for the slick executive. At the start, Phillips, the upwardly mobile black, is portrayed as an imitation-white zombie; Davidson, the homeboy, as a naïve slacker; and Berry, an aspiring night-club manager, as a piece of meat ("That ham is cooked, glazed, and ready to be sliced"). They're supposed to come together and fuse, but the result is more of a monster mash. With Anne Marie Johnson as Phillips' emotionless fiancée and Samuel L. Jackson as Davidson's stern mailroom boss—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin; through Nov. 21.)

Valentino (1977)—By attaching the names of actual people to his sadomasochistic fantasies, the director, Ken Russell, gives the picture a nasty inside-joke appeal. The only redeeming element is Rudolf Nureyev in the title role; he doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own. Despite his inexperience in speaking lines, he is not a novice performer—and he knows how to laugh at himself. His eagerness to please is at war with Russell's spitefulness—Russell turns the great Alla Nazimova (Leslie Caron) into nothing more than a cheap, vengeful, blackmailing bitch, and he shows no feeling for Valentino's wife, Natacha Rambova (Michelle Phillips), who was a superb Art Nouveau designer. In this movie everybody is out to defame Valentino's manhood and he is punched to a pulp while trying to defend himself against the charge of effeminacy. (He hemorrhages.) With Anthony Dowell as Nijinsky. Shot in England and Spain, with little attempt (or small success) at matching the sleekness of the remembered Valentino—the beautifully dressed, almond-eyed Latin in his California Spanish, streamlined décor. Written by Russell and Mardik Martin.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Nov. 24.)


Columbia Crest

"It is better to give than to receive—with two notable exceptions."

Jeff Smith, *The Frugal Gourmet*

1988
COLUMBIA CREST
COLUMBIA VALLEY
CABERNET SAUVIGNON
ALCOHOL 13.2% BY VOLUME
1988
COLUMBIA CREST
COLUMBIA VALLEY
MERLOT
ALCOHOL 13.2% BY VOLUME

Columbia Crest Merlot and Cabernet Sauvignon remind me of the great red wines from Bordeaux. In fact, their Merlot is the most popular in America. Both are richly rewarding gifts for yourself or others.

© 1991 Columbia Crest Winery, Paterson, WA. Columbia Crest is a U.S.P.T.O. reg. trademark.

65th
ANNIVERSARY
MACY'S
THANKSGIVING DAY
PARADE
LIVE
ON
BROADWAY
AND
NBC-TV
9 AM-12 NOON
macy's

It's The 65th Annual Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade!

Here comes the parade! It's our one-of-a-kind spectacular that will dazzle you with all its high-flying fun! It begins at 77th Street and Central Park West and winds its way down Broadway to Macy's Herald Square at 34th Street. See it in person Thursday, Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 9:00AM-12:00 Noon, or watch it live on NBC-TV. For details call the Parade Hotline, 212-560-4495.

BABAR: BABAR TM & © 1991 L. de Brunhoff; BETTY BOOP: © 1991 King Features Syndicate, Inc./Fleischer Studios Inc.; KERMIT THE FROG: © Jim Henson Productions, Inc.; PINK PANTHER: © 1991 United Artists Pictures, Inc.; PEANUTS CHARACTERS: © 1958, 1965, 1966 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

THE NEW YORKER

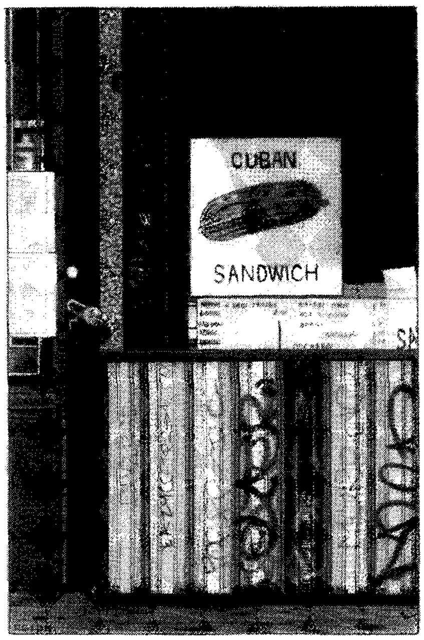
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE news that Magic Johnson is infected with the HIV virus was met by the country with shock and sadness but with more complicated emotions as well. Some AIDS activists, for example, expressed a certain mordant anger that, when so many people with AIDS were dying around us every day, it took a heterosexual sports star to make the epidemic "real" to America. And when columnists and commentators began talking, almost excitedly, about the "public impact" of Johnson's announcement it only strengthened the feeling that here was one more event to confirm that in America nothing has really happened until it has happened to a celebrity. Yet the reason for the profound effect of Johnson's announcement on the national consciousness is not simply a function of our celebrity obsession; it also has to do with the place that spectator sports—and basketball in particular—have come to occupy in our national life.

One of the few positive and heartening developments in the relations between the races in America over the last decade has been the way that black basketball players—above all, Magic Johnson and Michael Jordan—have become the idols of American kids everywhere. Of course, there had been dozens of great black stars and heroes before, but their blackness had always been something defining, and even isolating, about them. To a large extent, they were heroes *because* they were black—because they had done things that the public had believed blacks couldn't do. It was expected that, all other things being equal, a white kid would idolize Tom Seaver more than Bob Gibson. Magic and Michael were the first black stars who transcended everything—their teams, their sport, their race.

Johnson's special place was further defined by his relationship to two other figures, each of whom had also come to represent something special in our unduly race-conscious national psyche: Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Larry Bird. The first time that Johnson, for all his college triumphs, really caught the public's eye was as a sidekick of the aloof and somewhat dour Abdul-Jabbar, the embodiment of an older and (to white people) more intimidating form of black pride. In a moment replayed on countless sports broadcasts, Magic leaped into the arms of a startled and alarmed Kareem after some routine narrow Laker victory in an early-season game. Hey, Kareem's face seemed to say as his giant colleague sprang up at him, this is just another game—they make us play eighty of these things. No, no, this is wonderful, worth celebrating, Magic seemed to say in return, and he jumped once again into the arms of the great center. There was nothing phony about this—no playing to the cameras or the crowd or the corporate sponsors. It was a moment of pure joy that Magic had allowed himself, and he wanted to spread it around. And, although Kareem's ingrained surliness and suspicion were themselves authentic emotions, wrought out of hard experience, it was a joy for the rest of us to see, as Kareem melted, that it need not always be that way.

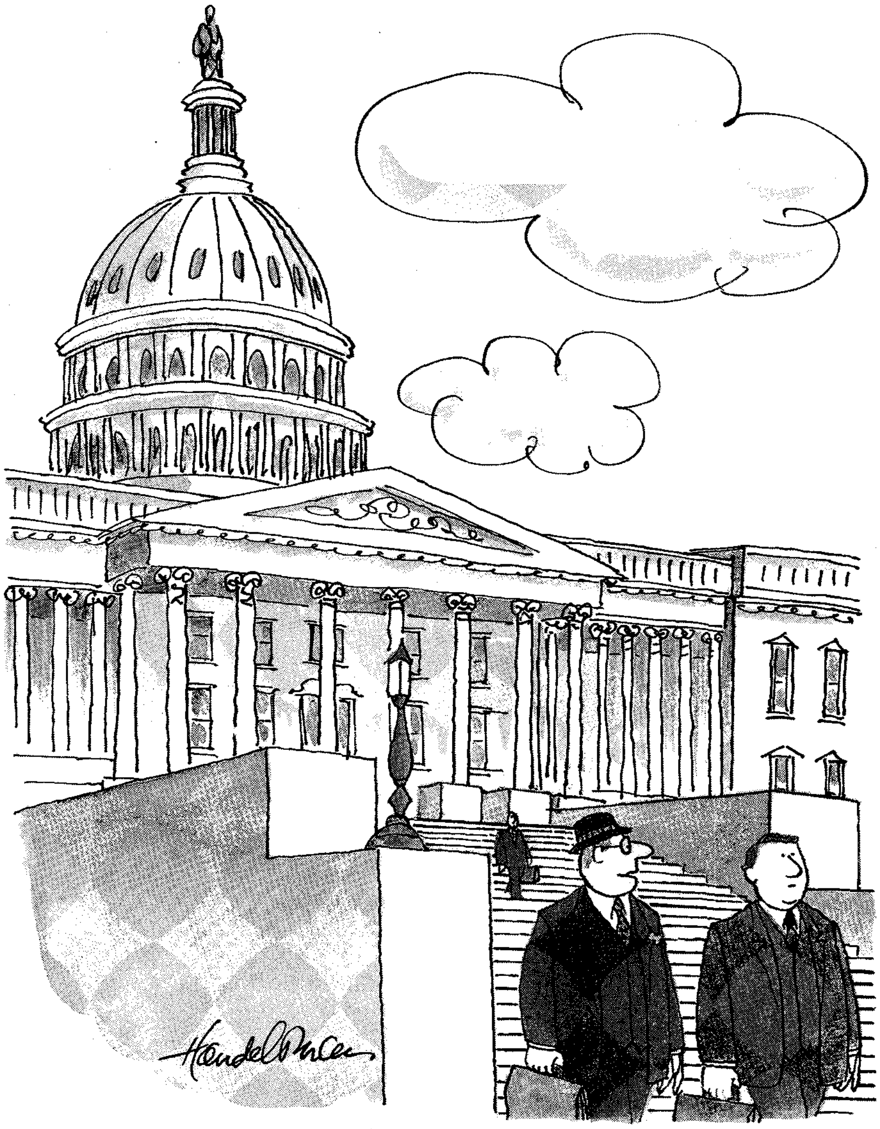


The relationship between Johnson and Larry Bird, a driven, proudly unsophisticated white Midwesterner, was also striking. The week of Johnson's press conference, *Sports Illustrated* ran an article about Bird which was accompanied by matching cartoons of the Celtics forward admiring a statue of Magic, way up on a pedestal, and Magic admiring a statue of Bird, way up on another. The article said that Bird, an unrelentingly competitive performer, had developed not a grudging respect but a genuine, spontaneous, unstinting admiration of Johnson. The story was told, too, that last winter Johnson refused to pose for a "dream team" *Sports Illustrated* cover—the five best players in America, ready to go to the Olympics—until he had made certain, through a few dozen phone calls, that Bird (who had decided at that point not to participate in the Olympics and was therefore not invited to pose) wouldn't be offended if Johnson appeared on the cover without him. With the recent deterioration in the daily exchanges between the races in America, these stories and images seemed particularly vivid, and to see

Johnson removed now from the arena was to see a diminishment in our civic life.

A further reason, perhaps, for the impact of Johnson's announcement on America has to do with the role that we ask our athletes to play in our national drama. People all over the world idolize their sports stars, but we want ours to be heroes in an almost classical sense—not just to be guys who are good at completing passes or dunking baskets but to become the leading characters in our national epics. (Some athletes—Ted Williams, for example—have never accepted such a role, and have preferred to retreat from their overexpectant public; others, like Joe DiMaggio, have become almost frozen in the hero role.) But although we ascribe improbable virtues to certain athletes, we have mixed emotions about the things that can happen to them. We resist the notion of tragedy; we want to argue it out of existence. Our daydreams are of denial and a new beginning: Joe Jackson invited back into the cornfield, and playing on. We cannot really accept the fact that heroes suffer like the rest of us—and, worse, have to do it in public, with everyone watching.

The events of the last week recalled how Kareem Abdul-Jabbar would never call Earvin Johnson by the name Magic. (Neither would Pat Riley, Johnson's former coach.) "Earvin," he would always say, making the unmistakable point that Johnson was a man, not a child or a cartoon character. It is part of Johnson's specialness, though, that he could meet the role of hero with so much ardor and good humor that even now we continue to call him Magic, without a trace of irony. It is part of his generosity of spirit, it seems, that instead of trying to withdraw from our too intense scrutiny he is offering himself to us as a character in a new story. All over America last week, columnists and editorialists and ordinary people were trying to come up with the proper role for Magic. He should come out for safe sex at all times, or for no sex at any time. He should convince us that it is not only homosexuals who get AIDS, or should declare his solidarity with those homosexuals who do have AIDS. He should lobby for more education, or should stress the pointlessness of more education in the absence of more research. He should speak primarily to the minority community, or he should speak for us all. We want Magic to be a hero still, but we have kept AIDS at arm's length for so long that we don't know yet what we want from this story. We will have to make it up as we go along.



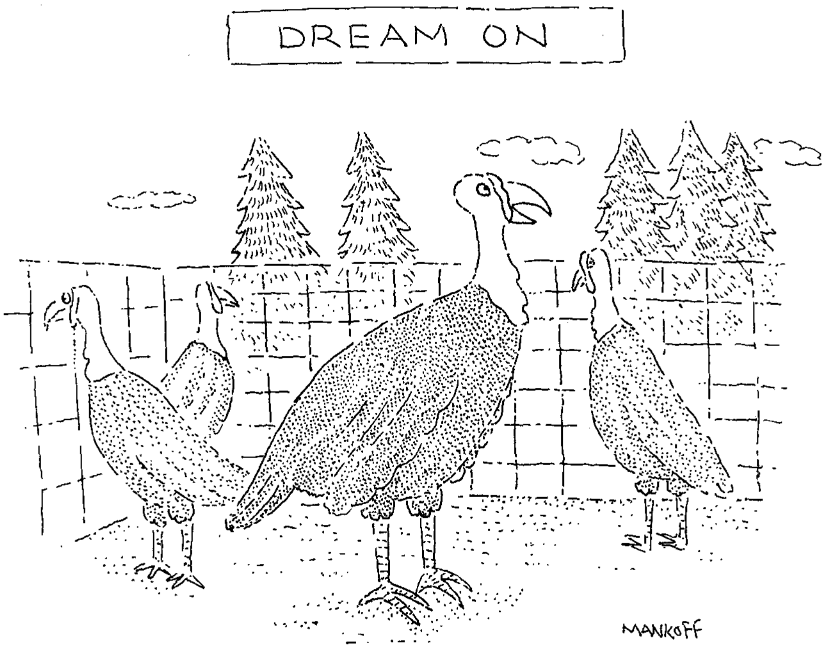
"The problem is to get rid of the perception that we receive perks but not get rid of the perks."

• •

Instrumental

Hopkinson Smith is a native New Yorker and a Harvard-trained musicologist who now lives, with his wife and three children, in Basel, Switzerland; he teaches techniques for playing early plucked-string instruments at the Schola Cantorum Baseliensis there. Manuel Salvador is a native of Yonkers and a graduate of Cardinal Spellman High who now lives in New Jersey, with his wife and two children, and commutes daily to his shop, called Guitarcraft, in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn, where he repairs and builds fretted instruments. Mr. Smith and Mr. Salvador will probably never meet outside this paragraph, yet the two have something in common: both have had the course of their lives profoundly influenced by a certain guitar, which neither is likely ever to handle. You aren't likely to handle it, either, but through January 5th you can see it—at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it is the centerpiece of an exhibition called "The Spanish Guitar."

The guitar is labelled "Manuel Ramírez, Madrid, 1912"—the name of the workshop where it was created and the date of its creation. It is propped in what might be called a



"I'm dreaming of a white Christmas."

• •

standing position—that is, with the neck pointing toward the ceiling—and it is the first guitar you meet. The top is lacquered spruce, and the ribs and back are a rich brown rosewood, with wavy graining. This guitar was played for twenty-five years by Andrés Segovia—the most popular classical guitarist in history and the man who is generally credited with putting the classical guitar on the musical map of the twentieth century. Segovia brought home the experience of the guitar repertory as one of deep conversation rather than fireworks. He established a standard of connoisseurship. The virtuosity of his playing was such that he seemed to be making music for you alone. A reviewer in the English journal *The Gramophone* wrote in 1928 of a recording that Segovia made with "Ramírez, 1912," "This seems to me to be the most perfect recording of any instrument I have ever heard. It feels like sitting next to the artist and, encouraged by the perfect impression on my ears, I visualized the performance more clearly than I ever have done before."

Not long ago, Hopkinson Smith paid a special visit to New York to play intricate music composed for Baroque guitar and for vihuela (the guitar's lutelike antecedent) on contemporary versions of those instruments, in a concert that the Met arranged in conjunction with the guitar show, and after the concert we asked him what he thought of the older instruments on display. He replied that he hadn't had a chance to see them yet. "I'm looking forward to Segovia's guitar," he said. "I first heard him play live when I was in high school, during the nineteen-sixties. At that time, I was listening to folk guitar, and I actually played electric. But he was a real presence, a legendary figure. You know, the most interesting moments of music are always inseparable from the personality of the player—how the spirit comes through the person."

He went on, "In my view, the original idea of guitar music was vocal music. You can always tell vocally inspired compositions from purely instrumental music: the vocal imitations have a different type of line—more stepwise, with more fluidity. Now, as for comparisons between the early guitar and the modern guitar, I'd say that modern instruments tend to have a more incisive attack to their sound; with early instruments, you pluck the string and the sound grows afterward. With the early ones, the gesture of sound is more important than the strength—they're more suggestive than objective." He paused a moment, and added, "One of the crucial aspects of any guitar music is real silence. If you have that, you can start to make something from the sound."

We still had questions about the Spanish guitar, so on a recent afternoon we invited Mr. Salvador, of Guitarcraft, to escort us through the Met show. At the museum, he said, "I haven't been here since high school." As it happened, that was in the early nineteen-seventies and was about the same time he decided to become a guitar maker. "I was sixteen and very vulnerable," he told us. "One day, I ran across a record that really turned my head around—it was called 'Four Centuries of Classic Guitar.' The player was someone named Alirio Díaz, and he played lots of different songs, including transcriptions of Bach. At that time, I was listening to rock and roll, and Crosby, Stills, and Nash. I was also just starting to play the guitar myself. Well, in school we had to do a Spanish project. Inspired by the record, I decided to play a classical piece on my guitar—to imitate one of the songs, just from hearing it. It was pretty poor, but I got a good grade for trying. That drove me to play the guitar more; I even took some classical-guitar lessons. I found I wasn't cut out to play classical guitar—I didn't have the discipline. But, for some reason, I still had curiosity. So I went to the library in Yonkers, and I came across Irving Sloane's book 'Classic Guitar Construction.' And once I'd gone through it I said to myself, 'That's it. That's what I want to do.' I still get goose bumps thinking about it—how amazing that a *book* could turn someone's life around like that." He shook his head. "The question was: What to do next? I hung in at high school and got my diploma. Using Sloane's book as my only source, I made my first guitar. I also started going around to guitar makers and repairers in New York, asking if I could look over their shoulders as an unpaid apprentice. Eventually, I found my master. His name is Miguel Luciano. He said, 'No problem. Stay and watch.' I didn't get paid. I worked seventy-two-hour weekends in a music store to make money so I could be with Luciano during the week. I never bothered him. Often, I would be there to meet him at the door in the morning and would stay until he closed. I'd sweep up the shop, get supplies or lacquers, go for coffee. To me, that was a small price to pay for the knowledge, the opportunity, the grace I was getting from him. The guy's definitely an artist."

We arrived at "Ramírez, 1912," and Mr. Salvador stopped in front of it and looked at it for a while. We asked him what about it was special. He explained that most of what we take for granted about the modern guitar was established in the nineteenth century by a maker named Antonio de Torres—the basic shape, the interior patterns of bracing, the bridge. Various guitar makers since have refined those elements, he added, but Ramírez was probably the most famous, and this guitar became his calling card. For a contemporary guitar maker, like Mr. Salvador, the line from Torres's guitars to Ramírez's has become the foundation of a tradition. Mr. Salvador peered through the sound hole and said, "Look, there's another name in there." We consulted the catalogue, and learned that the name was that of Santos Hernández, the man in Ramírez's workshop who had actually had the most to do with making the instrument. "Now, you can judge the guitar by its beauty, but, of course, what makes it valuable is the sound," Mr. Salvador said. "We're not offered an opportunity to assess that here. The craftsmanship is great. I can point out flaws that other people wouldn't care about, but they're not worth mentioning. What's most wonderful is the exquisite rosette around the sound hole. It's a mosaic made out of tiny logs of dyed wood—probably holly. How did they cut such fine veneers by hand back then? They're like little loaves of bread. Today, I get the rosettes already made up by machine. Nobody spends that kind of time anymore. Who would pay for it?"

As we began to move on through the show, we asked Mr. Salvador who the most important guitarists were. "Segovia," he said. "To be honest with you, the other names are meaningless to me. I'm not that familiar with the history of guitar playing." Feeling sure that he must have heard Segovia perform in New York—the guitarist appeared here often during the nineteen-sixties and early seventies—we asked Mr. Salvador if he remembered the quality of Segovia's live sound. "I have his albums," he said. "And I always wanted to see him. But, you know, he was here all the time, so I kept saying next year, next year." Mr. Salvador fell silent for a few moments. Then he said, "Missed him."

Accommodating

Reporter (*which means us, entering a dry-cleaning establishment at the corner of Ninety-seventh and Columbus Avenue*): Pardon me, I was just wandering by and saw the sign in your window that says:

Announcing Nat
of Valetone's Cleaners
Years of Experience
Expert Tailoring
and Alterations
Has Joined the Staff of
Manhattan Valet

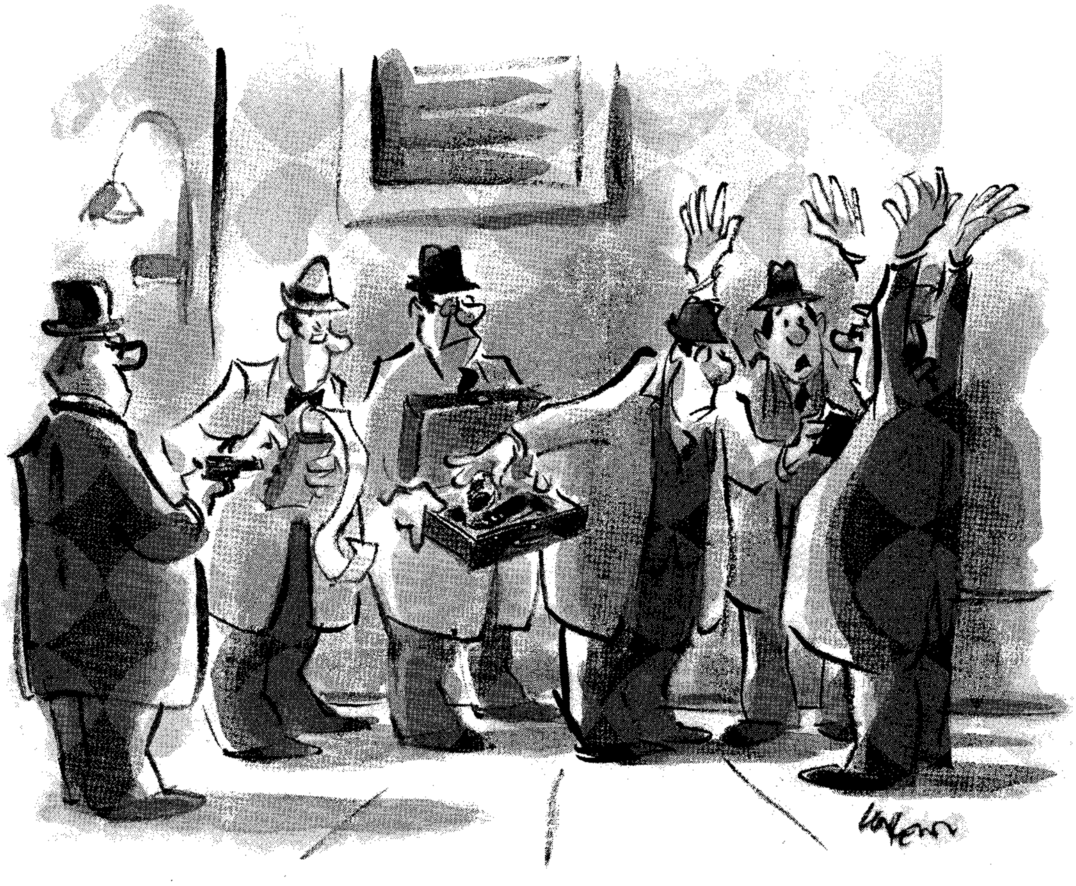
I was thinking that this Nat must be quite something. Most dry cleaners don't announce their tailors with such enthusiasm.

Person Behind the Counter (*who turns out to be Gary Adler, owner and founder of Manhattan Valet*): What can I tell you? He has an excellent reputation, and he was working up the street at a store that was closing, and I needed a tailor. So we both had needs that needed to be filled. I wanted an authority in the area, and that was Nat. He's very known. After I hired him, I put up the sign, because we're not too shy to say we have Nat now.

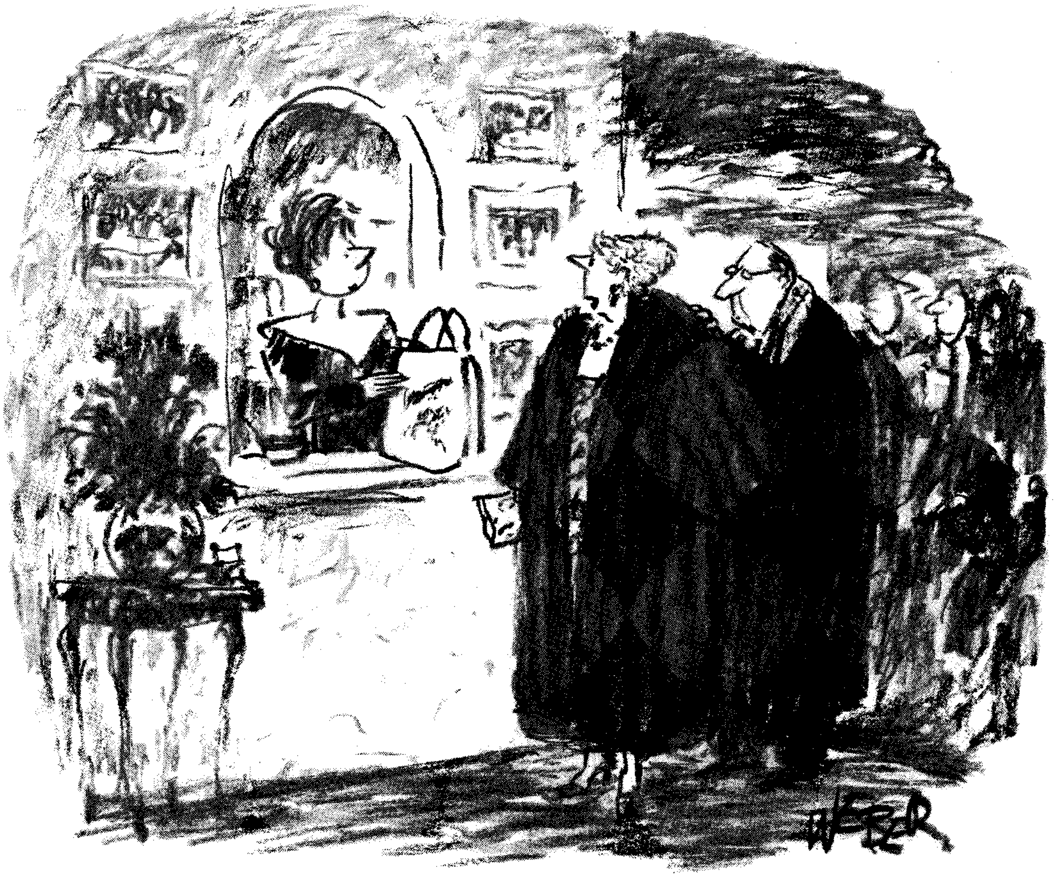
Person Who Joins Gary Behind the Counter (*who happens to be his sister Alisa, co-owner of Manhattan Valet*): Actually, Nat came to work here because he's been in love with me for years.

(*Another person now joins Gary and Alisa behind the counter. This is their mother, who introduces herself as Mother Adler.*)

Mother Adler: Alisa, *please!* (*To us*) You can call me Rhoda or Mother Adler. The story of Nat is that we had a tailor before Nat who was from Trinidad, a lovely man, but he wanted to do music.



"I always thought white-collar crime was done by computer."



"You're lucky, dear. I was a hat-check girl when everybody wore a hat."

Calypso and cha-cha, and so forth. So he left.

NAT FREUND (*who has stepped out from behind his sewing table and joined the conversation*): What I can't give them musically, I give them in tailoring. Musically, I can't accommodate.

ALISA: Personally, I think he's an incredible tailor.

NAT: (*Embarrassed silence.*)

MOTHER ADLER: Nat, I'm telling you, you don't have to be modest. You don't have to be shy. (*To us*) This is really my kids' business. I'm just the mother. I don't meddle. I don't butt in. I just give suggestions. I just give advice.

GARY: Mother, enough already. On the subject of Nat, I'm not saying this to swell his head, but there are people who simply will not go to anyone besides Nat.

NAT: I used to work for His Majesty the King.

GARY: You're joking. (*Gary exits.*)

NAT: What's to joke? His Majesty King George VI. In other words, the British Army. I worked in a uniform factory. Then for thirty-four years in this neighborhood. I'm known on the avenue.

ALISA: I met a woman at a luncheon once—this is a true story and a really funny story—and I mentioned to her that we had hired a new tailor and she said, 'Oh my God! Not Nat! He's the best! I've been *looking* for him since Valetone closed!' (*Commotion at the door. Gary reënters.*) Gary, where have you been?

GARY: I went and got us a little something to eat. I thought to myself, We're talking, we should have a little something. What does everyone like to eat? And then I thought, Butter cookies! Everyone loves butter cookies!

NAT (*eying the cookies*): I always say to my customers, 'It's easy to take in, it's not so easy to let out.' When they keep coming to me for letting out, sometimes I tell them they need a dietitian, not a tailor. Of course, I let my own pants out. Periodically. Since I stopped smoking. Have a cookie! You could gain two ounces, it wouldn't kill you.

MOTHER ADLER: Wonderful cookies. It's a lovely bakery on Broadway. You should try their candy cake if you're having company over sometime. By the way, I should mention that we have specials here all the time—shirt specials, Lotto specials, rug-cleaning specials. This is a real family place. We love to accommodate. When Gary was on his quest for a business, I said, 'Gary, find a business where you can accommodate.' And I said, 'Gary, when times are tough, people don't buy suits, they clean them.'

NAT: I can tell you this. Of all the dry-cleaning establishments I've seen in this city, and I assure you I've seen quite a few, this is the most unique one. I used to walk by here four, five times a day when it first opened and just stare in the window. These are progressive young people with a whole new concept about a dry-cleaning establishment. I am not exaggerating when I say that no other tailor in the entire city of New York has a situation like mine. We have a whole department here! We have so much room! There are two of us tailors, me and (*points across the room to a dark-haired young man bent over a sewing machine*) my young friend over here from the Soviet Union. I know the other tailors on the avenue. I consult with them on an informal basis. It's not for me to say they're jealous, but I am sure that I'm the object of some—how would you put it?—envy.

GARY (*leaning over conspiratorially*): That's something else you should know about Nat. A lot of tailors wouldn't work with another tailor. You're dealing with ego, with feelings, with conflict. For him, it's not a problem. (*To Nat*) Nat, would you say you have charisma?

NAT: That's not for me to say. Work is work. I will say I've got a following. I will say I'm known. I will say I have quite a lot of loyal customers. I will say I take care of them. They need me, because they need alteration. Also, I have a family that needs alteration.

OUTLAW LOVE

I COULD see my mother gray-watering in the distance. I ran up the street to our front yard. On Wednesday afternoons she gets home from the office late, and she was still in her suit. "Mom! Mom!" I cried. "The most horrible thing happened!"

"Courtney!" she said. She ran her fingers through her dark-red hair and pulled it into its chin-length curl. "It's O.K. You're home with me." I buried myself in her arms. "What's wrong?"

I couldn't explain.

"Can you label your emotions?" she asked.

At first all that came out was a wail. But that made me feel better. "I was in Mr. Kogin's Civics class," I began. "We debated the color scheme for areas undergoing desertification on the Earth model we made. After that, Debbie Chiu Ling taught each of us how to say 'I am going to become a lawyer' in the language of her heritage. Then I delivered my report on minimizing water usage— Oh, Mom!"

"But, Courtney," she said, "you told me you were prepared."

"I was! But right in the middle of it a stink bomb went off! It took Mr. Kogin fifteen minutes to calm us down. And then on my seat was this note."

I handed it to Mother and she read it out loud: " 'Dear Courtney Millerton-Rodriguez, You made me do this. When I see you handling your calculator, I'd throw away everything—Harvard, my good-citizenship pass, the trip to Epcot Center.' It's signed, 'Wilton Enright.' But isn't he one of the fast-track seventh graders?"

"Yes, that's what I don't understand."

Mom dropped the hose. She had a faraway look in her eyes. I tugged at her, but she continued to gaze off into the distance, somewhere past Snoozy's dog run.

"So," she said, "it's beginning." She turned off the water and picked up her briefcase from the hood of her car.

"Mother," I pleaded, as I followed her to the house. "I didn't do anything. Why's he blaming me?"

"Honey," she answered, in a voice I didn't recognize. "You're a Millerton woman. You don't *have* to do anything."

"But I don't understand," I said. I swung the kitchen door closed behind us. My father was standing by the counter in his shorts, monkeying with the rechargeable-battery module from our automatic leaf-shredder. He'd been rewiring it for weeks.

"Courtney!" Dad said. "How's my major player?" Then he saw my face. "Whoa! What happened?"

"Female stuff," Mom said. "I'm taking care of it."

Dad picked up the module and his tools, said, "I know when I'm out of my depth," and walked out back to his mini-solarium by the compost heap.

Mom paced back and forth. Finally she said, "It's time you learned about your legacy," and picked up the phone.

FOR the next hour, Mother and I raced around, tidying up. Then I noticed Dad standing in the doorway of our home office. He was dangling a large paper shopping bag. "A surprise," he said.

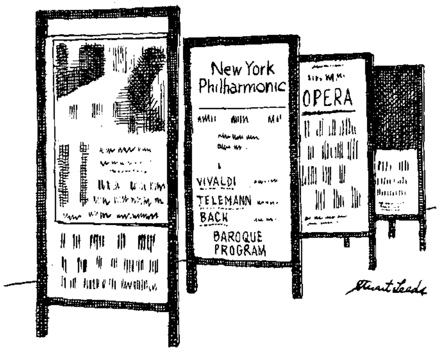
"Oh, boy!" Instantly, I forgot my troubles.

"Jim," Mom said, "this will have to wait. I've called a meeting of the Millerton women."

We heard the buzzer. Mom jumped up and quickly rearranged the shelf of my scholastic trophies. We raced to the front door, but she stopped me from opening it. She took a deep, deep breath before grasping the knob. She'd barely turned it when in rushed Grandma Lorraine and Aunt Lizzie.

"I don't believe it! You're a woman!" Lizzie shrieked. She had on the kind of Lycra dress eighth graders stash in their purses to put on after school. I couldn't wait to be that grown-up. She kissed me quickly, then spotted my dad. "Jim Rodriguez," she said, very slowly, and pinched the muscles on his upper arms. "Glad to see you're still in shape."

Grandma turned me this way and that and drew me into her royal-blue ruffles. "Lizzie," she said, "the Kleenex!"



Lizzie pulled a packet out of her purse. Granny took several tissues and dabbed at her tears, then threw herself on Mom. "The aluminum-can crusher you sent was lovely, but I missed you at the wedding! It was the most romantic one I ever had! Ever! Lizzie, more Kleenex!"

"We'll be sure to make the next one," Mom said, leading us into the office.

My aunt was jangling around the room, tossing her fringed scarf over our fax machine and tapping her fingers against the wall unit. "Nice," she said. "You must be good with a hammer, Jim."

"*I* do fifty per cent of our home improvements," Mother said.

"Of course you do, darling," Lizzie said. She hugged Mom quickly. "I'm dying for you to see my latest apartment. Hugh and I met Tuesday, and on Thursday he showed up with some movers. So—like that!—I'm living in a condo on that new lake they're going to fill as soon as they can get water."

"Can we Rollerblade on the lake bottom while it's empty?" Dad asked.

"Jim," Mom said.

"Oh," he said. "I guess it's time I left you ladies and put on my apron."

"Are you lucky!" Lizzie said to Mom. "The only thing Hugh will do in the kitchen is run his hands all over me while I'm trying to cook."

Mom cleared her throat and gestured for us to sit down. "So," she said, "shall we get this show on the road? We're here tonight to demonstrate support for Courtney. Because Courtney has begun to experience the difficulties of being a woman in a world that is also populated by men. I want to familiarize her with all of the available options, so that two things can happen. One, she can be the woman she chooses to be, and two—"

Granny yanked her down to the sofa. "Tell us *everything* about Wilton," she said.

"Well," I began, and then checked with Mom. She nodded exasperatedly. "He set off this stink bomb and ruined my report—"

"God, there's nothing like a dangerous man!" Aunt Lizzie said.

"He loves you!" Granny joined in.

LAMBADA: THE FORGOTTEN DANCE
The what? The Laredo?
Wasn't that a dish made with chicken, black beans, and Havarti cheese?
Sorry! It doesn't ring a bell!

“Actually, Wilton Enright has an enviable track record as a dependable young man with a lot of potential,” Mom said. “Perhaps he’s the big relationship for Courtney, and perhaps after this year they’ll go their separate ways. But someday, somewhere, they’ll meet again in the professional world and he’ll refer clients to her. Right now he needs guidance on how to rechannel his energy into more meaningful statements of affection.”

“That’s right!” Grandma said. “Get him to prove his love! Forget stink bombs.” She paused and checked out my blouse. “And forget bras, unless that’s *all* you’re wearing.”

“Thank you,” Mom said. “In my view, Wilton should demonstrate his respect by volunteering to be campaign manager of Courtney’s drive for the class presidency.”

“Class president!” Lizzie said. “Don’t they have to sit in on a lot of boring student councils?” She jumped up and showed off her figure to me. “Sweetie, you just keep your tummy trim—that’s all you have to do.”

“I already do twenty-five sit-ups a day,” I said.

“So you should get something for it,” Grandma added. “I’ve never paid for my own dinner.”

“She’ll get her reward in college,” Mom said. “Abdominal muscles will really help in those long study periods to come.”

Lizzie pulled Mom’s skirt up a few inches at the thigh. “Looks like you’ve kept your figure. I bet you could still drive Jim wild if you ever showed it.”

I felt strange suddenly, and looked at Mother for help, but she was busy smoothing her skirt back down. “Jim is not the issue here,” she said.

Grandma turned to me. “You know, Jim has always made me think of your grandfather, my first husband. Now, there was a . . . romantic man.” She closed her eyes dreamily. “To know him was to adore him.”

Mom’s voice was growing a little louder. “Can we get back to the real subject?”

“It’s true!” Grandma said. “To know him was to fall under his spell.”

“I wish I’d had the chance,” Mom said, her eyes flashing. “If he hadn’t left when I was three—”

But Granny Lorraine was lost in her memories. “He was a man of passionate discernment. He called my right ankle his greatest possession.”

“Don’t look so pleased about that!”

Grandma rapped the table. “I think you deserve an award for getting your man Jim to settle down these long fifteen years. That’s quite an achievement.”

“My *achievements* are my *career*,” Mom said. “My M.B.A.—*that’s* an achievement. My tennis serve. And, of course, my greatest achievement is Courtney.”

I felt I should say something here. “I’d just like to thank my parents,” I began, “particularly my mom, for teaching me that healthy relationships between the sexes must take place in a neutral language of negotiation. In this way, no one person dominates the other—”

“That plane Jim stole in twelfth grade and left in our azalea bed,” my aunt murmured. “Now, that took some muscle. Of course, he was quite the jock at that age.”

“My dad stole a plane?”

“And he looked so good in his football pants,” said Lizzie. “I would have gone after him myself if I hadn’t been involved with two other guys already.”

I don’t know why but I just had to find out. “Did he wear the really tight white ones?”

“*Courtney!*” It was my mom’s voice. Her face was scary. “I called this meeting for your benefit.”

“But what did you do with the plane, Mom?”

“You have to understand that I didn’t want a plane stealer,” Mom said. “And I didn’t want to sit in the bleachers while he chased a leather ball. I wanted *him* to participate in joint experiences with *me*. I wanted someone to share a fulfilling domestic life with. Trips together exploring schools for our kid . . . every Thursday evening at the Symphony . . . strolls in the park exchanging career anxieties . . .” Mom had tears in her eyes.

“Oh, honey,” Grandma said, touching Mom’s arm and stroking her hair. “I’m so glad you got what you wanted. And, finally, isn’t *this*”—she extended her arms to include Lizzie and me, too—“what it’s all about?”

The four of us began crying at the exact same moment.

“It’s the Millerton waterworks!” Lizzie exulted.

Suddenly, there was a loud *clank! clank!* sound outside. We rushed to the front door. A man was standing by the

MAN ON A FIRE ESCAPE

He couldn't remember what propelled him
out of the bedroom window onto the fire escape
of his fifth-floor walkup on the river,

so that he could see, as if for the first time,
sunset settling down on the dazed cityscape
and tugboats pulling barges up the river.

There were barred windows glaring at him
from the other side of the street
while the sun deepened into a smoky flare

that scalded the clouds gold-vermillion.
It was just an ordinary autumn twilight—
the kind he had witnessed often before—

but then the day brightened almost unnaturally
into a rusting, burnished, purplish-red haze
and everything burst into flame:

the factories pouring smoke into the sky,
the trees and shrubs, the shadows
of pedestrians scorched and rushing home. . . .

There were storefronts going blind and cars
burning on the parkway and steel girders
collapsing into the polluted waves.

Even the latticed fretwork of stairs
where he was standing, even the first stars
climbing out of their sunlit graves

were branded and lifted up, consumed by fire.
It was like watching the start of Armageddon,
like seeing his mother dipped in flame. . . .

And then he closed his eyes and it was over.
Just like that. When he opened them again
the world had reassembled beyond harm.

So where had he crossed to? Nowhere.
And what had he seen? Nothing. No foghorns
called out to each other, as if in a dream,

and no moon rose over the dark river
like a warning—icy, long forgotten—
while he turned back to an empty room.

—Edward Hirsch

• •

side of a tow truck whose chain was lifting the end of Lizzie's gold Camaro.

"Hugh!" Lizzie shouted. "What are you doing with my car?"

"When I bought it for you, it wasn't so you could go gallivanting all over town in it!"

Lizzie turned to us and said, "Isn't he sweet?" then, louder, "I'll visit who I want when I damn well want to!"

Hugh threw a lever on the truck, and the whirring stopped. He ran to the porch and hoisted her up in his arms, said, "You're comin' home with me now," and carried her out to the truck.

"He didn't even mess up her hair!" I said.

"Of course not," Mom said. "And I'll bet he never lets her drive." Then she looked around.

"Oh my God," I cried. "Where has Granny gone?"

We rushed back into the home office. She was on the sofa, fanning herself.

"Don't you just live for this stuff?" she said.

"GREAT dinner, Dad." I dug into the steamed carrots and broccoli he'd prepared. "Can I have more of your secret barbecue sauce?"

"You've had enough," Mom said.

"It's perfectly healthy," Dad said. "It's low-sodium."

I dumped some on my vegetables. Last New Year's Eve at nine-thirty, the three of us resolved to decrease our intake of butter. By eleven, we'd given up skim milk. Our doctor says the effects of our new diet are so beneficial that we can look forward to celebrating New Year's Eve 2035 together.

"So," Dad asked, "how'd the family meeting go?"

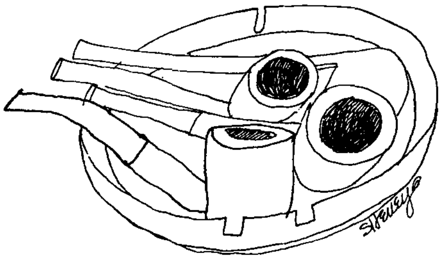
"It was fine," Mom said. She glared at her plate. I figured it was best to change the subject.

"I can't wait to see what you bought me," I said to Dad.

"It's another VCR," Dad replied. "Now we can copy the tapes we rent from the video store."

"Jim!" Mom said. "I can't believe you would do such a thing! That's a violation of federal regulations."

"Really, Dad?" I wanted to ask him about the plane, too, but I'd promised Mom that I'd keep this evening's meeting strictly between us women.



"I'll tell you what's the crime," he said. "Charging two ninety-five for one night's rental."

I passed around the bread and the bean salad—on Wednesdays we get our protein from legumes.

Mom crossed her arms. "Jim," she said, "I was wondering if you could do something for *me*. Do you think you could stop shrinking my clothes when you do the wash?"

"Look," Dad said, "I'm sorry if your meeting didn't go well—"

"Don't patronize me," Mom said.

Dad sat back in his chair. "If this really is a discussion about the laundry, then I think what we ought to do is talk duty reallocation. My entire laundry can be thrown together in the same cycle. But yours . . . Those silk panties and bras you keep ordering from Victoria's Secret are all so damn delicate."

"Trade-off time!" I called out. Usually that worked.

"Fine," Mom said, "I'll just never put them on."

"Don't be so sensitive."

"What I'd like to know is who's been fudging on the three-minute shower limit?"

"What *I'd* like to know is whose job

offer would have taken us back East where there isn't a water shortage yet?" Dad said.

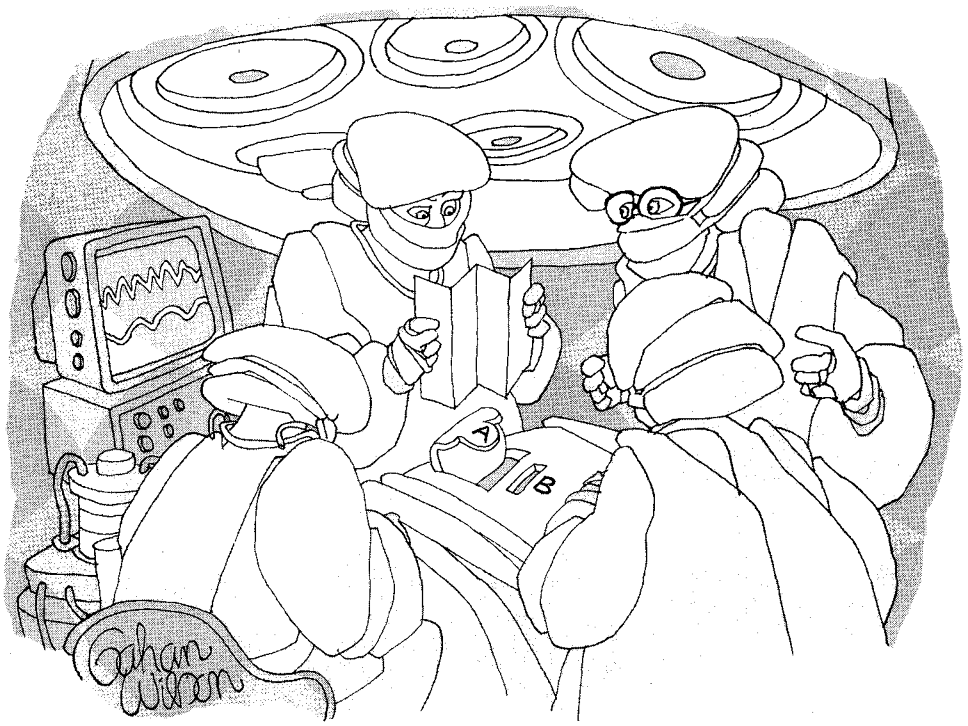
Mother stormed out of the kitchen.

Dad set his fork down quietly. I figured it was best to go on eating. When Mom came back in she was crying and waving one of Lizzie's tissues. "Jim," she said, "I need to share some feelings with you."

"No—no way," Dad said. "It's Wednesday night. And we agreed that Wednesday will always be a no-emotions night." Dad got up, unlocked the high cabinet, and took down his air gun. "I'll be in the Accord."

He stalked outside. A minute later we heard pellets rustling the eucalyptus leaves—Dad was taking care of the squirrel-overpopulation problem again.

Mom put her hands over her ears. I was afraid she was going to scream. Instead she ran down the hall, into their bedroom. I dashed after her. "Mom," I said, "I just want you to know *I'll* always be there to share feelings with you. A good time tonight would be while the computer's spell-checking my homework." But there was no answer.



"O.K., now put Tab A into Slot B."

THE next morning, I was throwing together some roughage for my school lunch while Mom stood by the refrigerator. She sipped her breakfast fruit-bran shake, then paused. "Courtney," she said, "don't worry about your father and me."

"I know you have everything under control, Mom." But her skirt needed adjusting and her hair could have done with some touching up. "Let me fix your makeup," I said.

As I repaired her mascara, Dad walked into the kitchen. He dropped a handful of Mom's lingerie into the sink, then measured in some Woolite and some rebottled water.

Mom watched him slosh her stuff around for a while. "Jim," she said. "You'll be late for work."

"I should have washed this on Monday, when it was my night to do the laundry," Dad said. "It's better to catch up on these things when you can. Otherwise they just accumulate."

Mom walked up beside him. "Let's wring out that slip together," she said in a soft voice.

"No, no," he replied. "I realize you were in the right. This is my chore, per our agreement."

Dad didn't notice her backing away. "Well, I'm glad we got *that* cleared up," she said.

"Guys, I'm out of here," I called. I gave my father a hug, and kissed Mom on the cheek. "You really are a heartthrob," I whispered to her.

She followed me to the front door. It was another cloudless day. "Are you all set for school?" she asked.

"Yes, I am." I knew I had to be there for her at this moment. "Thanks for putting together last night's meeting." She gave me a weak smile. "No, *really*, Mom," I said, "it helped me reprioritize my life. Look." I opened my date book and flipped the pages before her. "I took a whole hour and restructured my seventh-grade plan." I pointed to a scattering of white spaces among the inked-in activities. "Wilton and the other boys will just have to fit themselves into these empty slots."

Mom put her arms around me. "Only thirteen, and already way ahead of me." She turned on the lawn sprinklers and kissed me goodbye.

I stood alone for a moment. I didn't want to leave my parents when they weren't communicating and might need me as a facilitator—but they were always impressing on me the necessity of looking out for myself. So I tucked my date book under my arm. "I'm self-sufficient," I said. I took five deep breaths and decided that what I needed was to run through the sprinklers. I'd done a lot of work with the blow-dryer, but I felt I had to renew myself in this way.

I ran down the steps and across the grass. As I did, a strength grew within me: I was at one with larger cycles. During the night the water from the laundry and the dishes and the shower had passed through our filtering system; now it was keeping the dichondra alive—it isn't native, but, then, neither are we. I welcomed the mist onto my clothes, my body, and my hair, even though Mom says the water may not be totally safe. As I headed toward the edge of our yard, I ran faster, and found myself flying, flying. . . .

I landed on the sidewalk and scraped my leg. I got up and turned around to see what had tripped me. A few feet away, half buried in our lawn, was the globe of the world we had built in Mr. Kogin's Civics class. There was a card taped to the sand-colored area representing our future ecosystem. I reached over and pulled it off carefully. It was soggy and about to fall apart, but I could still read the message on it: "For you," it said. "Anything for you—W."

—POLLY FROST

WILLIAM'S SHOES

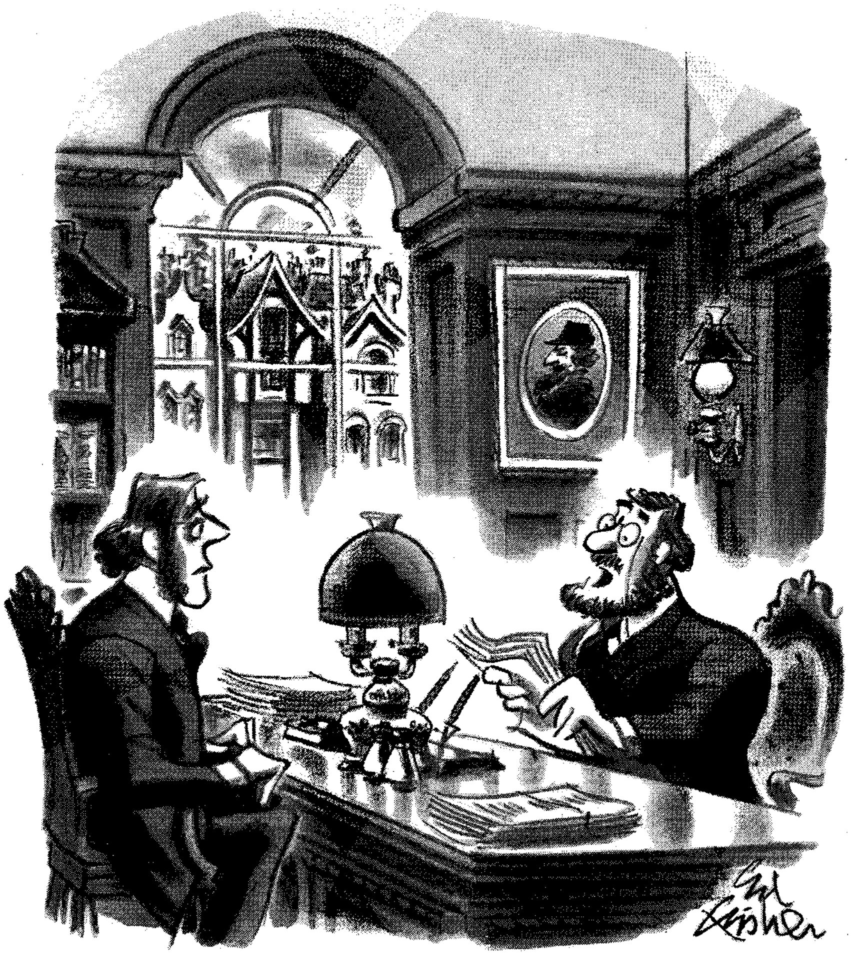
Ilka didn't see that it was a phallus until she noticed another one on the left; then she saw the whole row. She stood with the Cokers, an elderly couple from her table in the ship's dining room, the second day out, on their third Greek island. Mr. Coker put on his glasses, recognized the five-footer on the stone pedestal, and took his glasses off. He polished them with a white handkerchief, laid them away in their hard case, and said, "Bifocals! Would you believe a hundred bucks?"

"Wow," said Ilka.

"You can say that again!" said Mr. Coker and, shaking his head in admiration, he returned the case to his breast pocket. Mrs. Coker carried a large, beige bag. Ilka had made several attempts to look at her across the breakfast table, but eyes refused to focus on Mrs. Coker. Ilka once again dismissed the bizarre notion that Mr. Coker beat Mrs. Coker up.

We can't deal with people till we've cut them down to fit some idea about them, thought Ilka and looked around for anybody to say this to. Ilka's idea about the Cokers was that one didn't tell them one's ideas. She watched the Cokers to see if they were cutting her down, but the Cokers were paying her no attention.

Ilka looked over at the woman she thought of as the American woman, but she was looking through her camera, saying, "Belle, Hank, loveys, go stand over by the one on the left so I can get in all that sea behind you." The American woman appeared to be travelling with that little bevy of good-looking younger people, but she was the one you noticed. One always knew the table at which she sat, not because her voice was loud but because it was fearless, with a probably false promise of irony. Ilka thought of her as the American woman although many passengers on the British cruise ship Ithaca were Americans. Ilka herself was a naturalized American, but this woman was an *American* American—tall, slim, and fair, she moved as if gladly, frequently turning her head to look this way and that. She kept generating fresh and always casual and expensive sets of pastel pants and sweaters.



"You and your brother portray a great many wicked giants in these tales of yours, Herr Grimm. Do you think you could balance them by depicting a couple of good ones?"

Ilka stored her idea about the Cokers, her thought, and her curiosity about the American woman way in the back of her mind, to tell the man whom she was due to meet in a hotel—the brochure had said "at the foot of the Parthenon"—a week from yesterday.

In the waiting area at Heathrow, Ilka had checked out the glum, embarrassed-looking passengers with their telltale green flight bags. She had yearned toward the interesting English group in the leather chairs by the window—two couples and a beautiful, one-armed clergyman—who seemed to know one another. Perhaps they were old friends.

At the Athens airport the green-flight-bag people had been transferred to buses that took them down to the ship, and the three men from the leather chairs had turned out to be the three English scholars who came as part of the package. Professor Charles Baines-Smith knew all there was to be known about shipbuilding in the ancient Near East; Willoughby Austen had published a monograph on the identity of the island of Thera with the lost island of Atlantis. It was the Reverend Martin Gallworth who gave the first lecture that first evening, after dinner, as the Ithaca pulled out of the wharf.

Ilka was in a state of romance. She looked up at the Greek moon in the Greek sky and across the glittering black strip of the Aegean to the Attic coast passing on the right. She leaned to hear what the Reverend Mr. Gallworth was saying about the absence, in the Hellenic thought system, of the concept of conscience, which the Hebrews were developing—in that same historical moment—many hundred miles to the east.

The two classy Greek women guides assigned to the Ithaca did not appear till breakfast, which they ate at a table for two. Dimitra, the elder by some ten years, walked as if she were in pain—a small, stout, cultivated woman. Ilka liked her. The crowd had been assembled in the foyer between the purser's desk and the little triangular corner counter, where one got one's postcards and toothpaste. Dimitra led them off the boat, got them loaded onto the waiting buses, and unloaded them in the parking lot at the bottom of twin-peaked Mt. Hagios Elias.

Mycenae! Idea turned earth underfoot, grass, some wild trees, blue water, a blue, blue sky, a lot of stones: Agamemnon's actual palace! "Mine eyes dazzle," Ilka said to the tiny, very old Englishwoman, bent at a ninety-degree angle, who could be trusted not to have heard: she looked as if she needed all her wits to get one foot put before the other. The ascent was hot and steep, but the very old Englishwoman waved her sturdy stick at the campstool that the nice man with all the cameras unfolded for her. She was going to stand like everybody else while Dimitra told them how Mycenae had been inhabited since the early Bronze Age. "That's 3,000 B.C. Over there is the famous Lion Gate you have seen in all the pictures."

Mr. Coker took his glasses out of their hard case and looked at them. "Would you believe bifocal sunglasses!" he turned to say to the American woman.

"Up there," said Dimitra, "is where—one story says at the table, another one says in his bath—Clytemnestra and her lover, Aegisthus, murdered the 'king of men,' as Homer calls Agamemnon, on his return from the sack of Troy." As the very old Englishwoman raised her head to look, she tumbled, plimsolls and lisle legs flying, backward into the grave-circle in which, in 1876, the German, Schliemann, thought he had unearthed Agamemnon's golden death mask, tiaras, bracelets, and a necklace clasped around the neck of what might have been a Mycenaean princess whose royal garments had disintegrated a millennium ago. The old woman flailed her stick at the hands reaching down to help her and climbed out by herself.

"I think she thought that once she accepted help she'd lose her own powers," Ilka was going to tell her lover, in Athens, on Tuesday.

"This way, everybody, please!" They stood peering down into the subterranean blackness of the cistern, which, in times of siege, had brought the water from a spring outside the cyclopean wall into the royal palace. "There are one hundred wet and very worn steps. *Please* let us not have any accidents!" said Dimitra, and the very old woman gave herself a small smile and a half shake of the head, and then she turned away. Ilka saw her, later, standing on Agamemnon's flagstones, and said, "I think I'm looking for the place where a bloody bath might have actually stood."

The very old woman answered her nothing at all.

Dimitra clapped. "Ithaca people, please! Over here!" She kept one hand in the air. Ilka watched her watching the excruciating slowness with which a lot of people on holiday form into a group that can be instructed. "Please, let us not become mixed with the people in the buses from the hotels. We are the green buses."

DAY three their guide was Aikaterini, an elegant woman with an interesting air of sorrow, though it might only have been the sorrow of a woman who is elegant and in her fifties. The American woman wore her peach cotton-knit sweater tied round her slim waist and looked terrific.

It grew hotter. Sky and water were so blue, the blinding white of the marble columns was the dark element. Aikaterini gave them a little history. "You're standing on land's end; this would have been the returning sailor's first sight of home."

The Reverend Mr. Gallworth, with his romantically missing arm, was sitting down on a stone. Ilka went and sat beside him and said, "This is embarrassing!"

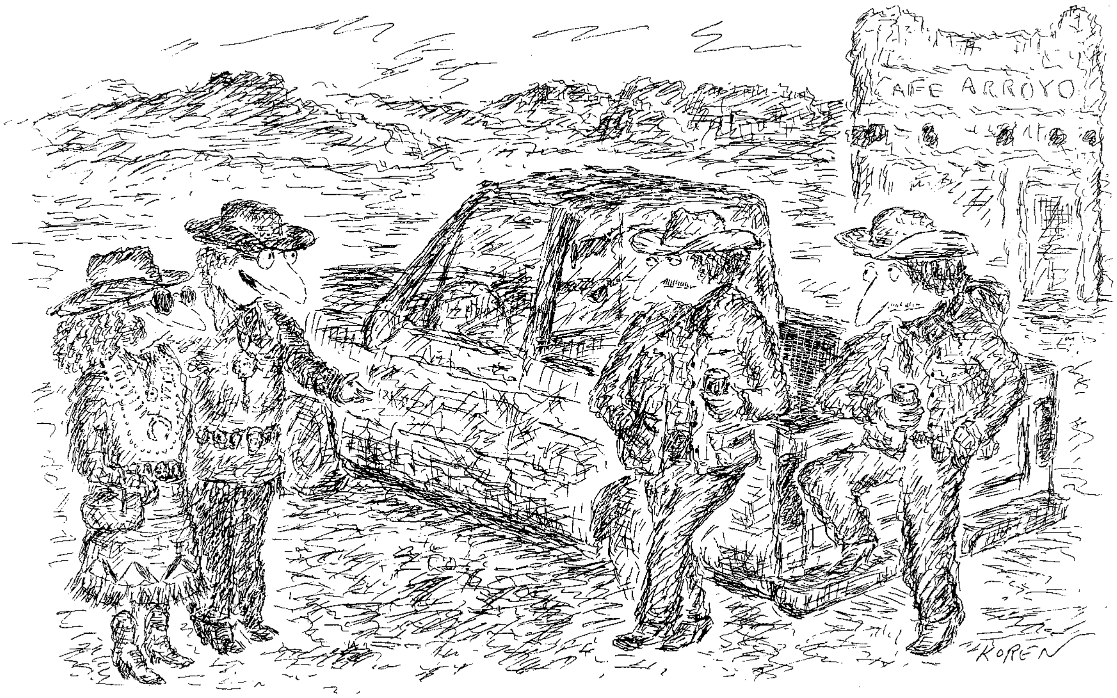
The Reverend Mr. Gallworth looked alarmed.

"Here I was being dazzled by all that white marble, and it turns out not to even be the original Temple of Poseidon at all! Darn thing is a mere thousand years old!" Ilka was flirting with the Reverend Mr. Gallworth. The Reverend Mr. Gallworth smiled with an exquisite exhaustion.

Ilka said, "Something I wanted to ask you, about your lecture."

The Reverend Mr. Gallworth looked suspicious.

Ilka said, "Conscience doesn't do a very good job, does it! Sin really is like death: one lives comfortably enough



"We collect cowboy-and-Indian paraphernalia. How much would you take for your pickup?"

• •

with the knowledge of both for a good twenty-three out of the twenty-four hours."

Now the Reverend Martin Gallworth looked and saw Ilka, and Ilka rose, said, "Well, I think I better . . . ," and ran away.

Aikaterini clapped and waited. Ilka went and stood beside her. Ilka said, "I really sympathize with the two of you—having to squeeze everything you know into five-minute intros spiced with skeleton princesses and homing sailors."

Aikaterini did not smile at Ilka.

Ilka said, "In America I'm a teacher."

"Ah, yes?" said the elegant Aikaterini.

Ilka looked around at all the groups and all the guides; Ilka looked at the crowd from the Ithaca, and there was no one who loved Ilka, and as she walked a natural gravity pulled her thoughts toward Tuesday.

THE sun stood straight overhead as they came out of the avenue of the phalli on Friday. Ilka worked her way forward and fell into step beside Dimitra and tried again. "I'm getting used to coming to what looks like another lot of stones, and then you talk five minutes and the stones stand up and they're baths, markets."

Dimitra's head drew backward. Ilka experienced the thrill of recognition: she looked forward to Tuesday and telling the man, "That's what my head does when one of my students comes up and asks me something to which the only answer is 'I notice you.' "

Ilka wiped the hair off her damp forehead and looked inside her bag. No comb? Was that a comb she saw before her, held toward her by the hand of the American woman? "Keep it," said the American woman. "I always travel with two or three. I'm Boots Westlands."

"Well, thank you so much! I'm Ilka Carl."

The American woman introduced her nephew, Hank, and his brand-new wife, Belle. The young people smiled nicely and walked off together. Boots pointed to a pleasantly ugly man. Ilka had noticed him. His wide smile was squeezed way down into the lower half of his face as if he had a secret he might be glad to be rid of. He turned out not to be Boots' husband but Boots' husband's baby brother, the nephew's father. "Poor Herbert. His wife died three years ago and he hasn't got anything going. You must sit at our table," said Boots.

When Ilka got on the green bus, Boots was in the first seat on the right and moved over for her. The smiling brother-in-law sat in back with the man with the cameras.

"So which is your husband?" Ilka asked her.

"Oh, Coleman! He's a dear but absolutely unpersuadable on the subject of travel. His birthday present to me was for me to take Herb and the kids on a Hellenic cruise!"

"Wow," Ilka said.

"So he can stay at home and play golf."

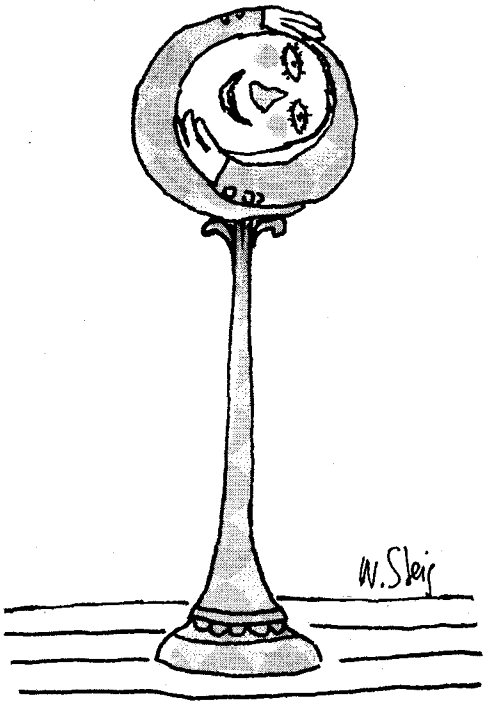
"And everybody is happy!" said Ilka.

"Everybody couldn't be happier," said Boots. "Driver, what's holding us up?"

The Greek driver didn't know, but everybody must stay on the bus and not get off. When they were still there twenty minutes later, the driver said they could get off but must not leave the parking area.

"Oh, funsies!" said Boots.

Now Boots introduced the brother-in-law, who looked at Ilka with a smile inappropriately wide. He introduced the man with the cameras, who turned out to be French. His name was Marcel. Boots invited him to sit at her table. They stood around the parking lot for the better part of an hour before Dimitra returned: an accident in the Sanctuary of the Bulls. An elderly man, an American, had had a heart attack. The poor wife didn't remember the color of the bus they had come on, and she didn't know the name of the airline.



The self is one's chief interest.

Ilka looked around for the Cokers and didn't see them.

"Horrible business, and so far from home." Dimitra had stayed behind to help. She said the consulate was sending someone out.

"Takes the stuffing out of you, that sort of thing," said Boots, back in the bus. Ilka was appalled to be telling this woman she didn't know, and didn't necessarily like, all about her husband's death when his car exploded on the way back from a business trip.

NEXT morning a mist suffused the brightness. Boots and Ilka leaned on the ship's railing and saw the silver islands on a silver sea; the ones far away, and large enough to live on, looked just like the rocks with their bonsai vegetation passing close by.

Close up, Boots' handsome face looked crêped, and, below the corners of the lips, cratered—the toll taken by all that slimness?

Why was Ilka telling Boots all about her lover? "Do you like gospel songs? Jewish or not, I love that one about Jesus meeting the woman at the well and he tells her everything she's done. 'He said, Woman, woman, you have five husbands, but the one you have now, he's not yours.' Well, I've only had one husband, but this one belongs to a friend."

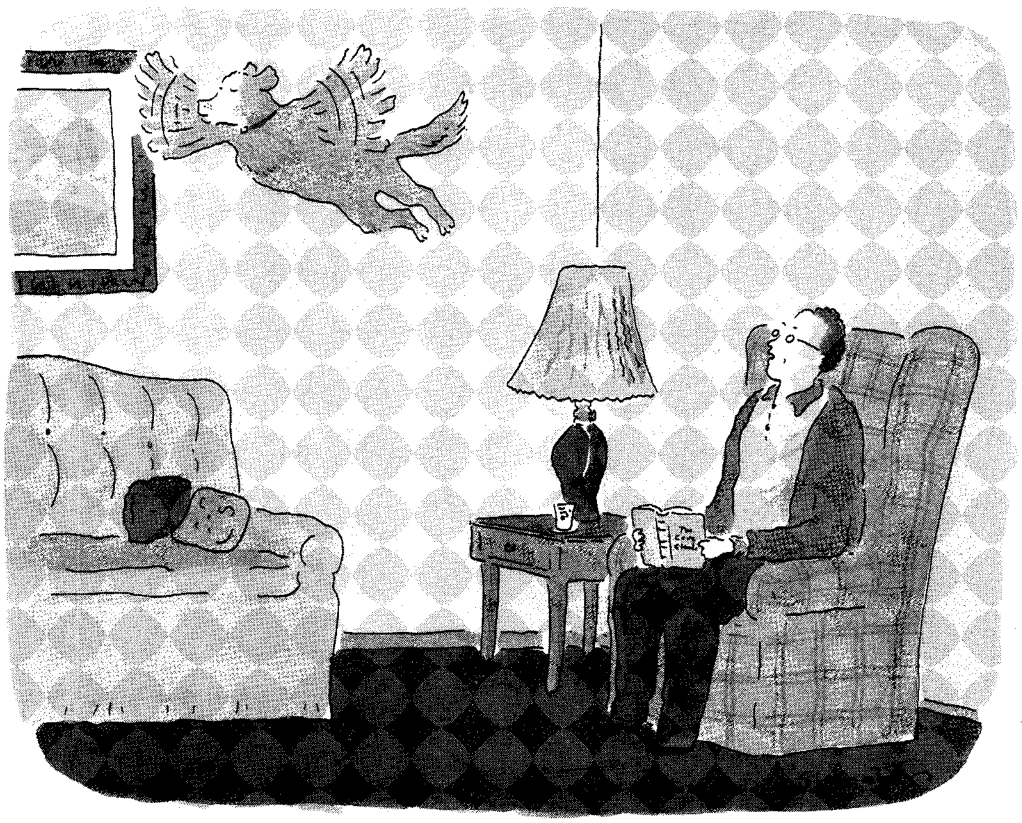
"Is he cute?" Boots asked Ilka.

"God, no!" said Ilka.

"Cole's pretty cute," Boots said.

Ilka hesitated a moment, and another moment, so that when she said "William" in Boots' presence it had the force of an event. "William and I keep making these half-assed attempts to stop seeing each other. Each of us trusts the other to refuse. Our consciences aren't working very well. That's why I came on this cruise. I left my little girl with my mother."

"You have a child!" said Boots. Ilka stared into a face that she had never seen before—the eyes had snapped open, the lips had thinned



"Down, boy."

to pencil lines and peeled back from her splendid parade of too many teeth. Boots looked as if someone had boxed her ears.

"My Maggie," said Ilka. "I came on this cruise to put myself in the way of what I've never known how to do: I like the angle of your nephew's wife's chin when she looks at him. Some of my sleepiest students are accomplished head anglers and ankle flashers. I guess it's a good thing for a teacher to be retarded about something. There's always someone in the last row looking hopeless, and I can understand what not understanding something feels like. I no more understand why William is flying ten hours to be with me in an Athens hotel room than I understand why no one on the Ithaca pays me the slightest attention."

"Herbert pays attention," said Boots.

Ilka said, "William arranged for the hotel room; William arranged for me to get off the Ithaca in Istanbul; William booked my flight from Istanbul to Athens—"

"Coleman is an arranger," said Boots.

But Ilka couldn't stop. "I have this theory that the men of feeling and passion—"

"There's no such animal," said Boots.

"Oh, yes! Oh, there is! But it's not the ones with the hair and the jeans; it's the one who keeps his legs in the two tubes of his business suit and his throat knotted inside his tie till he takes everything off—"

"Does William talk?" asked Boots. Ilka was unpleasantly startled to hear his name in Boots' mouth. "Cole never hears a word I say to him."

"William hears what I mean and tells me what he means," boasted Ilka. Ilka was not hearing what Boots was saying to her.

ILKA had been really glad to see the Cokers, both of them alive, at her old table, and she waved to them from the table at which she now sat with Boots, the smiling brother-in-law, and the French photographer. The young people had found themselves a table with a lot of other young people. After Professor Baines-Smith's talk on the pumice of Thera, Boots went over to him and invited him and his wife to sit at her table. He was charming and courteous, but he continued to sit with the other English experts and their wives, forming a virtual high table. The two interesting Greek women continued to sit at their table for two. Boots went ahead and acquired the Tottenhams—an English public-school teacher with a severe stammer, and his clever wife, Dotty, who undertook to do most of his talking for him.

Now Boots and her entourage walked together behind their guide and sat together on a circle of stones. "Look! How Greek!" Boots pointed to a boy hurrying his mule down a path so steep the little beast had no time to place its feet, and the very old Englishwoman's mouth opened and said, "Ah! The poor thing!"

SUNDAY breakfast, and the friends agreed that it was a blessed relief to have no excursion planned: into the bus, out of the bus, stand and wait, look left, look up. "And when it is hot," said Marcel, "I can't see anything."

"That's quite right! Or feel anything! That's true!" cried Ilka. "But if you stay back on the boat you chafe at whatever ancient Greek or new human thing you might right at that moment be missing out on."

Why was Boots giving Ilka a look?

Around eleven that same morning Ilka passed the open lounge door, and Boots was sitting at the bar. Ilka went in. "This is Aziz," Boots said. Ilka knew Aziz, who had trimmed her hair in the ship's tiny barbershop. He was lovely-looking, if you liked your men in their twenties—if you liked soft eyes, a chiselled nose, and a pure jawline, and if you weren't put off by a thin back of the neck you could always think of as boyish.

"Coleman's an absolute dear," Boots was telling the young man, "but un-per-suad-able on the subject of travel. Our house backs onto the golf course. Cole walks out the door and is on the golf course." It was not clear to Ilka if young Aziz understood what Boots was saying to him. He smiled, and looked in the direction of the door. "I'll take another." Boots lifted her

WHERE TO BEGIN

Where to begin? My earliest
Memory is dipped in an acid
Of ammonia and sweat. An
Enamelled box with large,

Weirdly illuminated numerals;
And a sweltering room
Where the curtains billow out-
Side in on a man and woman,

Mid-embrace, who've just
Stopped dancing to stare at me
With a barely concealed
Displeasure. Leaning over,

In a friendly way, the woman
Smiles, and in a voice
Just slightly sweeter than
She is, says, "Now we play

Some hide-and-seek." A damp
Bandanna drawn from around
Her braided hair (its warm
Compress against my eyes)

Is tied in a knot at the back
Of my head. A door clicks
Shut, locks—from the
Caustic fumes I can tell

It's the cleaning closet
I'm in—and a faraway music
Washes over a second sound,
Like a "no" that's muffled repeatedly

Until it replicates a groan.
I don't dare move or say
A word. I don't dare
Trouble the spawn of light

Motes floating in the dark
Behind my lids, each one
A face I search until
The light pours over me

Prayerlike and cool. When I
Come to, the blindfold's
Off, the man is gone, and in
Yet another tone of voice—

Throaty, close-up, edged
With rum—she tells me *he*
Is hiding now, "and he
Can see you, though you can't

See him." The threat works:
From that moment on, I'm aware
Of him, his eyes on me,
Of a presence in the world

(*The world without, the world
Within*) that is sinister and
Unpitying. I'm far too scared
To tell anyone, and it's only

Years later that Mother recalls
The curtained windows (and
The Blaupunkt radio!) of our
Two-room house on the coast

Of Bermuda; and the Lancashire
Maid, discharged early for
Showing up drunk, who looked
After me when I was three.

—SHEROD SANTOS

• •

whiskey to the old waiter behind the bar; he put down his Greek newspaper. "And one for my friend here," Boots said. "No? Why? What? What are you looking at your watch for?" she asked Ilka. "We know *you* don't always play by the rules."

"What?" said Ilka.

One rule was clear: the ship's employees were not supposed to hobnob with the guests.

"I'll square it with the powers that be," said Boots. "Tomorrow night Aziz is going to show us the real Istanbul."

Now the young man's eyes shone with a soft excitement. "I show!" he said. "I have friend is chauffeur. He borrows one car. A friend from his friend is waiter in restaurant that is on the water, beautiful. I take you to Asia. I show you."

The lounge door opened, the boy jumped, and Boots said, "You're making me nervous. Go, go, go, go. I'll talk to you later about tomorrow evening."

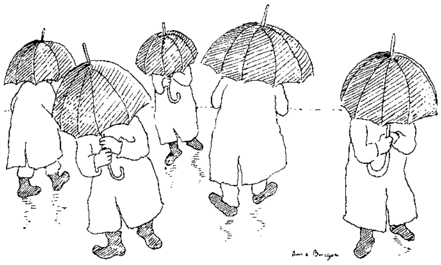
THE ship was scheduled to pass Hagia Sophia at the moment of sunrise. Boots' young folks refused to so much as think about getting up. The rest of the friends asked the steward to rouse them, but only Marcel, Herbert, and Ilka rose when roused. They, the old Englishwoman, Mr. Coker and his bifocals, and a half dozen of the other passengers stood on the captain's deck. Ilka shivered, and Herbert put his jacket around her shoulders and kept his arms around his jacket with Ilka inside.

"Oh!" said Ilka. "Thank you! Look. Oh, wow! Look at that! Oh!"

"A picture postcard," someone murmured.

Oh, lucky Marcel! He had something he could do about beauty—focus, frame, and snap it! Fix it! Have it to take home! No way for Ilka to take William this silhouette passing the heart of lemon-colored light.

Boots, Ilka, clever Dotty Tottenham, and the nephew and his pretty wife did the bazaars, for the hope of treasure is coeval with love and sin. Boots bought the latest guidebook, called "Turkey Traversed." After lunch, she and Tom Tottenham and his Michelin sat on deck by the ship's small, round, sky-blue swimming pool and decided where Aziz was going to take them. Marcel hung over the railing and took pictures of the little boats that chugged around the sunny water with the cheerful randomness of the little cars in an amusement park.



AZIZ met them round a corner, out of the sight lines of the powers that be. He was excited, looked charming, and had a car, and a friend twice his age and inclining to fat, who had another car. The two cars shone blackly in the Turkish night. Tom Tottenham and Boots sat in the seat in back of Ilka, urging with a passionate advocacy the advice one of their guidebooks gave against the advice given by the other. Boots said, "Listen to this: 'The Khedive Sarai, or Palace Khedive, home of the last Ottoman Pasha of Egypt, has been turned into a café'!" But Aziz had already told the other car where to rendezvous.

"OH, Aziz! Oh, this is adorable!" The restaurant repeated itself in the black water. A young waiter in black-and-golden tights came with a single, long-stemmed, scarlet rose for

Victoria Roberts

"Infusion break, honey bun."

• •

each of the ladies. Another waiter brought a platter with an enormous fish.

"How you call in America *levrek*?"

"Search me," said Boots.

More black-and-golden young men came—or it might have been only one young man, who kept coming—carrying mussels cooked with rice and berries and crammed back into their shells; with stuffed vine leaves; with eggplant; with *börekler* filled with white cheese and meat; with a mixture of mushrooms, tomatoes, and peas. Aziz sat by Boots and taught her the names of the dishes and how to pronounce them. There came bottles: "Ouzo," said Aziz. "Raki." Tomorrow, Ilka was going to tell William about the blanched, sumptuous, crisply tender, larger-than-life almonds floating in clear liquid in a silver dish.

Boots said, "Aziz, how far is it to this Khedive? Listen: '. . . home of the last Ottoman Pasha of Egypt, has been turned into a café, from which the visitor can enjoy one of the finest views of the Golden Horn.' "

Aziz said, "I think I regret is closed the Khedive Café. I have arranged for you hookahs."

"How many people want hookahs and how many would rather try the Khedive?"

Dotty Tottenham said, "Boots, I think it's all arranged—"

"So how far to these hookahs?" asked Boots as they got back into the two cars. Not at all far up the shore road they got out, and Aziz walked them into a terraced, outdoor establishment. They were introduced to the problematic hookah, a fat glass bottle Ilka remembered from a child's picture book about the fat thief of Baghdad. Aziz, the friend, and the friend who owned the establishment went from guest to guest, showed them how to inhale and exhale, and ran and untied those who got themselves entangled in the incoming and outgoing tubes. A lot of good-natured laughter turned into discouragement, which turned into boredom. How about the Khedive?

They got back into the cars and drove up and up and up, and there was the view, but the Khedive Café was in darkness.

Boots said, "But I need to pee! Too much ouzo and— Aziz, what was that other drink supposed to be called?" But Aziz and his friend were arguing with a person—a man—whom they had roused and who stood blocking the entrance to the café with his body. "What the hell, I'm going to pee!" said Boots, and "So am I," said Marcel. "So am I," said everybody, and that, Ilka told William, was the high point of the night—a communal peeing in the warm Turkish darkness, with the Bosporus way, way below, and the spectacular arrow straightness of the great bridge that connects Asia with Europe!

Some of the party were ready to return to the boat. Ilka, scheduled to disembark before breakfast, hadn't packed, but Boots wanted one more drink. Aziz and the friend consulted. They knew an all-night place. "There is where is the best singer of my country's music."

"Not too far is it, Aziz?" said Boots. "Where the hell are they taking us? I hope he knows where he's going. Aziz, sweetie, why are you taking us out into the boondocks? Where the hell are we?"

It was a barn of a restaurant, and they were the only patrons. The table was not big enough, so Aziz and his friend sat at another table with the owner. The lone singer on the wooden platform accompanied himself with a steady, driving beat on a curious stringed instrument. Herb sat beside Ilka, and Ilka said, "If he were American he'd be tossing his hips and showing his glottis, and yet this one gets in the same amount of sex standing ramrod straight and sliding his tones like diphthongs."

Boots said, "What's wrong with tossing your hips?"

"I didn't say there was anything wrong."

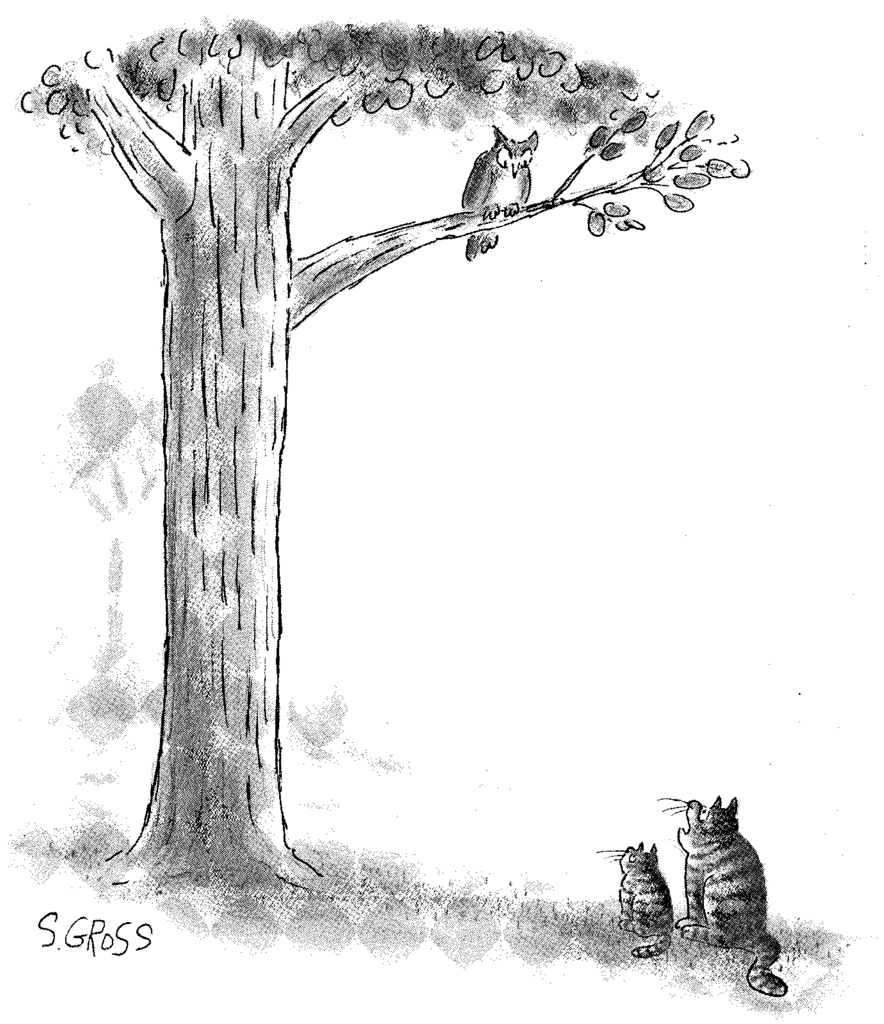
"I didn't say you did," said Boots, "but yougotchawatchout for these outlanders that are forever putting America down."

"I wasn't putting it down," lied Ilka. "I meant that some cultures do things one way and some another, which is really interesting."

"That's right!" Boots held out her glass and said, "Gimme one more whatchucallit. Like some women flash their ankles, and some women flash their smarts."

Ilka reddened and said, "That's true! You're right! That's just what I do! That's very clever of you!" She looked at Boots with surprised admiration.

Boots said, "Gotchawatchout for these



"Owing to an impetuous act of your Great-Great-Aunt Pumpkin's, we now have owls in the family."

• •

outlanders and their vocabulary walking off with people's husbands."

Ilka blinked and looked again. She was staring down the sheer abysses of Boots' pale-blue eyes, which had no bottom, and no surface from which Ilka could have caught the rebound of something as distinct as hatred.

Ilka sat in the car, silent, her throat blocked, while the well-bred and good-natured Dotty Tottenham persevered in worrying about her lawn, which she had left in the care of a friend's son, home for the hols. Ilka was subliminally grateful for the warmth of Herbert's thigh alongside her own. In her imagination Ilka was explaining herself to Boots: "You're accusing me of something I accused myself of. Is it fair to use against me ammunition that I myself gave to you? And what does it do for you to squeeze me into the narrowest idea about me?" Ilka longed for William. Ilka wanted to ask him, "What did she mean, 'outlander'?" because Ilka refused to understand that Boots had meant what Boots had meant.

THE Ithaca lay asleep in the cradling water. The little foyer, empty except for their yawning, drunken selves, looked seedy. Had the light in here always been so brown? The marbleized linoleum was all worn in front of the purser's desk and in front of the triangular corner counter.

Boots said, "I'm dead. Aziz, that was a really great, great, great evening. You're an ab-so-lute love! Listen, what do we owe you?"

The stout friend was gone. Aziz drew up his slender young person, threw his head back, and laid his hand upon his heart. "You are my guests, the guests of Istanbul and my country."

"Don't be silly," said Boots. "I don't know what you make, but I can just about imagine it's not enough to take eight people out to dinner, and God knows how much those cars and hookahs and those roses set you back. You'd make life a lot easier for everybody if you'd tell us, and we'll divvy it up between us and go to bed. Otherwise we're going to stand here till we figure it out, which is going to be a real pain."

Aziz kept shaking his head. He laid a hand across his eyes.

Boots said, "I've got my pen. Anybody got a piece of paper?" She and Tom Tottenham leaned their heads over the purser's desk and started in, adding up the dishes in the restaurant on the water, plus one bottle of ouzo. "Aziz, did we drink two or three bottles of that other thing?"

But Aziz had put his forehead on the counter with the postcards and the toothpaste and covered his ears.

Herbert had insisted on getting up to say goodbye. Ilka was glad it was so early that she would not be likely to see Boots again, but here was Boots, with her morning face and chenille bathrobe. Boots embraced Ilka, and Ilka embraced Boots. They exchanged addresses. Ilka looked back from the little launch chugging through the sheer, white dawn and waved to Boots and Herbert waving from the ship's railing.

William had said, "Let's not have confusion. I'll come to the airport. You sit in the arrival area."

The area was under reconstruction. A temporary screen cut off Ilka's view of everything but the approaching feet. The variety of women's shoes and ankles was an entertainment, but Ilka learned that she wasn't sure she knew William's shoes in a crowd. Did William wear cuffs on his trousers? Ilka could tell that those gray ones weren't William: William would not be sauntering to meet Ilka. And he was too heavy for the bounce of those flannels; that was a young man. The navy pants were running, and William did not run. That pair of good brown shoes, not new, driving at a steady forward pace toward Ilka—it was William.

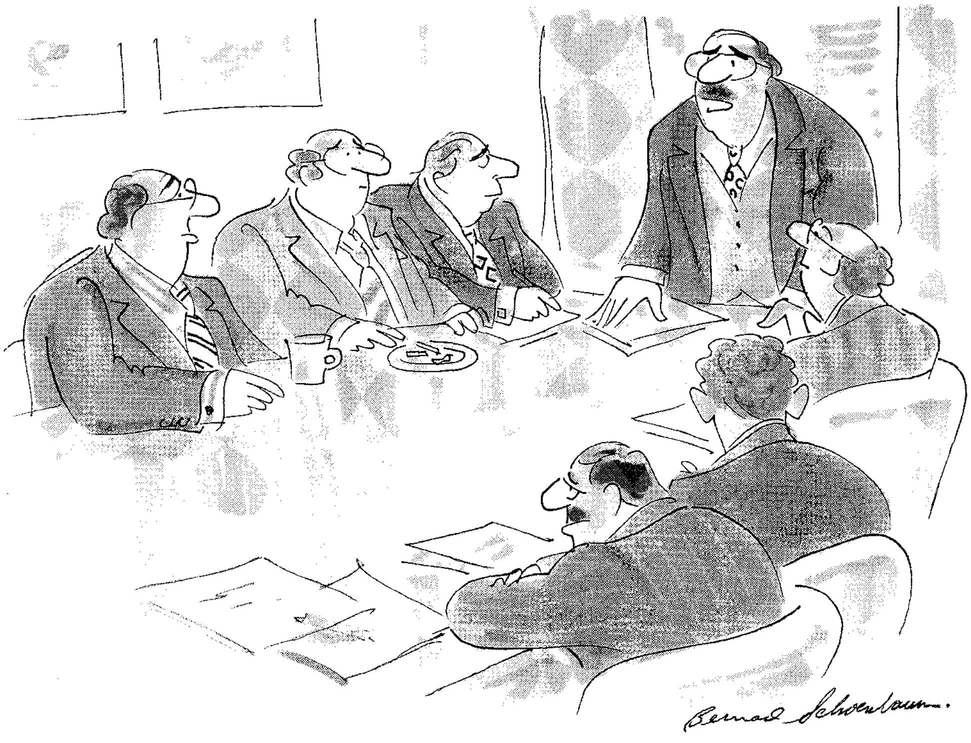
—Lore Segal

LETTER FROM BERLIN

A FEW weeks ago, I ran into my daughter's friend Tilo, who is a cool, competent, and ambitious young man from Frankfurt with a degree in economics, five or six languages in his head, and a jet-age *Wandervogel* intimacy with the scene on several continents. Tilo has a good measure of impatience with the million and a half people in the East of what is now his capital. He used to like Berlin better when it had a wall, and the closest you got to Mitteleuropa was the poetry readings at the Schlesisches Tor subway station. Berlin was the place his friends went to beat the draft and collect subsidies, like allowance, and check out the Kreuzberg clubs and try on selves, like funny clothes from one of the Berlin "alternative" stores—the place where they were not accountable for their identity or their adventures. The Wall protected them. The press called Berlin an island, and the politicians called Berlin a fortress, but to Tilo and his friends Berlin was a party. It had nothing to do with serious grownup life or with serious grownup work or with serious grownup commitments. It was where reality stopped. Reality was what their parents practiced in the Bundesrepublik, two or three hundred miles away, leading lives that were orderly, practical, and prosperous.

To the bourgeois boys and girls in West Berlin, Marx was a radical born in 1968, in time for the student protests, and had more to do with hating the war in Vietnam and getting the curriculum changed at the Free University than with the invisible, anonymous, unhappy people across the Wall in the German Democratic Republic. Poverty had more to do with Turks and *Schlüsselkinder* making house squats in abandoned Kreuzberg clothes factories than with those mysterious "other" Berliners who lived across the Spree from Kreuzberg, in the projects of Marzahn and Hellersdorf—in apartment blocks for a hundred and fifty thousand people. Ecology had more to do with yin and yang and macrobiotic rock clubs and saving rain forests in the Mato Grosso than with the pollution that is still so thick it literally clogs your lungs when you drive a couple of miles out of town past Potsdam. Tilo says he probably thought more about the Wall and the Cold War at his university, in Mannheim, than his Berlin friends ever thought about them—though some of those friends had a big commune on Köpenicker Strasse, and could see the Wall, and the buildings behind it, from their living-room window. His friends had no interest in crossing Checkpoint Charlie—it meant having to trade in twenty-five good West German marks for twenty-five worthless marks from the G.D.R., and it meant a hassle at the checkpoint, and it meant drinking warm beer and listening to terrible East Bloc rock while they sized up girls who turned out to have fake jeans and unshaved armpits—but Tilo crossed a couple of times. He figured that someone curious enough about the world to have hitchhiked from Bombay to Shanghai and camped in the outback in Australia and followed the Big Wave to Costa Rica could take the time for Charlie, though it was more of a duty than an adventure.

Tilo crossed, of course, when the Wall came down, two years ago. Every student in West Germany seems to have crossed on November 9, 1989, because for a couple of weeks after that East Berlin was right in the West Berlin style, a piece of street theatre, with Mstislav Rostropovich sitting on top of what was left of the Wall playing Bach on his cello while hustlers from twenty or thirty countries chipped away at the bottom, taking the best parts—the bright, graffiti parts—and gluing pins on them and selling them to the incredulous East Berliners as jewelry. It was an instructive couple of weeks for everyone, though not many Germans seemed to remember that November 9th was the fifty-first anniversary of Kristallnacht. The young West German writer Wiglaf Droste, who lives in Berlin and is an astute observer of the scene here, says that the first night was sentimental and cathartic but after that there was "no dignity at all." What shocked him most was the bananas. People in West Berlin had read about there being no fruit in the state grocery stores of East Berlin, and they arrived at the Wall with big bunches of bananas—and Wiglaf still doesn't know if it was the arrogance of the West Berliners throwing bananas at the East Berliners that shocked him, or the abjectness of the East Berliners catching the bananas, or both. He agrees with Tilo that the only people who behaved correctly were the Turkish *Gastarbeiter* from West Berlin, who saw the situation for what it was and bought bananas and sold them in East Berlin at a profit. Tilo



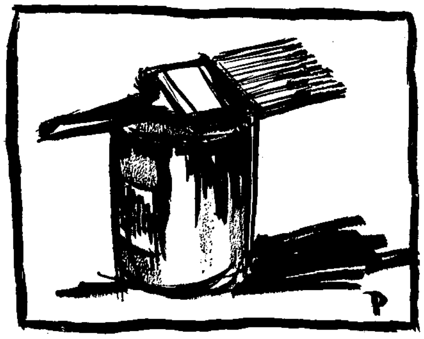
"Then it's agreed. We walk out of here with our hands up."

says now that if you had thought about it at all you could have predicted the whole complicated and disquieting exchange that eventually produced one Berlin, and one Germany, from those first little exchanges of fruit at the Berlin Wall.

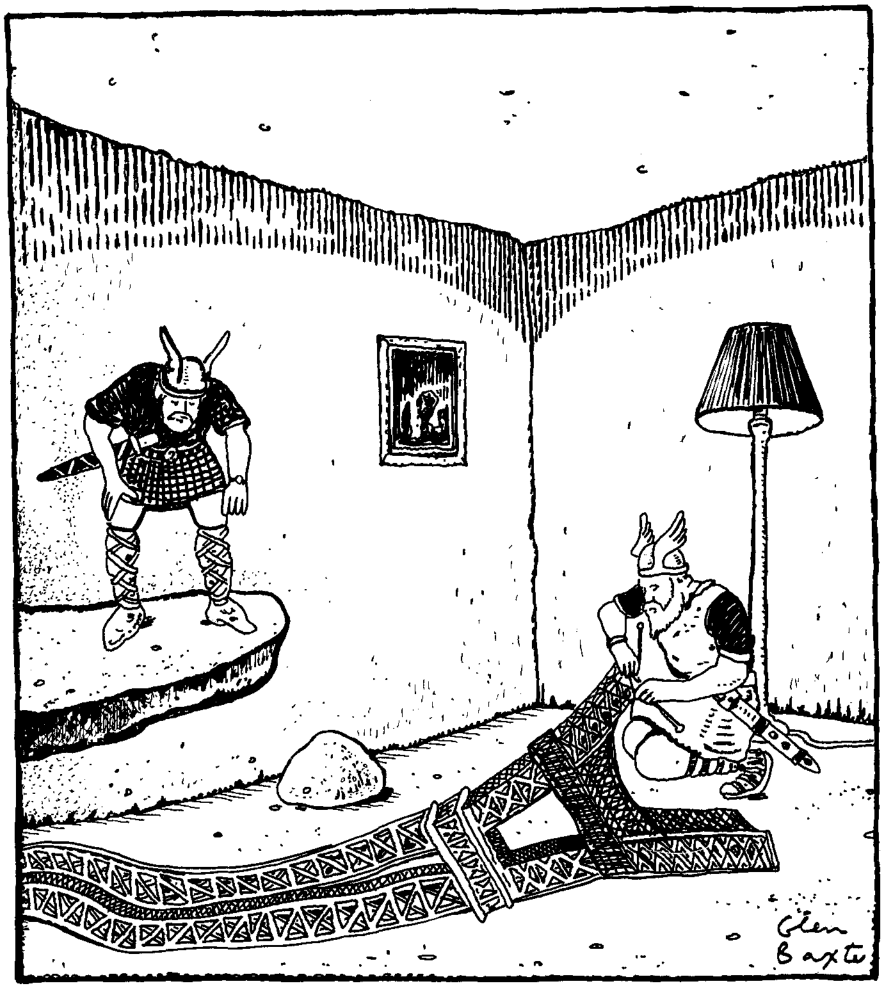
THERE are many versions of what Berliners sometimes call "the process of unification" (if they are on the left, and think that "Germany" properly began with the fall of the Reich, in 1945) and sometimes "the process of reunification" (if they are on the right, and think that "Germany" was something merely interrupted by Hitler). The political version dates it, formally, from Helmut Kohl's announcement of a ten-point "unity plan" in November of 1989. The popular version dates it, sentimentally, from the day that summer when demonstrators here stopped chanting "We are the People," and started chanting "We are one people." (It was actually Leipzig demonstrators who did it first.) But the fact is that Berliners were not one people then and may even be less one people now. They still refer to the city by its old halves, as East Berlin and West Berlin, or, more politely, east Berlin and west Berlin—it is their way of saying who they are and what they are and, maybe more important, how capable they are, or are not, and what other people can expect of them. For West Berliners it is a matter of vanity, entitlement, and status. For East Berliners it is more often a matter of apology—for the wrong clothes, the wrong jobs, the wrong taste, the wrong accents. (The German in East Berlin is so thick it amounts to a dialect.) Sometimes it is a matter of resentment, too, and has to do with a kind of bitter purity where lack of money or competence or confidence or sophistication is concerned.

In Dresden or Leipzig—in the other big cities of the "Germany" that Germans who want to be politically correct call, neutrally and cautiously, the *fünf neue Bundesländer*, or five new states—the galling differences between East and West are less apparent, for the simple reason that the West is somewhere else. Wiglaf, who has been giving readings in the East, says that the people he meets outside Berlin are pretty relaxed now, and are even getting confident. Westerners who work in the East (they used to be called Bundis, because they came from the Bundesrepublik, but now people call them Wessis) have to get along with the Easterners (people call them Ossis). It doesn't matter if they are in the East because of greed or commitment or because they are racking up duty points in the bureaucracy—they do better if they get along. But in Berlin, where the only official difference anymore between East and West has to do with turning right on a red light, there is no way to avoid the contrast, and maybe even to avoid identifying with the contrast.

The only neutral place in Berlin is the no man's land where the Wall once stood. It is a bicycle path now, occasionally invaded for drag races by the young West Berliners who crash around town on their Harley-Davidsons and call themselves Rubis, which they say is American for "rich urban bikers," but generally empty of "East" and "West" in everything except the sinister-looking curved gray lampposts of the East bowing across the path to the bright, upright lampposts of the West in a gesture that was never intended when the East German *Grenzkommando* installed them. But the land around the path is being contested, not so much as real estate but as symbolic space. A lot of Berliners believe the new Germany is going to take its purpose and its moral tone from the purpose and tone of the reconstruction of what in the gruesome glory days of the Third Reich used to be the center of the capital. There are people who want to open the Reichstag for the Bundestag, which is the West German parliament, and others who say no, because for them the Reichstag is associated with Hitler. But the truth is that Hitler hated the Reichstag, and never spoke there before it burned. The great Social Democratic speeches of Weimar Germany were Reichstag speeches, and the building that chills the tourists now is not Hitler's, anyway, but Kaiser Wilhelm's, restored by Bonn in 1970.



Almost everything in the new Berlin is being contested, from the tenancy of the Reichstag to the choice of the eagle restored to Gottfried Schadow's Quadriga on top of the Brandenburg Gate—some people thought it would have been a lot more seemly to use the peaceful perched eagle that Schadow put there in 1793 rather than the martial eagle and iron cross that replaced it after the Prussian victory over Napoleon in 1814—and the enormous corporate complex that Daimler-Benz is planning for the Potsdamer Platz. Two years ago, the Potsdamer Platz was literally up against the wall. It was the East of the West, as far as you could go in West Berlin, and the result was that no one did go—certainly not the people from Daimler-Benz. The famous Mercedes logo that turned above West Berlin turned, appropriately, above the pricey commerce of the Kurfürstendamm, like a rotating corporate steeple or, as the kids in Berlin called it, Mammon. But a few months before the Wall came down, Edzard Reuter, the head of Daimler-Benz, started negotiating for fifteen acres of rubble on what had once been the busiest square in the capital, and eventually bought it from the government of West Berlin—the Senat—for ninety-three million marks, which is about fifty-five million dollars, and anywhere from a third to a seventh of what real-estate people figured was its market value. The Senat, which had always had trouble keeping corporations in West Berlin after the Wall went up, called Reuter's interest in the Platz a sign of his great faith in the divided city, and in the future of the city, and made much of the fact that Ernst Reuter, the first mayor of West Berlin, was Edzard's father. By then, of course, anyone with friends in Bonn knew for a fact that West Germany was buying East Germany from the Russians—sixteen million East German citizens for thirty-four billion Deutsche marks was the first deal struck, with Gorbachev talking Kohl into an extra seven billion at the last minute—and that Daimler-Benz was getting in early, and getting a bargain on what would soon be some of the most valuable property in the country. A lot of people thought it looked bad for Germany, and maybe *was* bad, that a large chunk of the historic center of Berlin was going to be turned into a monument to capital instead of into a place where ordinary people lived and worked and went to cafés and did their marketing and kept their shops, and did whatever Berliners, who have never known Berlin as a "normal" city and are quite sentimental in their images of old Berlin, think ordinary people in a normal city do.



EDNA REMAINED STEADFASTLY IMPERVIOUS TO SVEN'S LATEST ARTISTIC ENDEAVORS.

• •

Right now, the Potsdamer Platz looks like a large back yard that no one has bothered to tend for fifty years. The Allies bombed it continuously from 1943 to 1945, and the rubble is overgrown with weeds and scrub and crabgrass, and the grass has got so long it bends in the wind, like beach grass. But it was once a hub, and the people who used to avoid it have started using it again, if they are on foot and in a hurry, because it makes such a good diagonal shortcut from the Tiergarten to East Berlin, and maybe because, being so bleak still, it makes an interesting kind of transition between the two Berlins—a liminal space where the soul of the city seems indeed suspended.

The Potsdamer Platz is so big, and so conspicuously bombed out, that it is an easy symbol, but in a way all Berlin is a symbol. It wears its history like scars. Margarethe von Trotta, the filmmaker, once said that Berlin drew her because of those scars, that to her the city was more honestly and painfully and appropriately "German" than any of the comfortable, covert cities of the Bundesrepublik. A few of the scars are, literally, too shaming to acknowledge. Very few Berliners will tell you which of the overgrown lots in the middle of town, near the Potsdamer Platz, is the site of Hitler's bunker—or, rather, each Berliner you ask will assure you it's not the lot the last one said it was. (The bunker was in fact under the Chancellery, on Wilhelmstrasse.) For years in Germany, the Second World War was a bland page, if not a blank page, in the history books. In West Germany, it was the time when all the fathers and brothers went to a terrible place called the Russian front and fought Communists, and if the silence about Nazism drove some people mad—troubled children of the war, like Ulrike Meinhof—that silence was somehow considered indispensable to what Germans called "the recovery," and was only slowly challenged, and by the time it *was* challenged "recovery" in Germany had become entirely an economic, and not a moral, word.

In East Germany, the silence never lifted. East Germans grew up to an official history that described Nazism as a capitalists' adventure, something that the "other side" invented, the other side being the people across the border in the Bundesrepublik. They inherited a topsy-turvy war in which East Germans were the liberators and West Germans—and, by extension, the West itself—were the Fascists. To the extent that East Germans believed this about their country, the regime claimed what shallow legitimacy it had. To the extent that East Germans believed it about themselves, they lost their bearings in history, and claimed, at most, a kind of unremembered collective memory that the state persuaded them was theirs. It is a habit they still have trouble shaking.

The West Germans are spending hundreds of billions of dollars a year on East Germany, counting on the fact that another economic miracle will mean "recovery" for a people whose habits of authority, intimidation, and self-deception were so ingrained, and so accepted, that when the Wall fell more than a million of them were paid informers for the Stasi, which was the East German secret police. The East Germans, for their part, are adjusting memory to accommodate the change. Somebody has opened an amusement park on the old Marx-Engels-Platz—it is now the Karl-Liebknecht-Platz—in front of the Volkskammer, where the Communists had their parliament,

What Are The Long-term Effects Of Instant Gratification?

IRONICALLY, human nature is often the greatest deterrent to making an intelligent decision.

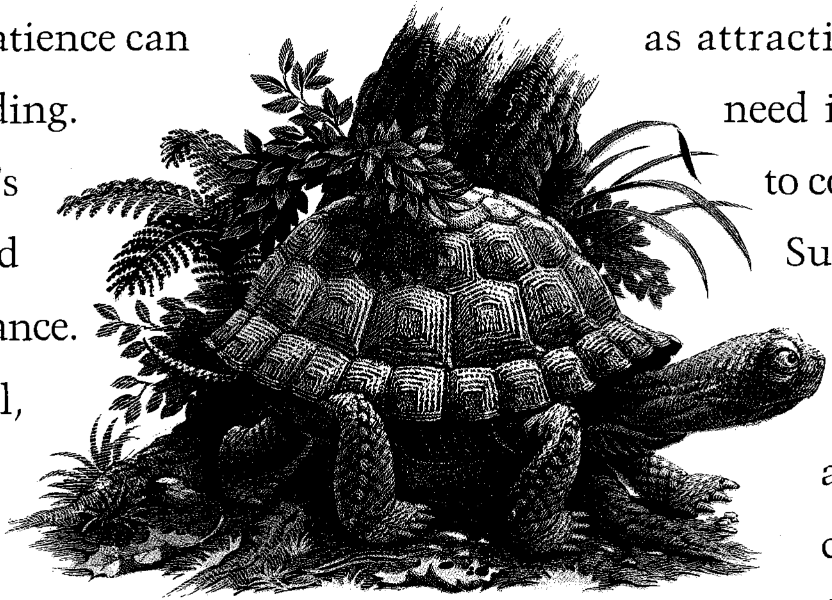
But who can blame us? We're only human. And living for today has its rewards.

Except in the area of investing. Where a certain discipline, understanding and patience can be quite rewarding.

Take Aesop's famous hare and tortoise for instance. As you recall, it was the impatient hare who looked so promising at first. Yet, it was the dogged determination and single-mindedness of the tortoise that triumphed in the end.

One can easily make the same observation about an investment. At first glance, it may appear to be quite attractive. But will it be as attractive when you need it in the years to come?

Such a question can muddle the mind and haunt one during peaceful moments.



When racing the elusive hare, the tortoise never lost sight of his goal.

But perhaps we can provide a word or two of optimism.

You see, with nearly one hundred years experience behind us, we know a little something about investing.

And we'll be the first to tell you, there are no shortcuts. Only pitfalls to avoid.

To succeed, it takes hard work, diligence, and a kind of wisdom that can only come from years of experience.

Our experience is with municipal bonds.

In fact, each and every year we review billions of dollars worth of bonds. And only after a painstaking process of research do we finally invest in a select few (including some of those municipal bonds that other investment companies have overlooked).

All of which are tax-free.* Which means you keep more of the money you earn. (Something that adds up quite nicely over the years.)

So if you're thinking about making an investment, we suggest you resist the temptation to do anything instantly.

Other than ask your financial adviser or personal banker about Nuveen tax-free investments (for current and future income).

Or you can call us toll-free at 1-800-524-6500 for a free booklet.

In the end, you may find the long term effects most gratifying.

For more complete information on Nuveen tax-free open end mutual funds or unit trusts including charges and expenses, call for a prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

**Income may be subject to state and local taxes. Capital gains, if any, will be subject to capital gains tax.*

NUVEEN

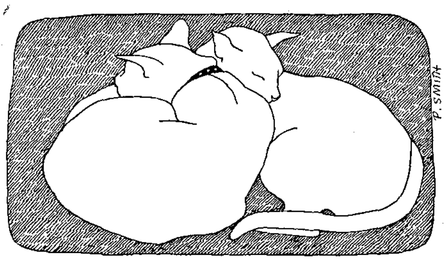
Specialists In Tax-free Investments Since 1898.

and the Ferris wheel nicely blocks the entrance—and, in fact, blocks the Volkskammer itself—from people walking down Unter den Linden toward it. Somebody else has gone to the suburb of Wandlitz and turned the walled forest where Erich Honecker and his Politbüro had villas into a stress clinic for the state of Brandenburg. The Kalashnikovs are gone from the gun emplacements in the forest wall, and the security gates are open now. If you drive north from East Berlin and follow the six-lane highway that is pointedly heading nowhere, you will eventually get to Wandlitz, and if you ask for Honecker's house, as Tilo and I did one afternoon, the locals will point vaguely to the left or the right and say, "You can't miss it." But in reality the compound is as secret now as it was when the Party bosses hid there and called it home, and the only reference to the old regime is a handmade wooden plaque, inside the main gate, that the clinic put there and that says "We are here for healing, not privilege." The only people who talk about the old Prime Minister are the patients, who live in the Politbüro villas and wander around the grounds, with their volleyballs and badminton racquets, in a pleasant Valium daze, and will point the way down a forest path to Honecker's drab brown house—as if Honecker were another spacey patient, but one who happened to precede them.

The theory, of course, is that East Berlin will somehow return to "normal" if the remnants of the old regime are put to "normal" use, and the fact is that the shortage of buildings in East Berlin seems to demand it. There is a big glass convention center—the Lichtenberger Congress Center—in the "reception hall" at Stasi headquarters, and across the courtyard, where political prisoners were brought for interrogation, is an office with a sign on the door saying "Victims of Stalinism." The Russian Cultural Center, on Friedrichstrasse, makes its money showing Terence Hill Westerns and selling Cokes and Ninja Turtles, and the Communist ministries in the enormous building that Göring built for his Luftwaffe have been redecorated for the Treuhandanstalt, the federal holding company that is trying to sell off East Germany's state industries. But all this is really camouflage, because in the end the problem is not Berlin or how many Berlin streets change their names but the fact that in making Berlin the capital of a new Germany, Germans have collapsed their two very different and elaborate memories of "Germany" in the city where those memories were purchased—and now no one seems to know which memory is real, or what "being German" is supposed to mean, or what Germany should look like or act like or build like when it builds its capital, if it tries to dismiss the last forty or fifty or sixty years.

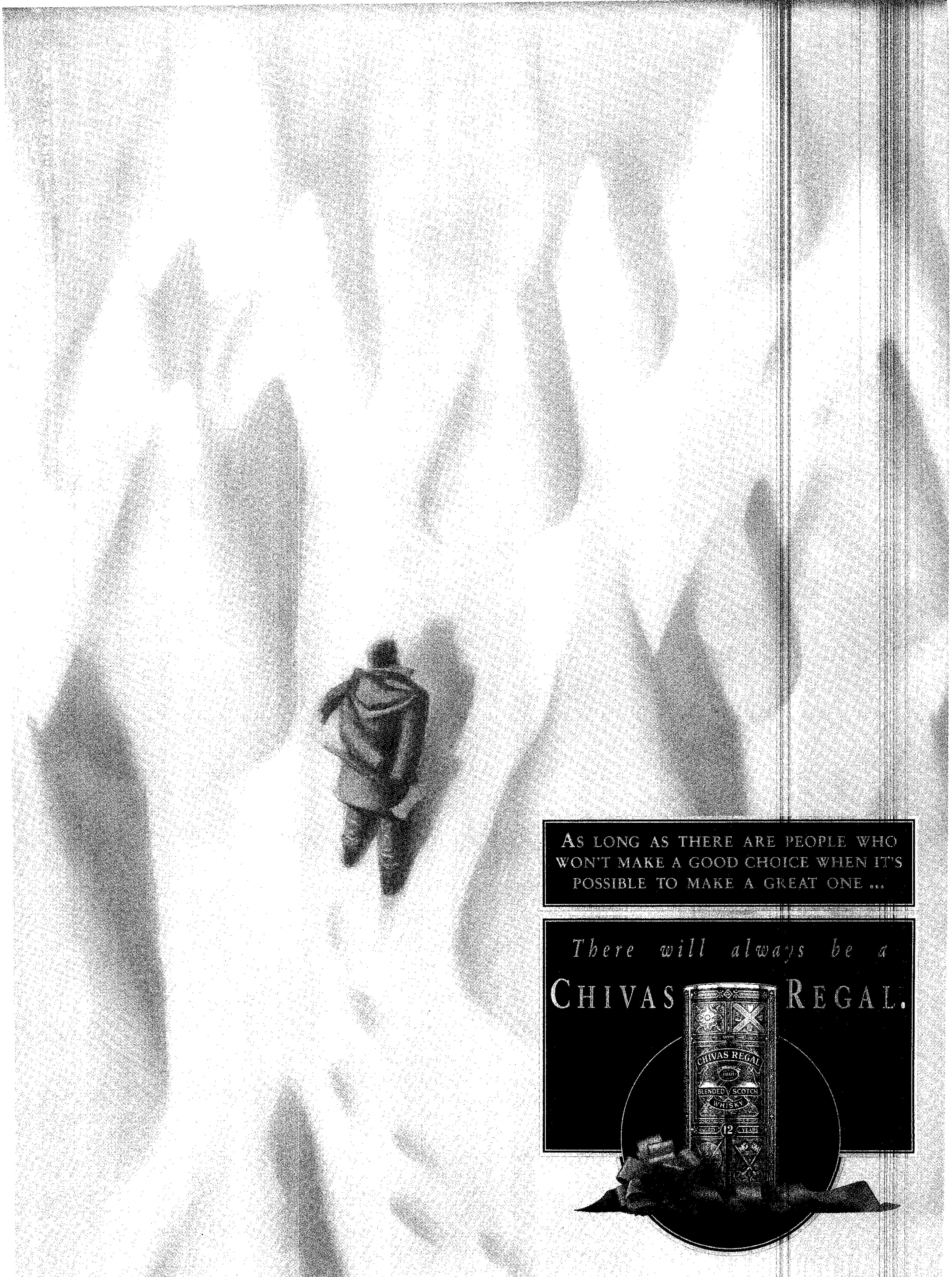
LEGALLY, Berlin was always the capital. Bonn was a provisional arrangement, because the West German constitution was a provisional constitution, a piece of enabling legislation at the discretion of what until last year were the occupying armies of France, Britain, and the United States, and had been drafted so that West Germany could go about its business as a country without precisely being one. The constitution named Bonn to represent this provisional country called West Germany until it could join the other provisional country called East Germany and become "Germany" again, with—it was understood—Berlin again the seat of government. That, at least, is what the West said. East Germany did not. The Russians let East Germany declare itself a real country in 1949—although, with half a million Soviet troops installed in its five *Länder*, East Germany accepted another form of occupation—and it followed that, for the East, West Germany was a real country, too. The rhetoric of partition was complicated and exacting—East German Communists were careful never to refer to West Berlin as "West Berlin" but always as Westberlin, as if it were a new city and had nothing to do with the real Berlin or with who owned it or whose capital it was—but what it came down to was that East Germany's interest lay in recognizing West Germany whether or not West Germany wanted to be recognized.

West Germany certainly never recognized East Germany, though for forty years the two did a great deal of business. The West Germans sent "mission chiefs" to East Berlin but never "ambassadors," and the Allies, who had to send ambassadors if they wanted embassies in East Berlin, and diplomatic status, called those embassies "embassies *to* the German Democratic Republic," and never "embassies *in* the German Democratic Republic." This, of course, had nothing to do with the realities of political or economic life in the East or the West, and it didn't keep either of the Germanys from sending missions to the United Nations, or from joining NATO or the Warsaw Pact, or, for that matter, the Common Market or Comecon. In the end, the rhetoric of German unity was mainly the stuff of West German campaign speeches, because the idea of keeping the size and shape and status of "Germany" open was a convenient Cold War notion and a convenient political notion. The irony is that it lasted long after anyone on either side believed in a united—or reunited—Germany.



The politicians in the West got used to Bonn. They grumbled at first, but eventually most of them decided that the boring town Konrad Adenauer had chosen for the capital—mainly because he had a house near Bonn, and liked to water his roses in the afternoon, and, being Catholic and usually outnumbered by Protestants in West Germany, he appreciated the fact that in Bonn the Catholics outnumbered the Protestants—had its uses. The deadly rectitude of the place was not the least of those uses; no one else wanted to be in Bonn, especially not the reporters who had to cover it, and for a long time this left the politicians and the tenured *Beamten* of the bureaucracy remarkably unscrutinized.

There were (and still are) forty-five thousand people in Bonn involved one way or another in running Germany, and for them the city was a captain's paradise. Deputies and ministers and important bureaucrats who kept their wives and families at home in Düsseldorf or Stuttgart—it is a mark of status in Bonn to commute—bought pretty villas in the suburbs and installed their girlfriends and hired cooks and decorators and learned to enjoy the arrangement, proving that the highest form of decadence in Germany is a secret *bürgerlich* life. They put


As long as there are people who won't make a good choice when it's possible to make a great one ...
There will always be a
Chivas Regal.
Chivas Regal
1801
Blended Scotch Whisky
Aged 12 Years

FAÇONNABLE
'La Montre'
Watch for Men
1,400.00

EXCLUSIVELY AT
nordstrom
AT SELECTED STORES
1-800-695-8000

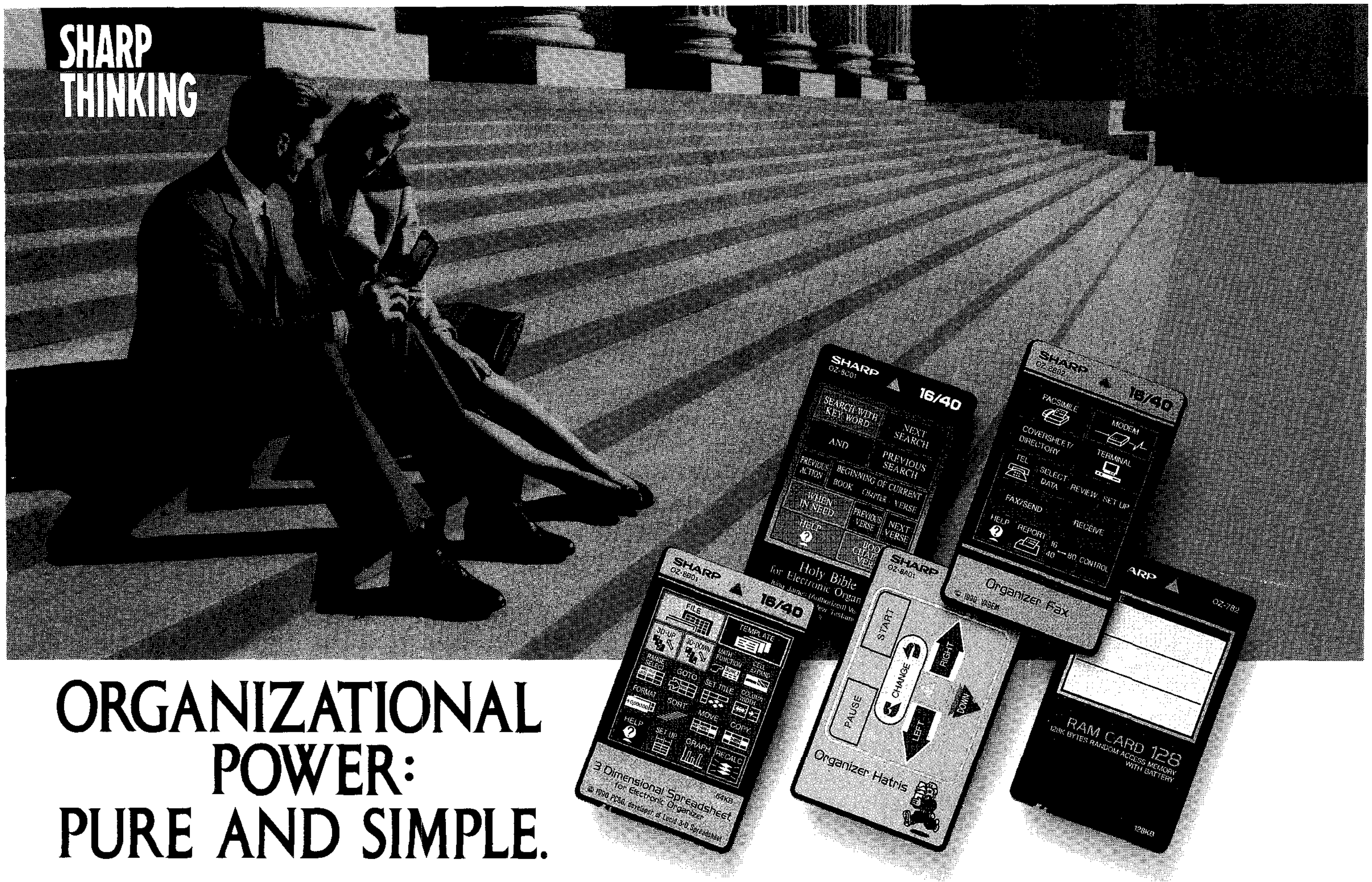
their money in property, and paid prices that they could never recover if the capital moved—which is one reason so many of them voted against moving it.

Two years ago, it was hard for any politician in West *or* East Germany to imagine that Bonn would not go on, provisionally, forever. Erich Honecker said that the Wall would be here in a hundred years, and Helmut Kohl, who dreamed publicly and profitably about reclaiming Berlin for "democracy," razed more than a hundred beautiful old Bonn houses to expand the capital he had. When the Wall came down, and in the public mind—for reasons no one has really explained completely—the eventuality of a democratic East Germany became the inevitability of *one* Germany, a lot of people had forgotten that Bonn was not, legally, anybody's capital. No one anticipated the argument between the Bonn partisans and the Berlin partisans which started then—any more than anyone anticipated that three hundred thousand East Germans would move west into the Bundesrepublik in a matter of a few weeks, and make the promise of a quick unification the only way to keep the rest of them home.

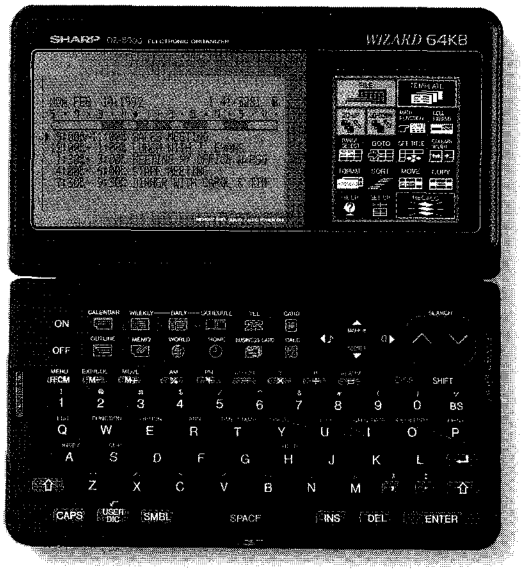
The fact that Berlin was the de-facto capital of the new Germany was in most ways beside the point of the argument; constitutions, and certainly provisional constitutions, change. The argument was about politics, and about money, but mainly it was about the ambition and the direction of the country. It had to do with whether Germany was going to be an "East-looking" country or a "West-looking" country. It was a way of talking about nationalism, and about what the connection was between German nationalism and the old capital of German nationalism, and about how long a salubrious German "Europeanism" would survive if Bonn was abandoned for a city whose history and "instinct" pointed Germany eastward. It was a way of wondering whether a new Germany would be frightening again or collegial at last, and it was complicated by the fact that nobody really knew where the East ended and the West began in the German consciousness—in 1871, Berlin was actually the middle of "Germany," four hundred miles from its eastern border—or whether in Germany "East" was a matter of politics or the church or *jus sanguinis* or temperament or propaganda or culture or "destiny." All anyone knew was that Bonn stood clearly for "West"—for Europe, for the European Community, for partnership, for a kinder, gentler German, for the peaceful eagle that always votes with the other birds instead of swooping down and taking the spoils for himself. Bonn people pointed out that Berlin had been their capital for a very short time—from 1871, when Bismarck collected the various kingdoms, duchies, principalities, and Hanseatic states of "Germany" and put them under Prussian rule, to 1945, when the Reich fell—and that "not the best things in German history happened then." My friend Spiros Simitis, who teaches law at the University of Frankfurt and was a Bonn advocate, told me before I came here to remember, in the excitement of Berlin, what a critical symbolic value Bonn has had as Germany's capital, because it represented "what has been good in Germany since 1945."

EVERYONE knows the story about François Mauriac's telling a reporter that he loved Germany so much he was glad there were two of them. It was an obvious postwar tenet that a divided Germany would be a safer (for everybody else) Germany. But it was also believed—by liberals in West Germany like Professor Simitis—that West Germany would be safer if power were literally spread across the country. The Bundesrepublik was structured as a decentralized federal state. The Chancellery, the ministries, and the two houses of parliament were built in Bonn, but the West German Constitutional Court sat in Karlsruhe, the Bundesbank was in Frankfurt, the Bundeskriminalamt, which is Germany's F.B.I., was in Wiesbaden (along with the Hessen office of the Data Protection Agencies conceived by Professor Simitis to protect West Germans from the information the *Länder* collect about them), and, in fact, the Social Security office, which is the biggest bureaucracy in the country, was in West Berlin. Trains ran and planes flew and roads were built to accommodate the considerable distances between the offices of the men (and the few women) who governed and administered the country. It was not unusual for a German politician to start the day in, say, Hamburg, stop at

WIZARD®


SHARP THINKING
SHARP 16/40
Holy Bible for Electronic Organizer
Organizer Fax
3 Dimensional Spreadsheet for Electronic Organizer
Organizer Hatris
RAM CARD 128

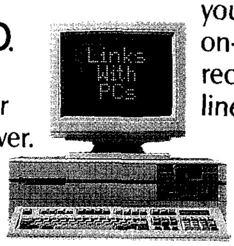
ORGANIZATIONAL POWER: PURE AND SIMPLE.


SHARP
WIZARD 64KB

The Wizard® OZ-8000 has all the power you need to stay on time, on track and in control. Eleven built-in functions and a raised typewriter keyboard make it easy to store, retrieve and sort phone numbers, important dates, your schedule, memos and more. You don't need to enter DOS commands. Just touch any function key and the Wizard displays the information you want.

EASY TO EXPAND.

Insert any optional Wizard software card for easy access to more power. The Wizard's patented touch-screen turns each card into a customized keypad. Choose from reference, business, entertainment, telecommunications and memory expansion cards that are as easy to use as the Wizard itself.


Links With PCs

EASY TO EXCHANGE DATA.

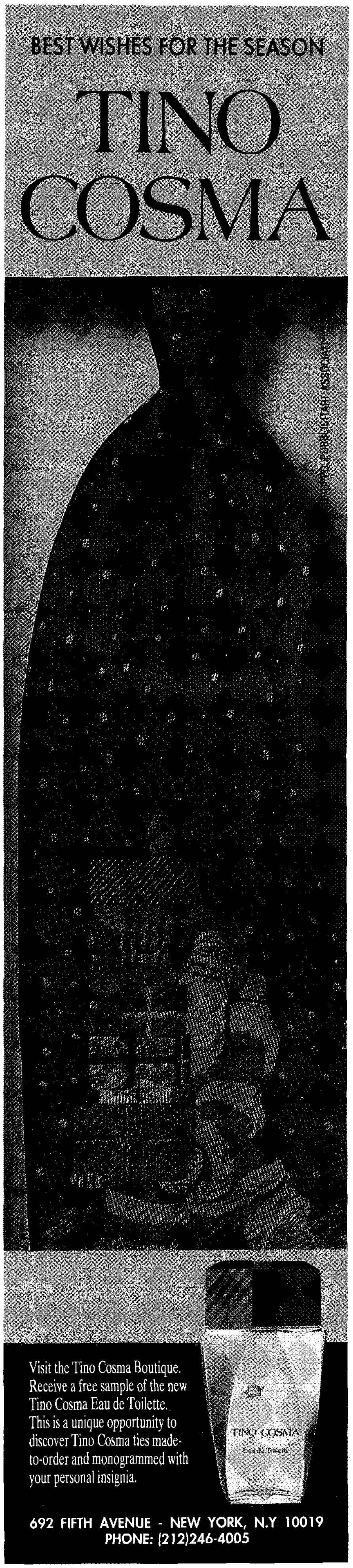
With the optional Organizer-Link and cable, you can load files from your PC into your Wizard, or download work done on your Wizard to your PC.

EASY TO COMMUNICATE.

An Organizer Fax/Modem gives you the power to send a fax directly from your Wizard. Or, connect with on-line services to send and receive data over direct phone lines and even from a cellular phone. To learn how easy it is to organize your business and personal life, call 1-800-321-8877. In Canada, call 1-416-890-2100. And ask for the dealer nearest you.

SHARP®
FROM SHARP MINDS COME SHARP PRODUCTS™

© 1991 Sharp Electronics Corporation.

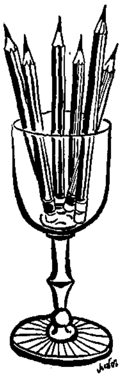

BEST WISHES FOR THE SEASON

TINO COSMA

Visit the Tino Cosma Boutique.
Receive a free sample of the new Tino Cosma Eau de Toilette.
This is a unique opportunity to discover Tino Cosma ties made-to-order and monogrammed with your personal insignia.

692 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK, N.Y 10019
PHONE: (212)246-4005

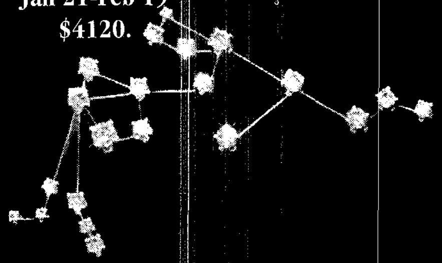
the Bundestag in Bonn, fly to a meeting in Saarbrücken, and end the afternoon in Stuttgart—and never leave the bureaucracy of the Federal Republic. Centralism meant one thing in West Germany—Germany's disastrous experience of concentrated power—and people adjusted their lives to avoid it. Liberals feared that putting authority in one place in Germany would eventually mean putting the wrong authority in one place. They felt that the democracy here was still too fragile to be exposed even to a physical concentration of offices and functions, and said that Germans could not afford the pleasure and status of a real capital, like London or Paris. Bonn was "necessary."



In 1949, of course, centralism meant nationalism—not Churchill or de Gaulle but Hitler. The gangs of skinheads and neo-Nazis and new German "Klansmen" who have been attacking immigrants and firebombing refugee shelters this fall are not necessarily Berliners. Many of them come from cities in West Germany. But the worst of the violence took place on the first anniversary of unification (which, to avoid arguments about "unification" and "reunification," was celebrated as "Unity Day"), and after six hundred attacks, and six or seven deaths, it was obvious that the rhetoric of Blood and Soil and keeping Germany "German" and free from contamination by foreigners had been revived and, liberals feared, endorsed by unification, which included the ascendancy of Berlin, with all its confusing symbolism. It is hard to separate the excitement of unification—of being "Germany" again—from the illusion of exoneration, and this is the warning that liberal Germans are trying to give.

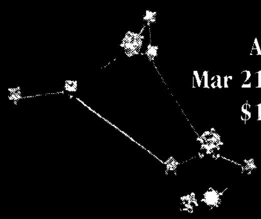
There was a lot of protest from liberals last summer when Helmut Kohl showed up at Hohenzollern family ceremonies at Sanssouci, the old imperial palace, for Frederick the Great's "homecoming." The Hohenzollerns had moved Frederick to West Germany a few years after the war—to a tomb in Burg Hechingen, near Stuttgart—and once the Communists were gone they had got permission to bring him back and bury him according to the instructions in his will, under the palace terrace. No one here seriously worries about the Hohenzollerns' taking over Germany—most Germans were surprised there were any Hohenzollerns left—but the fact that Kohl turned their ceremony into a state occasion worried many Germans, and even reminded some of them of Hitler and Hindenburg standing over Frederick's tomb in the Garrison Church in Potsdam in March of 1933, at the birth of the Third Reich. Kohl himself had lobbied harder than anybody else except, possibly, the mayor of Berlin to move the capital here—something that did not sit well with the planners and preservationists who had fought to save those hundred or so Bonn houses and had lost to Kohl's argument about needing land for a proper capital there. Kohl decided early in the Bonn-Berlin debate that Berlin was not only Germany's historic capital and its constitutional capital but its "natural" capital, and while the Bonn people argued about the burdens of cost and dislocation and relocation—the country is going to have to spend something between one and a half and two trillion Deutsche marks to absorb its five new states, and moving the capital will add billions more to the public cost—Kohl was bound to win, for the simple reason that Berlin was literally almost all East Germany had to offer, economically and psychologically, to the new Germany, and that without the government here to draw investment eastward, East Germany would very likely become a kind of German Mezzogiorno, and everybody would leave.

There are six hundred and sixty-two deputies in the Bundestag, and when they voted for a capital last June three hundred and thirty-seven of them voted for Berlin, including most of the new East German deputies. Fifteen out of sixteen deputies from the Party of Democratic Socialism, which is the new name for East Germany's old Communist Party, and which has no members outside the five new states, voted for Berlin, and their votes gave the Berlin people their majority. The Berlin people celebrated, and the price of Berlin real estate, East and West, doubled overnight—it had already doubled and in some neighborhoods tripled the day after the Wall came down—but the Bonn people said that



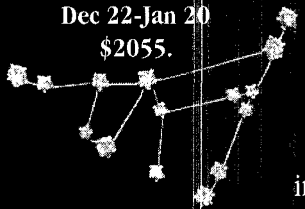
Aquarius
Jan 21-Feb 19
$4120.

Pisces
Feb 20-Mar 20
$1745.



Aries
Mar 21-April 20
$1620.

Taurus
April 21-May 21
$3320.



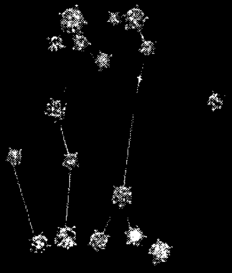
Capricorn
Dec 22-Jan 20
$2055.

A.G.A. CORREA'S

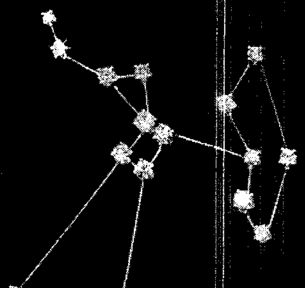
® Diamond Astrological Pins

set in 14k white gold and shown actual size

Designing diamond constellation jewelry happened in an instant. One evening I suddenly visualized the stars as diamonds. The next step was accuracy (each diamond is proportional to the magnitude of its corresponding star). This was achieved using constellation charts. The hand formed 14k white gold setting, designed to be inconspicuous and enhance the free space effect of the diamonds, is an optical illusion created by mounting the diamonds on the apex of the triangular shaped setting. This intricate and important aspect of the design provides the necessary strength to properly support the diamonds.



Gemini
May 22-June 21
$3175.

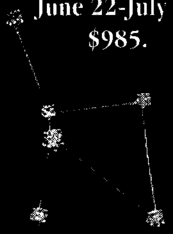


Sagittarius
Nov 23-Dec 21
$2890.

A simple idea led to an optical illusion with infinite variations, including the entire solar system. For constellations not shown or listed, please call for a design consultation.

OTHER CONSTELLATIONS AVAILABLE

Aquila	$2520.	Lyra	$2865.
Canis Major	$4270.	Orion	$8000.
Cassiopeia	$1000.	Pleiades	$1575.
A Comet	$1720.	Southern Cross	$1560.
Cygnus	$1830.	Ursa Major	$1595.
Ursa Minor	$1070.		

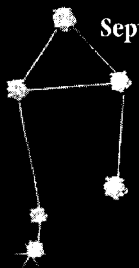


Cancer
June 22-July 23
$985.

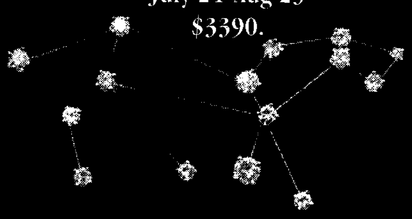
Scorpio
Oct 24-Nov 22
$2400.

Please call or write for our celestial catalogue including our handwoven Turk's Head and nautical jewelry.

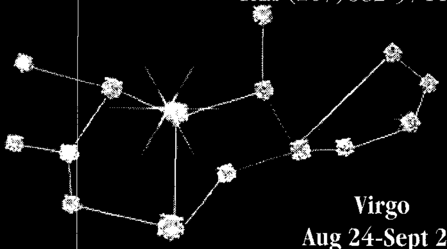
A.G.A. CORREA
PO BOX 401-NYA, Wiscasset, Maine 04578
Monday-Friday, 9AM-5PM (800)341-0788
FAX (207)882-9744



Libra
Sept 24-Oct 23
$1285.



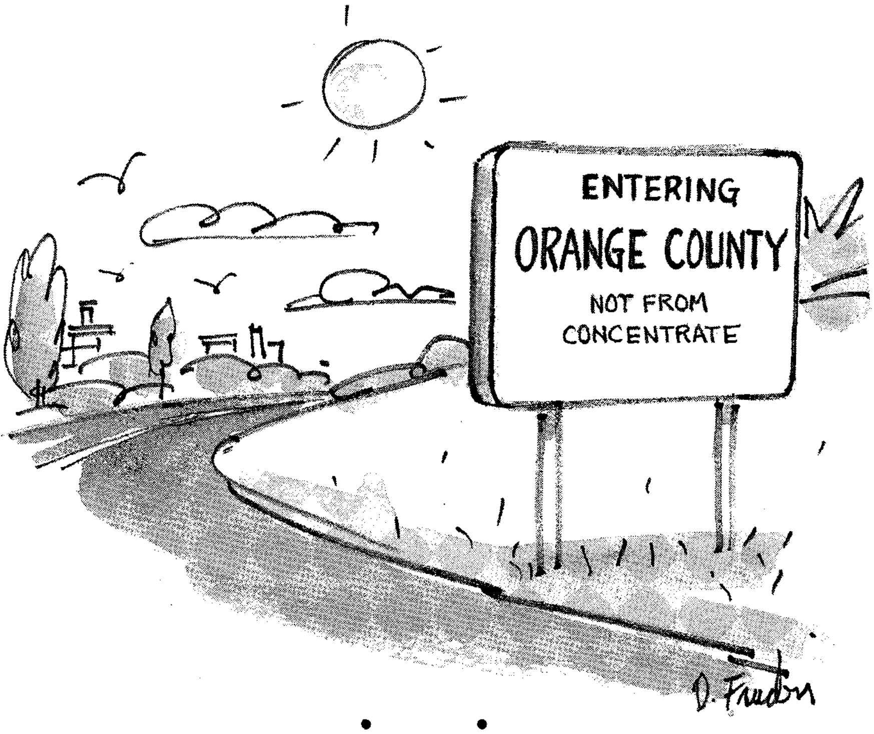
Leo
July 24-Aug 23
$3390.



Virgo
Aug 24-Sept 23
$3235.

® and AGA® are trademarks of A.G.A. Correa Company

Copyright A.G.A. Correa 1991. All Rights Reserved.

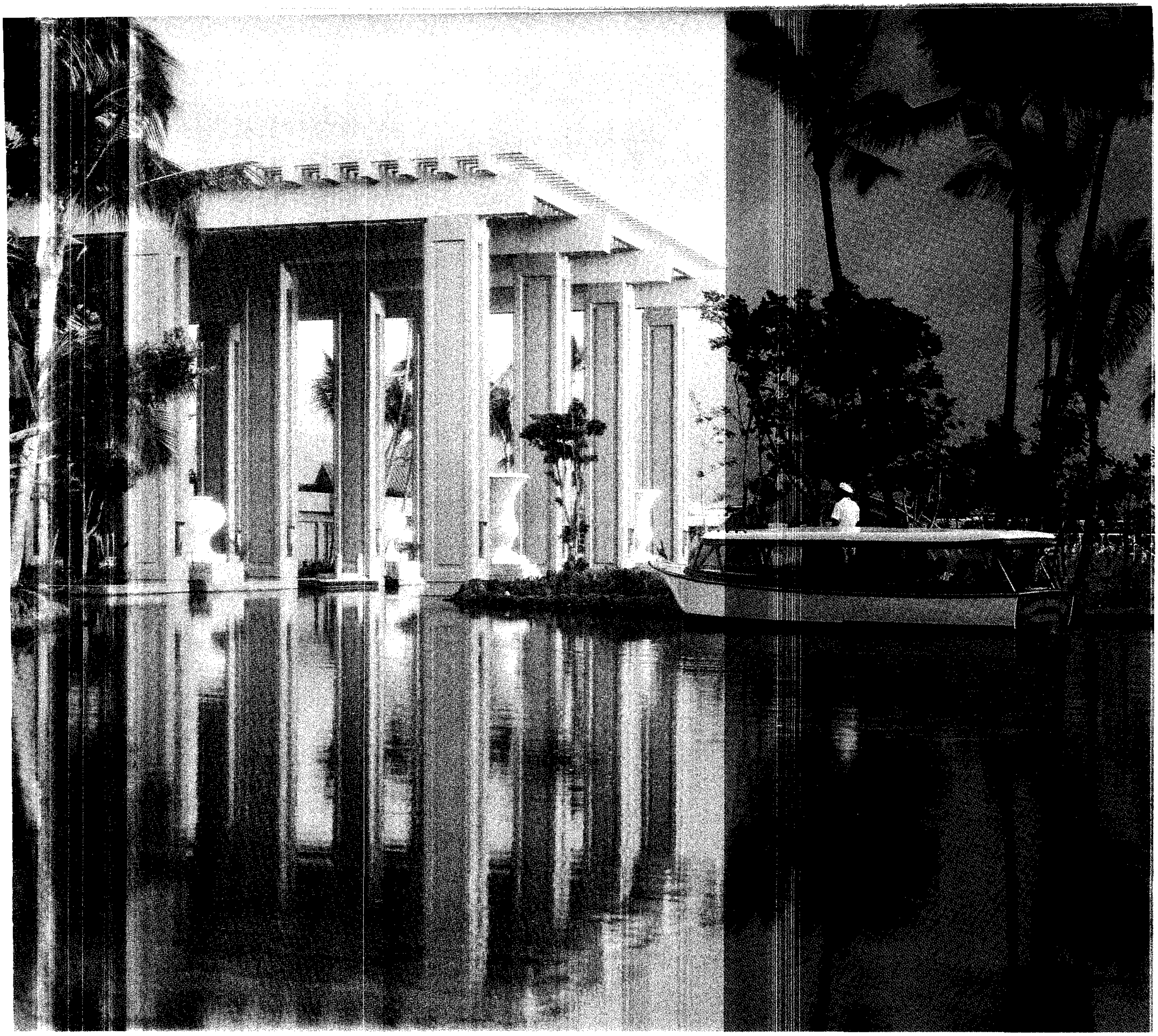


Germany had left Europe, that Germany was rebuilding its Wall on the east bank of the Rhine, and the irony was that in their last gasp of power in the new Germany the Communists had had the last word. The real irony was that there were Communists in the Bundestag at all. The Communists had turned over two billion Deutsche marks' worth of Party property and stock to the Treuhandanstalt, and by election time they were exempt from the federal election laws, which do not seat any party in the Bundestag unless that party gets over five per cent of the national vote. The Communists got to the Bundestag with less than two and a half per cent.

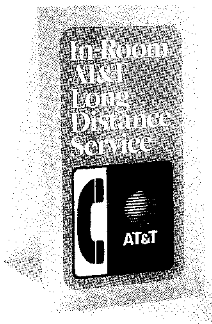
WOLF JOBST SIEDLER, the Berlin historian and publisher, likes to say that the problem in Berlin right now is all the Berliners who are *not* here—the Jews, the intellectuals, the aristocrats, the *Bürgertum*, the farmers, the plumbers. He says there are no "Berliners" anymore besides the children of a handful of old West Berlin families, like his own, who couldn't bear to leave the city, and the children of the old East Berlin workers who couldn't afford to. Siedler is the great-great-great-grandson of Gottfried Schadow, the sculptor who put the horses on the Brandenburg Gate. His family has been in Berlin for three hundred years, and in the same Grunewald house for the last hundred of those years, and as far as he is concerned Berlin has been a kind of family destiny. There are three and a half million people living in Berlin today, but the West imported its Berliners with promises of tax breaks and subsidies and extra salaries, and the East, of course, kept its Berliners with a wall, and even so, from Wolf Jobst Siedler's point of view, "Berlin is empty." Three million Berliners went West after the war, and never came back. West Berlin repopulated itself, so to speak, with the young who came for the scene, the old who came for the fat pensions, the bureaucrats who came for the salaries, and the artists and intellectuals who were cycled through Berlin with pomp and perks, and could be said to have come for the glory. East Berlin, quite simply, lost its smartest people.

Berlin was a vibrantly cosmopolitan city before Hitler. The only German city with anything like its variety—its ethnic mix and its intellectual spice and its liberal appetites—was Frankfurt. The famous *Berliner Mentalität*—the Berlin mentality—was fast, funny, sly, skeptical, worldly, and enlightened, and the people who created that mentality were long gone by the time the Communists came. A hundred and seventy thousand Jews lived in Berlin before the Nazi putsch. Berlin's Jewish bourgeoisie was like fin-de-siècle Vienna's Jewish bourgeoisie—assimilated, educated people who built beautiful houses in Grunewald and Dahlem and worshipped culture and entertained, and often produced, the artists and intellectuals with the Berlin mentality. They left Germany or they died in the camps. Most of the very few who managed to survive emigrated, and, by their own accounts, the Jews who did come back to Berlin—there were six thousand Jews in West Berlin when the Wall came down, and since then six or seven thousand more have arrived from the Soviet Union—were mainly ordinary working people without connections in the West, and were too shattered to begin their lives again someplace else, or to expect anything from Berlin beyond the small comfort of a familiar street or a neighborhood where they would not get lost and have to ask directions.

Siedler is a conservative, and he likes to shock his liberal friends—friends like me—by talking about élites, but he is right about Berlin's élites: they tempered the Prussian rigidity and the chaotic Slavic politics of Weimar Berlin and, for a while, made this the most interesting and progressive city in Germany—made it in every way a capital. He calls the problem now "a problem of personnel." West Berlin was able to buy its managers and its investors and its intellectuals, but for years after the war anybody who wanted to have a "serious" life and make an important career did it in the Bundesrepublik, and if people stopped in Berlin on the way to that serious life it was usually a chapter in their bildungsroman—a fling or an adventure or a rite of passage—and not the end of the story. West Berlin was the biggest industrial city of, if not precisely *in*, West Germany, but the power and most of the ambition in West Germany were always somewhere else. There was no important television network here when the Wall came down. There was no important paper or magazine. The only important West German industry with headquarters in Berlin was Schering Pharmaceutical—Siemens had moved to Munich, Borsig to Düsseldorf, MBB and Telefunken to Stuttgart. The factories here did piecework on parts or materials cycled through Berlin for the tax breaks, and rarely saw a finished product. The major investment here was in real estate, and, by extension, the major industry was construction,



Hyatt Hotels always provide distinctive ways to help you reach your destination.



Water taxis that deliver you to your room along a winding canal. Glass elevators that glide you to the top of a breathtaking atrium. And if you have to get halfway cross the country, Hyatt also has a distinctive way to get you there: AT&T.

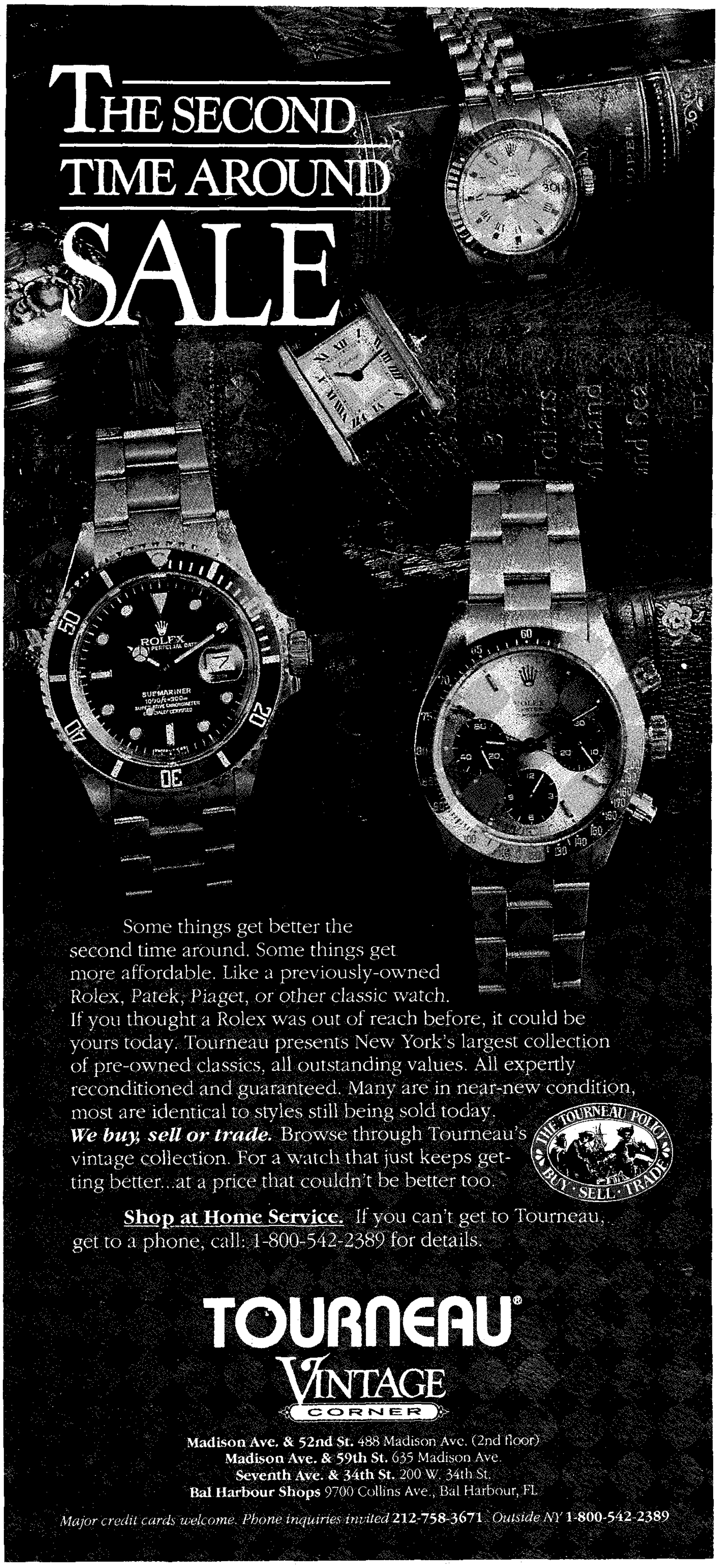
Hyatt knows you depend on the quality and services of AT&T. Whether you're taking advantage of worldwide teleconferencing. More operators at your service 24 hours a day. Or the ease and convenience of your AT&T Card. When you travel, no one has more ways to help you.

You'll find *AT&T Long Distance* at Hyatt and thousands of other fine hotels across the country. Because it's not only where you're going, it's how you get there.

1 800 551-3131, Ext. 2996. How can we help you?℠

AT&T

©1991 AT&T



THE SECOND TIME AROUND SALE

Some things get better the second time around. Some things get more affordable. Like a previously-owned Rolex, Patek, Piaget, or other classic watch. If you thought a Rolex was out of reach before, it could be yours today. Tourneau presents New York's largest collection of pre-owned classics, all outstanding values. All expertly reconditioned and guaranteed. Many are in near-new condition, most are identical to styles still being sold today. ***We buy, sell or trade.*** Browse through Tourneau's vintage collection. For a watch that just keeps getting better...at a price that couldn't be better too.

THE TOURNEAU POLICY
BUY · SELL · TRADE

Shop at Home Service. If you can't get to Tourneau, get to a phone, call: 1-800-542-2389 for details.

TOURNEAU®
VINTAGE
CORNER

Madison Ave. & 52nd St. 488 Madison Ave. (2nd floor)
Madison Ave. & 59th St. 635 Madison Ave.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St. 200 W. 34th St.
Bal Harbour Shops 9700 Collins Ave., Bal Harbour, FL

Major credit cards welcome. Phone inquiries invited **212-758-3671** *Outside NY* **1-800-542-2389**

because a West German investing in property in Berlin or building a building in Berlin was underwritten by Bonn—for "patriotic interest"—to the point that if he was smart he would end up spending no money of his own. Berlin's landlords were doctors in Cologne or stockbrokers in Frankfurt. Berlin's important politicians—Willy Brandt, say, or Richard von Weizsäcker, who is the President now—were West Germans trying out for power in Bonn. Berlin's radicals—its Greens and its Marxists—were experimenting with ideas that went West if they were successful or attracted attention, or else got left in the "scene" here, like scented candles and Baader-Meinhof buttons, for the teen-age tourists.

West Berlin was fed by the West German recovery, but it had very little to do with that recovery. Its only product was a kind of official "culture." By the time the Wall came down, the culture budget here was six hundred and twenty million marks—which amounts to three hundred and sixty-five million dollars a year, and is more than the government spends on culture in the United States. Bureaucrats who worked in Berlin got seventeen per cent "Berlin pay" added onto their West German salary. The arts were subsidized, the institutes were subsidized, the think tanks were subsidized, and eventually even the "alternative" scene was subsidized by the mayor's office as part of the "Berlin attraction." West Germans came to Berlin to visit, and every schoolchild came once, with his history class. They went to the theatre and listened to concerts and looked at daring and expensive new buildings that as often as not had been commissioned from architects at home—and West Berlin thrived in a full circle of exchanges, importing its famous scene and then the audience for its scene. In a way, it was a kind of hyper-West—the postmodernists would say a meta-West—with all the ambitious, ambiguous achievements of the Bundesrepublik replicated on a hundred and eighty-five bombed-out square miles inside a wall.

Not many East Berliners saw it, or had permission to see it, unless they were dissidents bought out by the West, or compliant intellectuals rewarded by travel in the West, or old workers encouraged to leave when the time came to collect their pensions, because West Germany, by not recognizing

© 1991 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

You are free of bankcard debt
and the eternity of revolving interest payments.
Your financial life is under control.
You are calm.

THE CARD.
THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD.

A book.
An impossible gift to give.

◆

Until you master rule one:
Know how to read the reader.

When they are alone,
where do they go?

Once you know that
the right book follows as the rainbow
follows the rain.

Maybe there is a poet
Only sixteen people have
heard of . . .

Or a cookbook that cuts through
the mustard.

Or, maybe, someone
has just told all they have learned
and would share it.

And that's what a book is.
It is how one mind touches another.

And to give someone the right book
is as personal as a gift can be.

It's the gift that goes click.

◆

A few thoughts on what a book is
from people who love them
and read them and sell them
so you can give them.

Doubleday Book Shops.

Books of All Publishers
Since 1910

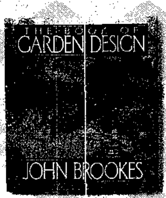
BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS
★ SINCE 1910 ★

DOUBLEDAY BOOK SHOPS
ONE HUNDRED GIFTWORTHY TITLES

With a collection
of timely and timeless
giving ideas.

POLITE WAYS
POLITE WAYS
MAKE HAPPY DAYS

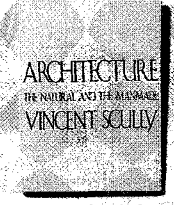
DOUBLEDAY BOOK SHOPS


THE BOOK OF
GARDEN DESIGN
JOHN BROOKES

1 Practical gardening seen from the design point of view. Learn step by step how to conceive and realize a design. Over 700 full-color photos. *(MacMillian/$40.00)*

A VINEYARD GARDEN
MOLLY CHAPPELLET

2 Recipes from chenin blanc sorbet to vegetable centerpieces. 250 color pictures. *(Viking/$40.00)*


ARCHITECTURE
THE NATURAL AND THE MANMADE
VINCENT SCULLY

3 Destined to do for architecture what Janson's classic book did for the history of art. *(St. Martin's/ $40.00)*

CHRISTMAS CATS

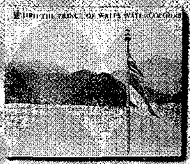
4 Seasonal prose and verse accompany paintings of adorable cats against holiday backdrops. *(Crown Pub./ $10.00)*

5 A celebration of this turning point in history as seen through art. Over 600 color photos. *(Yale U. Press/ $65.00)*

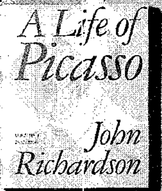
6 About his afterlife in the popular imagination, this book is the first to take the Elvis phenomenon seriously. 60 photos. *(Doubleday/$25.00)*

GRIFFIN & SABINE

7 The life of a solitary artist is turned upside down by a woman living thousands of miles away. A stunning multi-media novel in which each letter must be pulled from its own envelope. *(Chronicle/$16.95)*


THE PRINCE OF WALES WATERCOLOURS

8 The Prince believes painting nature allows one to fully appreciate it. Over seventy paintings with extended captions by the royal artist. *(Little Brown/ $40.00)*

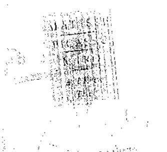

A Life of
Picasso
John
Richardson

9 Personal friend to the artist, the author records the phenomenon of Picasso's autobiography as told through his art. *(RandomHouse/$45.00)*

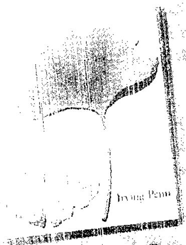
◆

DOUBLEDAY
BOOK SHOPS

◆

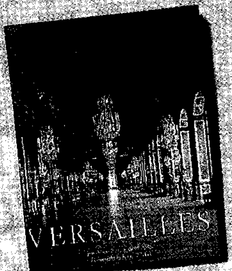

Random House

10 The first name in art history reflects on her friendships. *(Random House/$50.00)*


Irving Penn

11 Photographer Irving Penn accounts for 50 years behind the camera. *(Knopf/Calloway/ $100.00)*

12 600 full-color photographs capture art's most remarkable achievement in *The Sistine Chapel. (Random House/$1,000.00)*


VERSAILLES

13 Discover an unexpected face of the spectacular palace. *(Abbeville/$95.00)*

Rosamunde Pilcher
Flowers in the Rain

14 A rich bouquet of stories from the best-selling author of *The Shell Seekers. (St. Martin's/$20.00)*

COLLEEN McCULLOUGH
THE GRASS CROWN

15 The sequel to *The First Man In Rome,* from the best-selling author of *The Thorn Birds. (Morrow/$23.00)*

ROBERTSON DAVIES
MURTHER & WALKING SPIRITS

16 Murdered in the 1st sentence, Gil Gilmartin spends his after-life beside his killer at a film festival. *(Viking/$21.95)*

STEPHEN KING
NEEDFUL THINGS

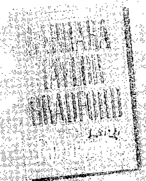
17 With a demonic blend of malice and affection, Stephen King says goodbye to Castle Rock, Maine. *(Viking/$24.95)*

NIGHT OVER WATER

18 Vintage Follett. 1939 war, luxury flight low on gas, a young beauty, criminals. *(Morrow/$23.00)*

DANIELLE STEEL
NO GREATER LOVE

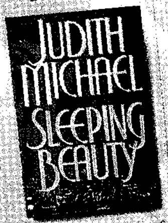
19 The sinking of the Titanic comes alive through the Winfield family. *(Delacorte/$23.00)*


BARBARA TAYLOR BRADFORD

20 While watching a news broadcast, a reporter sees the face of former fiancee, allegedly dead for 2 years. *(RH/$22.50)*

SCARLETT
GONE WITH THE WIND
ALEXANDRA RIPLEY

21 The long-awaited sequel to *Gone With The Wind. (Warner/ $24.95)*


JUDITH MICHAEL
SLEEPING BEAUTY

22 Judith Michael at full tilt love & revenge. *(Simon & Schuster/$22.00)*

Tom Clancy
THE SUM OF ALL FEARS

23 Tom Clancy plunges the world into nuclear crisis. *(Putnam/$24.95)*

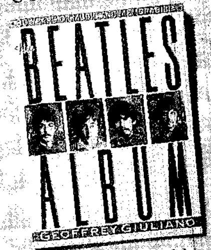
A
THOUSAND
ACRES
Jane Smiley

24 A land-rich farmer declares his intention to divide his vast holdings. A modern King Lear set in the midwest. *(Knopf/$23.00)*

GARRISON KEILLOR

25 Garrison Keillor's Sandwich Kings of South Minneapolis and the early days of radio. *(Viking/$19.95)*

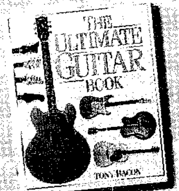
26 The classic series of the world's finest literature. From Austen to Zola. *(Knopf/various prices)*


BEATLES
ALBUM
GEOFFREY GIULIANO

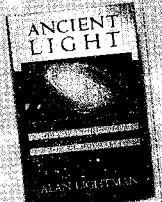
27 The odder side of the greatest rock n' roll band of all time. *(Viking/$29.95)*

28 A loving tribute to the man who was the soul of modern classical music. *(Carroll & Graf/ $32.00)*

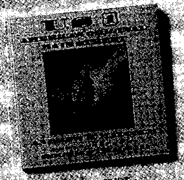
29 A panoramic look at the mystery of drumming, drawn from cultures around the world. *(Harper S.F./$24.95)*


THE ULTIMATE GUITAR BOOK
TONY BACON

30 An all encompassing visual documentary of the evolution of the guitar with 800 photographs of the best and the rarest. *(Knopf/$35.00)*


ANCIENT LIGHT
ALAN LIGHTMAN

31 An MIT physicist and writer confronts timeless questions and how they've evolved with the changing universe. *(Harvard U. Press/ $19.95)*



32 Trek the ever-changing roadside of the nation's oldest highway. A trip through the heart of America in pictures and words. *(St. Martin's/$29.95)*

◆

Order Any Book 800·635·0045
Mon.-Sat. 9 am to Midnight & Sun. 11 am to 7 pm ET
24 Hour Fax: 212·307·7681

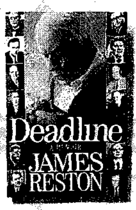
◆

MARTHA GRAHAM

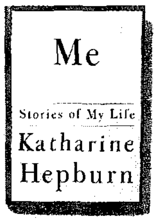
33 Martha Graham recounts the life and career that made her one of the most influential artists of our time. *(Doubleday/$25.00)*

SHIRLEY MACLAINE
DANCE WHILE

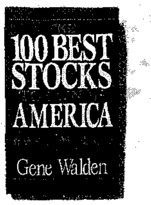
34 The academy-award winner continues her search for the truth within herself in her most intimate memoir yet. *(Bantam/$22.50)*


Deadline
JAMES RESTON

35 One of the great American journalists of this century reveals the story behind the stories. *(Random House/$25.00)*


Me
Stories of My Life
Katharine Hepburn

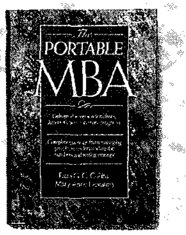
36 Throwing aside her performing personality ("that creature"), Katharine Hepburn reveals the real Katharine Hepburn. *(Knopf/$25.00)*


100 BEST STOCKS
AMERICA
Gene Walden

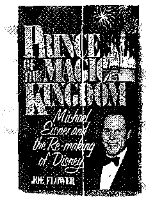
37 Everything you need to know about the blue-chips. The classic guide to investing, completely revised and updated. *(Dearborn/$22.95)*

THE MONEY CULTURE
MICHAEL LEWIS

38 The author of *Liar's Poker* takes another look at the jungle of high finance. *(Norton/$19.95)*


The PORTABLE MBA

39 Concentrated business seminars from the leading MBA programs. *(Wiley/$17.95)*

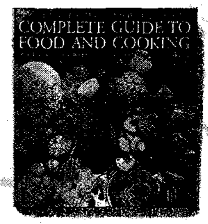

PRINCE OF THE MAGIC KINGDOM
Michael Eisner and the Re-making of Disney
JOE FLOWER

40 How Michael Eisner ascended the throne and single-handedly put the magic back in Disney. *(Wiley/$22.95)*

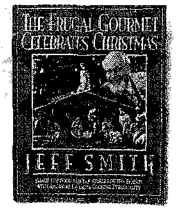
41 Why the most humane companies are the most successful. *(Business One/$22.95)*

adventures in the kitchen
puck

42 The latest dispatch from Wolfgang Puck. *(Random House/$30.00)*

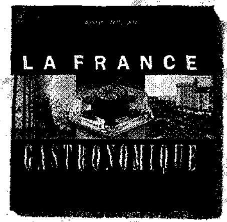

COMPLETE GUIDE TO FOOD AND COOKING

43 Comprehensive answers to every food and cooking question under the sun. *(Better Homes and Gardens/$29.95)*

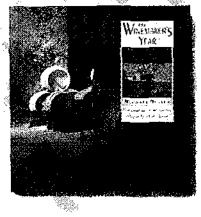

THE FRUGAL GOURMET CELEBRATES CHRISTMAS
JEFF SMITH

44 America's favorite cooking personality cooks up a few surprises for the yuletide season. *(Morrow/$25.00)*

45 An oversized celebration of French culinary history. *(Random House/$40.00)*


LA FRANCE
GASTRONOMIQUE

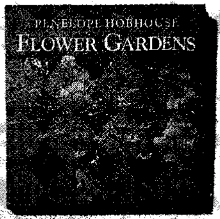
46 A guide through 100 recipes and the ten provinces from whence they came. *(Little Brown/$35.00)*


The Winemaker's Year

47 The winemaker gives a behind the scenes look at the great chateau of Bordeaux. 175 color photos. *(Thames & Hudson/$35.00)*

childhood
Melvin Konner

48 Drawing on an eclectic mix of sources, this book examines the chaos and turbulence of our former lives as children. A PBS tie-in. *(Little Brown/$27.50)*


PENELOPE HOBHOUSE
FLOWER GARDENS

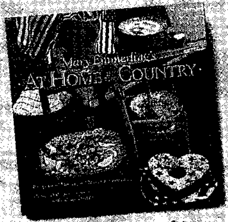
49 A celebration of flowers in color photos and text. This book also serves as a guide for the practical gardener. *(Little Brown/$45.00)*

DOUBLEDAY
BOOK SHOPS

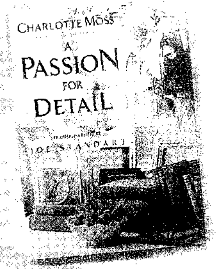
GARDENING BASICS

50 Packed with pictures and charts, this book provides all the fundamentals for a successful garden. *(Ortho/$34.95)*

51 How to create and manage a garden that is both beautiful and bountiful. 600 color photos & a dozen seasonal menus. *(Crown Pub./$50.00)*


Mary Emmerling's
AT HOME & COUNTRY

52 Her secrets for cooking, collecting and entertaining in 19 holiday and weekend menus. Nearly 200 color photos. *(Crown Pub./$30.00)*


CHARLOTTE MOSS
A PASSION FOR DETAIL

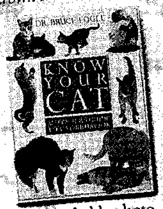
53 Learn to make your home a true expression of your personality without falling prey to design cliches. 100 color photos. *(Doubleday/$40.00)*

Reader's Digest
NEW COMPLETE DO-IT-YOURSELF MANUAL

54 Step-by-step instructions and illustrations can help even the chronic bungler. *(RH/Reader's Digest/$30.00)*

The Cat Who Went to Paris
Peter Gethers

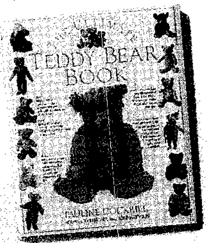
55 An unexpected addition to the author's life soon begins to run it—all over the globe. *(Crown/$15.00)*


DR. BRUCE FOGLE
KNOW YOUR CAT

56 Remarkable photographs and expert text answers questions cat owners can't. *(Dorling Kindersly/$19.95)*

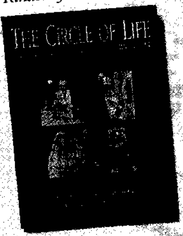
MONDO CANINE
JON WINOKUR

57 Reflections on the other side of the dog dish. *(Dutton/$18.95)*


TEDDY BEAR BOOK
PAULINE COCKRILL

58 From the top of his cute little head to the bottom of his fuzzy little feet. *(Dorling Kindersly/$19.95)*

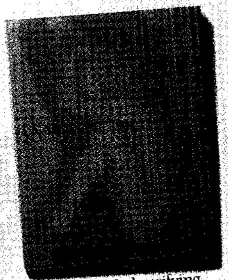
59 If it's about horses, it's in here. *(Dorling Kindersly/$29.95)*


THE CIRCLE OF LIFE

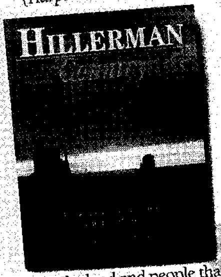
60 The human quest for meaning. *(Harper S.F./$39.95)*

APPEARANCES

61 The first definitive study of fashion photography. *(Rizzoli/$55.00)*



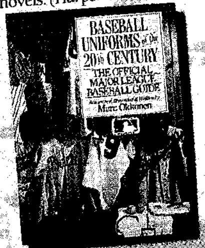
62 Over 200 electrifying photographs document the work of "perhaps the most important icon maker of the 1970's and 1980's." *(Harper Collins/$65.00)*


HILLERMAN
Country

63 The land and people that planted the seeds of Hillerman's novels. *(Harper Collins/$39.95)*

THE MOON BY WHALE LIGHT

64 An elegant series of animal portraits. *(Random House/$20.00)*


BASEBALL UNIFORMS of the 20th CENTURY
THE OFFICIAL MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL GUIDE
Marc Okkonen

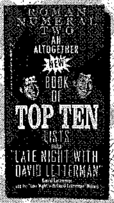
65 The uniform educates us on the changing times and also throws a few curves. *(Sterling/$30.00)*

66 Golf, golf, followed by more golf. *(Random House/$60.00)*

◆

ORDER ANY BOOK 800·635·0045
Mon.-Sat. 9 am to Midnight & Sun. 11 am to 7 pm ET
24 HOUR FAX: 212·307·7681

◆


ROMAN NUMERAL TWO
AN ALTOGETHER NEW BOOK OF TOP TEN LISTS
"LATE NIGHT WITH DAVID LETTERMAN"

67 The clown prince of late night tv serves up another "bundle o' laughs." *(Pocket/$10.00)*

BILL COSBY
CHILDHOOD

68 From his heroic quest for Spanish Fly to his day as a crossing guard. *(Putnam/$14.95)*

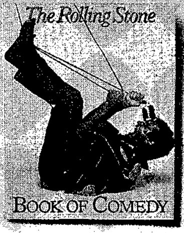
69 MAD's evolution from an obscure ten-cent comic book to a cult classic with millions of readers. *(Little Brown/$39.95)*

French for Cats
Henri de la Barbe

70 Everything from "cat toy" to "mouse" to "Excuse me, may I rip the couch to shreds?" *(Villard/$9.95)*

HENRY BEARD
LATIN FOR EVEN MORE OCCASIONS

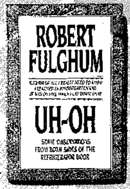
71 Learn to say "Please don't squeeze the Charmin" and more useful phrases in Latin. *(Villard/$13.00)*


The Rolling Stone
BOOK OF COMEDY

72 A chronicle of the people who make us laugh. *(Little Brown/$35.00)*

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS GOES "BOINK"

73 More adventures of a boy and his tiger. *(Andrews & McMeel/$7.95)*


ROBERT FULGHUM
UH-OH
SOME OBSERVATIONS FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR

74 America's new age philosopher sharpens his focus. *(Villard/$19.00)*

Erma Bombeck
When You Look Like Your Passport Photo, It's Time To Go Home

75 America's favorite family writer becomes the world's funniest tour guide. *(Harper Collins/$19.95)*

Chas Addams

76 Sometimes witty, sometimes bizarre, and always hilarious. 300 drawings, 24 in color. *(Knopf/$30.00)*

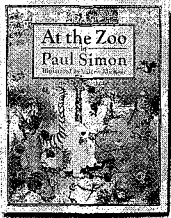
A NEWBERY CHRISTMAS

77 Christmas stories for the young reader. *(Delacorte/$16.00)*

A Wish for Wings That Work
An Opus Christmas Story by Berkeley Breathed

78 America's favorite cartoon character, Opus, has one special wish this *Christmas: to fly.* *(Little Brown/$14.95)*

79 This biography traces the progress of a Chinese artist who had her first exhibition at age four. *(Scholastic/$17.95)*


At the Zoo
by Paul Simon

80 Simon and Garfunkel's hit single becomes a whimsical children's tale. *(Doubleday/$15.00)*

Beauty and the Beast

81 The timeless folktale, brilliantly illustrated. *(Hyperion/$14.95)*

Brother Eagle, Sister Sky
SUSAN JEFFERS

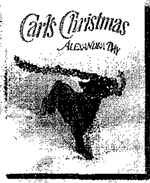
82 Paintings that echo the Native American world vision and deliver a powerful message on the environment. *(Dial/$14.95)*

BERLIOZ THE BEAR
Jan Brett

83 Due at the gala ball, Berlioz and his band get stuck in a hole while the village animals await his arrival, ready to dance. *(Putnam/$14.95)*

SAM'S SANDWICH
DAVID PELHAM

84 A sandwich that reads like a book. Sam "helps" his sister make her sandwich as only a little brother can. *(Dutton/$7.95)*


Carl's Christmas
Alexandra Day

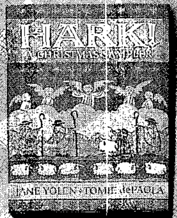
85 The world's best known rottweiler again proves to be one fine babysitter. Special guest star—Santa! *(FSG/$10.95)*

Eric Carle's DRAGONS DRAGONS
& other creatures that never were

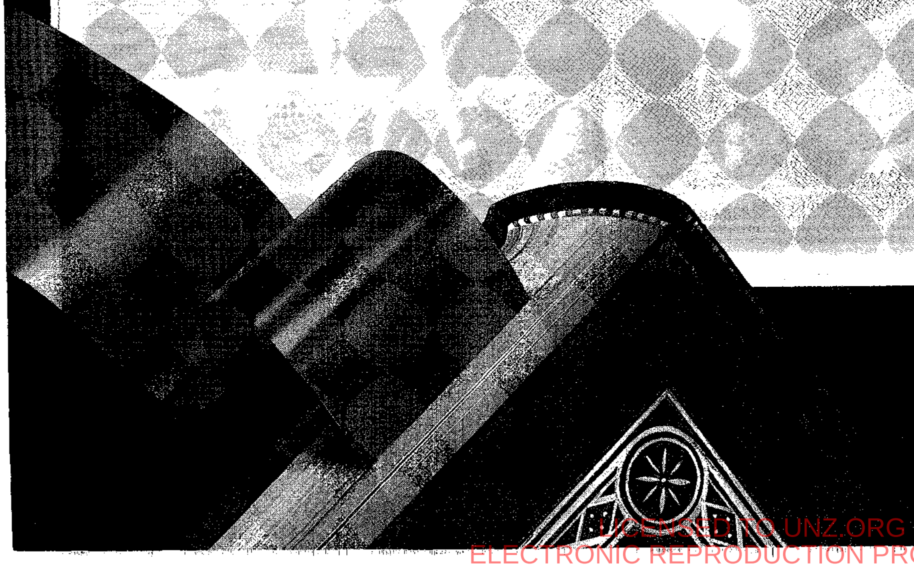
86 Accompanying vivid poems, Eric Carle's dynamic illustrations breathe new life into creatures of myth. *(Putnam/$18.95)*

The Fisherman's Song
CARLY SIMON

87 A storybook tale of a handsome young fisherman and a beautiful young island woman. Delightfully illustrated. *(Doubleday/$15.00)*


HARK!
A CHRISTMAS SAMPLER
JANE YOLEN · TOMIE dePAOLA

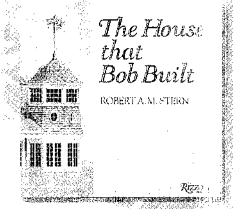
88 Christmas all over the world in legend, poetry, stories and carols, lavishly illustrated. *(Putnam/$19.95)*



◆

DOUBLEDAY
BOOK SHOPS

◆


The House that Bob Built
ROBERT A. M. STERN
Rizzoli

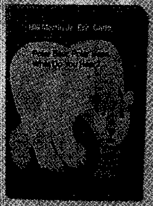
89 The internationally-recognized architect updates a classic Mother Goose rhyme and introduces children to the concept of home. *(Rizzoli/$17.95)*

I Sing for the Animals
Paul Goble

90 Peaceful, harmonious thoughts simply expressed and beautifully illustrated. *(Bradbury/$9.95)*

THE JOLLY Christmas POSTMAN
JANET & ALLAN AHLBERG

91 This holiday story includes real envelopes with jigsaw puzzles, board games and a letter from Little Red Riding Hood to the Wolf. *(Little Brown/$16.95)*

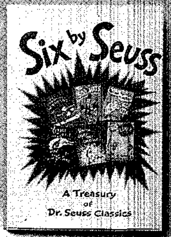


92 The best-selling *Brown Bear, Brown Bear, What Do You See?* introduced children to color and seeing. This new book introduces them to sound and hearing. *(Holt/$13.95)*

The Littlest Angel

93 A best-selling children's story presented with the award-winning artistry of Paul Micich. *(Ideals/$14.95)*

94 An adaptation of *Night Before Christmas* introduces the astonishing and inspirational Santa Cows. *(Simon & Schuster/$14.00)*


Six by Seuss
A Treasury of Dr. Seuss Classics

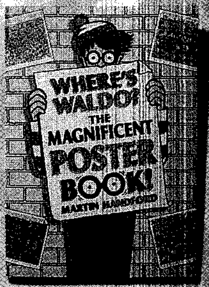
95 Six of his best. *(Random House/$25.00)*

96 A sailor with a secret, from the creator of the classic, *Polar Express. (Houghton Mifflin/$17.95)*

WINGS
JANE YOLEN
DENNIS NOLAN

97 A brilliantly illustrated presentation of the great Greek legend of Daedalus and his too-eager son Icarus. *(Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich/$15.95)*

98 Through words and watercolors, we meet a young boy in Japan as he celebrates his very first Christmas. *(Houghton Mifflin/$16.95)*


WHERE'S WALDO?
THE MAGNIFICENT POSTER BOOK!
MARTIN HANDFORD

99 Lots of big posters, lots of new artwork, lots of fun. *(Little Brown/$16.95)*

100 Humorous verse and exotic illustration tell the story of a servant who quits her magic master's employ. *(Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich/$18.95)*

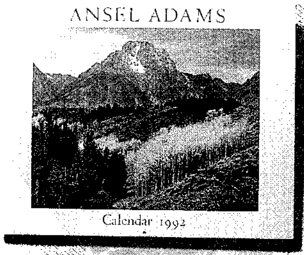
◆

ORDER ANY BOOK 800·635·0045
Mon.-Sat. 9am to Midnight & Sun. 11am to 7pm ET
24 HOUR FAX: 212·307·7681

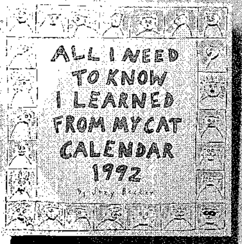
◆

1992 CALENDARS

The 365 Daily Horoscopes Calendar (Workman/$7.95)
365 Things Every Kid Should Know Calendar (Workman/$8.95)
365 New Words•A•Year Calendar (Workman/$7.95)
American Country Diary (Workman/$14.95)
Audubon Natural Calendar (MacMillian/$8.95)
The Original 365 Bible Verses•A•Year Calendar (Workman/$7.95)
The Daily Curmudgeon Calendar (Dutton/$8.95)
The Far Side Wiener Dog Art 16 Month Wall Calendar (AMcM/$9.95)
The Far Side Off-The-Wall Calendar (AMcM/$8.95)
The Far Side Desk Calendar (AMcM/$8.95)
The Lang Folk Art Calendar (Lang/$10.95)
Henri Matisse Jazz Calendar (te Neues/$13.95)
Lee Bailey's Small Bouquets Calendar (Workman/$8.95)
Monet Engagement Calendar (te Neues/$12.95)
Mapplethorpe Flowers (te Neues/$12.95)
Michael Jordan Special 16-Month Calendar (Daydream/$12.95)
The Murphy's Law Day-by-Day Desk Calendar (PSS/$8.95)
Murphy's Law Calendar (PSS/$6.95)
Patrick Nagel 16 Month Calendar (Daydream/$15.95)
365 New Words For Kids Calendar (Workman/$9.95)
Georgia O'Keefe • 100 Flowers Calendar (MacMillian/$12.95)
Pierre Deux French Country Diary (Workman/$8.95)
Sierra Club Wilderness Engagement Calendar (RH/$9.95)
Sierra Club Wilderness Calendar (RH/$8.95)
Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Calendar (Little Brown/$12.95)
The Teddy Bear Calendar (Workman/$7.95)
Wild & Scenic Environmental Defense Fund Calendar (B. Trout/$9.95)
The Americana Calendar (Amcal/$10.95)



12 months of timeless classics. *(Little Brown/$14.95)*



From the best-selling author of *All I Need To Know I Learned From My Cat.* *(Workman/$7.95)*

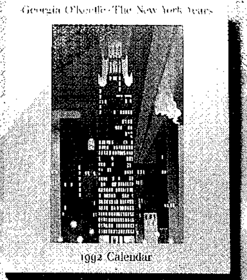
DOLLS
A CALENDAR FOR 1992
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM KELLEY

Includes the chubby faced Kammer & Reinhardt, an aristocratic Tete Jumeau and of course, a "googly" from Hertel, Schwab & Co. *(Workman/$7.95)*

A vivid and ornate combination of illustration and photography. Every month, like opening a gift. *(Workman/$9.95)*

TODAY IN
WORLD WAR II

A daily escort through the drama and tragedy of World War II. *(Abbeville/$9.95)*



From a period of extraordinary influence. *(MacMillian/$17.95)*

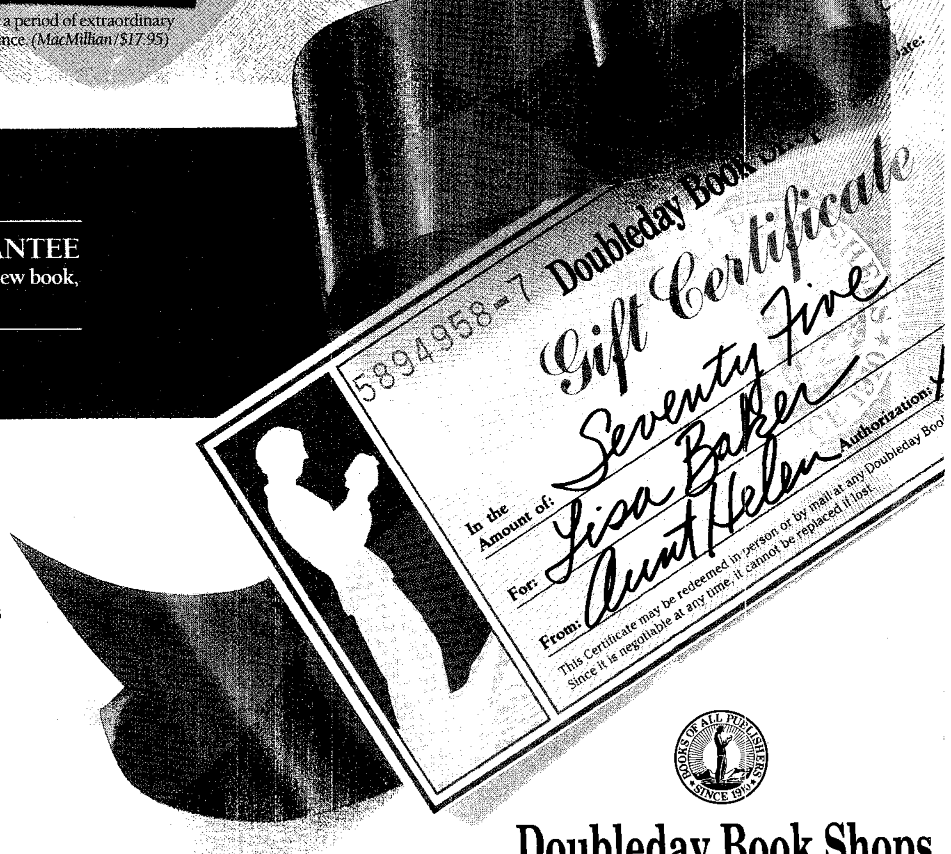
◆

THE DOUBLEDAY BOOK SHOPS GUARANTEE

If for any reason you are not completely satisfied with your new book, simply return it for a credit.

◆

When you've found the perfect gift, Doubleday Book Shops will giftwrap it, free of charge. And when you're not sure what that perfect gift might be, Doubleday Book Shops Gift Certificates make a perfectly wonderful present, too.



5894958-7 Doubleday Book Sho

Gift Certificate

Date:

In the Amount of: Seventy Five

For: Lisa Baker

From: Aunt Helen

Authorization:

This Certificate may be redeemed in person or by mail at any Doubleday Boo
Since it is negotiable at any time, it cannot be replaced if lost.

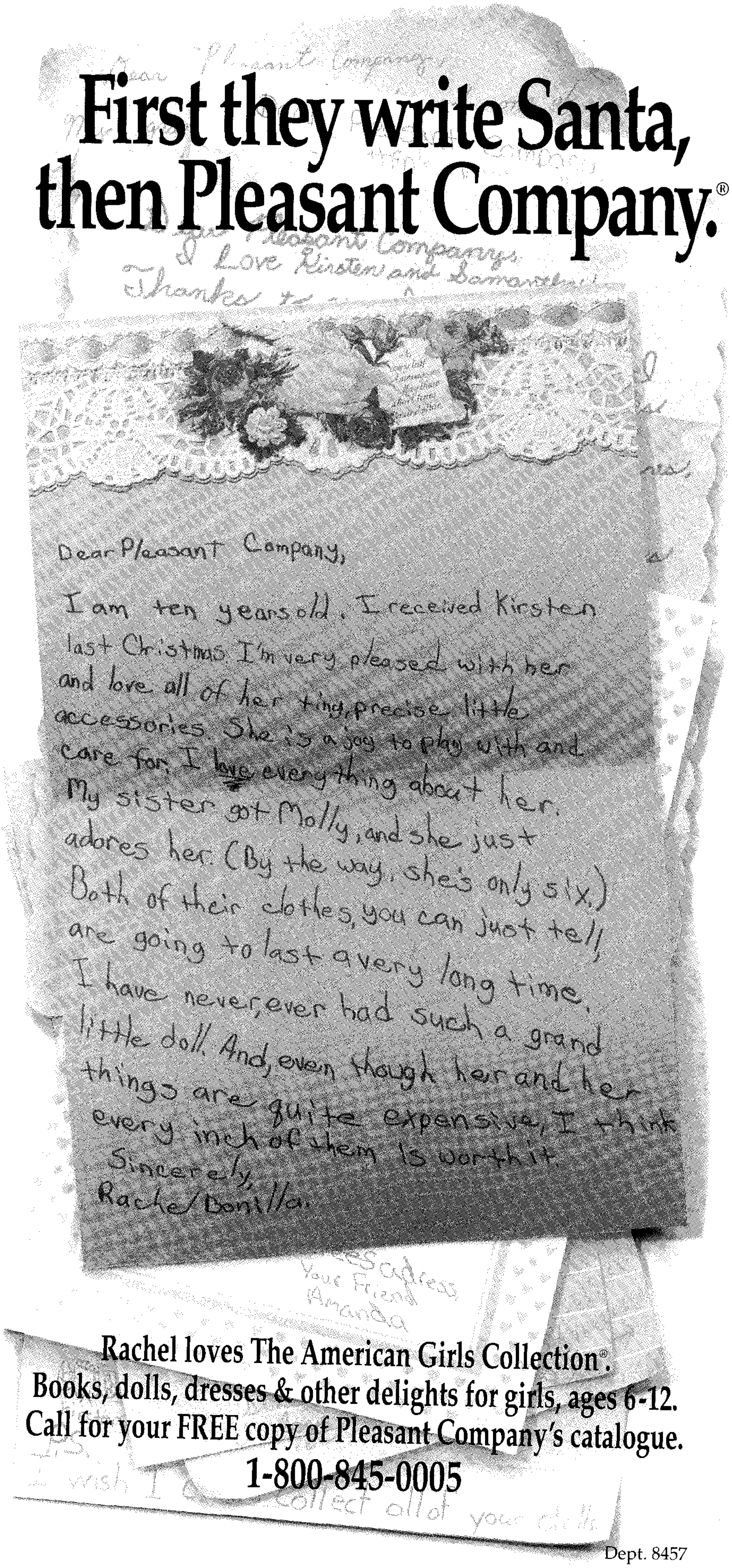
BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS SINCE 1910

Doubleday Book Shops

East Germany, was obliged to consider them "German" citizens, and to offer them all the West German benefits and social services. The West Berlin that most East Berliners knew was the city they saw on West German television—a sitcom and soap-opera city of beautiful girls and rich boys enjoying endless rock and wild sex and expensive shopping. The Communists tried to jam West German television for about ten years after the Wall went up, and then gave up trying. "West Berlin" was free entertainment, and for a long time it was too spectacularly different from reality in the G.D.R. to be taken as anything but fantasy. Still, it is probably true that on November 9, 1989, East Berliners knew more about the KaDeWe, the department store across the Wall on the Kurfürstendamm, than they did about the C.D.U. or the S.P.D. or the F.D.P. or any of the other West German parties that had been winning and losing elections on the issue of what the policy toward *them* should be.

THERE was very little public dissent in East Germany. For years, dissidents who had not already fled West were either put on a bus, driven to a checkpoint, and deposited in the West (if they were too well known to disappear into an East German prison) or arrested and eventually "sold West"—for cash, for cars, for software, for whatever it was East Germany wanted most at the moment. This left a remarkably passive population—disorganized, dispirited, doing nothing very well except waiting for bad news. The myth of East Germany in the West was that it worked—that it was a high-tech industrial police state, and the cutting edge of the Communist world. In fact, with its war dead, and its professionals long gone, and its dissidents systematically exported, East Germany had reverted. It was a peasant state in industrial clothes, more like Russia than Prussia. Nothing worked in East Germany. Its factories made terrible things that no one wanted. Its farms produced, per acre, a third of what the West German farms produced. Its buildings started falling apart before the tenants had unpacked. Its schools taught a mixture of political propaganda and obsolete science. Its avant-garde—like the Berliner Ensemble, in East Berlin—was stuck in a kind of frozen modernism,

First they write Santa, then Pleasant Company.®



Dear Pleasant Company,

I am ten years old. I received Kirsten last Christmas. I'm very pleased with her and love all of her tiny, precise little accessories. She is a joy to play with and care for. I love everything about her. My sister got Molly, and she just adores her. (By the way, she's only six.) Both of their clothes, you can just tell are going to last a very long time. I have never, ever had such a grand little doll. And, even though her and her things are quite expensive, I think every inch of them is worth it.

Sincerely,
Rachel Bonilla

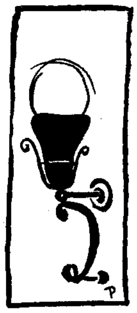
Dear Pleasant Company,
I Love Kirsten and Samantha
Thanks to
Your Friend
Amanda
P.S.
I wish I could collect all of your dolls

Rachel loves The American Girls Collection®.
Books, dolls, dresses & other delights for girls, ages 6-12.
Call for your FREE copy of Pleasant Company's catalogue.
1-800-845-0005

Dept. 8457

and produced death masks of art and theatre.

The people in East Germany who survived with some sense of their civilization intact were usually the people who could carry it in their heads—Lutheran pastors with a commitment to witness and testify; musicians with a commitment to centuries of German music; scientists who had mastered a language that was too difficult for the Party to discredit or distort. Most East Germans were edgy, acquiescent, and bewildered people. Their education was distorted. Their "history" was an invention. They had no way to evaluate what being German had meant, or could mean, no parallel truth about themselves with which to exorcise or investigate, or even balance, the official truths—none of the stubborn, sustaining identity of the Czechs or the Poles or the Hungarians. They were to a large extent without community—except, maybe, the ambiguous community of the informed-against and their informers. It is not surprising that over a million of them *were* informers, or that the Stasi's domestic files covered four million people—one of every four East Germans—nor is it surprising that there was nothing in East Germany like Solidarity, or the Hungarians' revolution of 1956, or the Prague Spring of 1968.



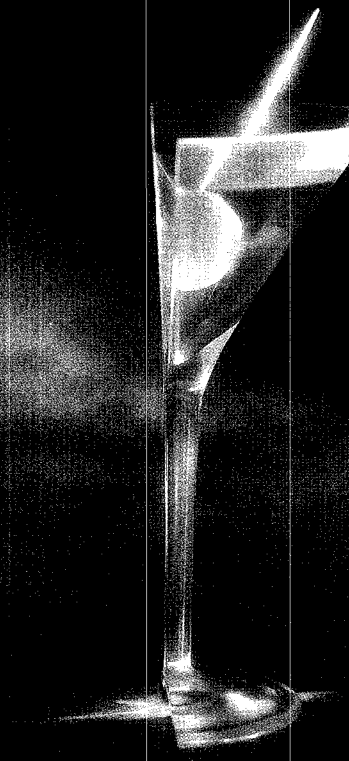
Jens Reich is the East Berlin molecular biologist who—with a pastor named Wolfgang Ullmann and a painter named Bärbel Bohley—led the citizens' movement that for practical purposes ran East Germany for the first four months after the Wall fell, while the country got ready for elections. Reich is an introspective and, by his own admission, troubled person, and talks reluctantly to strangers, but when he does he says that "the tragedy of East Germany" haunts him; he cannot come to terms with his own part, and the part that intellectuals like him played, in that tragedy. People trying to explain something of the last forty years in East Germany often talk about the reluctance of East Germans to accept the leadership of intellectuals—they mean, of course, dissident intellectuals—but Dr. Reich talks about the reluctance of those intellectuals to lead.

There were no Vaclav Havels or Andrei Sakharovs in East Germany. Men and women who were "on their way," as Reich puts it, were ruined or exiled without any real protest, or they were ruined if not by working for the regime then by a kind of complicity with the regime. They purchased privilege or peace or simply safety with their compliance, and everybody knew it, and they were thus discredited. People associated them with everything else that was "official" in East Germany ("We were like everybody else who purported to know what was good for Germany," Reich says), and the lesson those people learned was that intellectuals were cowards. The protests of 1968 in West Berlin were repeated in East Berlin as demonstrations against Americans in Vietnam, not against the terrorism of the state at home. And, even so, the young people who dominated those demonstrations, the ones the state considered dangerous or charismatic or subversive, were rock musicians and folksingers, not students. Some of them were given a couple of hours to pack, and then were deposited in West Berlin. They left behind a generation of artists and intellectuals who complained among themselves but enjoyed enormous privilege—good cars, travel in the West, country houses, books and records bought with hard-currency accounts that were unavailable to ordinary East German citizens.

There is a lot of bitterness in East Germany right now, and a lot of cynicism in West Germany, about the privilege and compromise of East German intellectuals who stayed. Christa Wolf, who, at sixty-two, is arguably the best writer in East Germany, was a Party member. Last year, she published a book, "Was Bleibt" ("What Remains"), about a week in 1979 when she was being watched by Stasi, and while the book is an honest and honorable document, young East Germans wonder why she never took a risk and published it then, when it might have helped or taught or inspired *them*, instead of waiting until it was safe for *her*. Reich says that this sort of passivity, this retreat of intellectuals from public life, will mark the intelligentsia in East Berlin for decades. "It's not a miracle that no one wants us now," he says whenever he talks about the impatience of the West Germans with East German pieties about fighting Communism. "I reproach myself. I reproach my friends. We tolerated the nonsense for so long. We ceased to be credible. We kept silent because of careers, because of children. But how do you say to your children, after a lifetime of waiting, 'I was waiting for better times'?"

Reich thinks that the real dissent began when children started telling their parents they were going to leave East Germany—"because when your children refuse your life it's time to do something." For years, he and his wife and a lot of other liberal parents had met in what he calls "white circles." They met privately, and were "anxious not to be overheard," and they talked mainly about their children—how to counter some of the ideological pressure on their children at school, how to keep the minds of their children open, how to discredit the idea of "enemies" with which their children were being indoctrinated. They had contact with church groups, with peace groups—after Chernobyl, Reich and some of his friends at the Academy of Sciences got involved with Physicians Against Nuclear War—and tried to let the people around them know what was happening in the Soviet Union, but they did not really organize an opposition until the summer of 1989, when Hungary opened its border with the West and thousands of young East Germans did start leaving. And Reich says that now they will never know what would have happened if they *had* organized, or at what point the regime would have lost its will or its power to terrorize them.

It may be that the guilt East Germans feel now, as the "last dissenters" in the East Bloc, accounts for some of the aggressive apathy you often feel in East Berlin. East Berliners are famous for their introspection, their obsession with *Innerlichkeit*—with "innerness." They seem to like not so much their distress as surrendering to their distress. It is a national habit. The students in West Berlin, who pride themselves on their cool, say that the East Berlin students they are meeting now are very emotional, just like their parents, and make them uncomfortable, talking all the time about "true values" and whether or not they have them. The East Berliners pride themselves on their preoccupation. They defer to the West Germans who arrive to run their schools—and their politics



DURING THIS

HOLIDAY OF EXCESSES

MAY WE SUGGEST

YOU TAKE A MOMENT

TO THINK ABOUT

QUALITY

OVER QUANTITY.

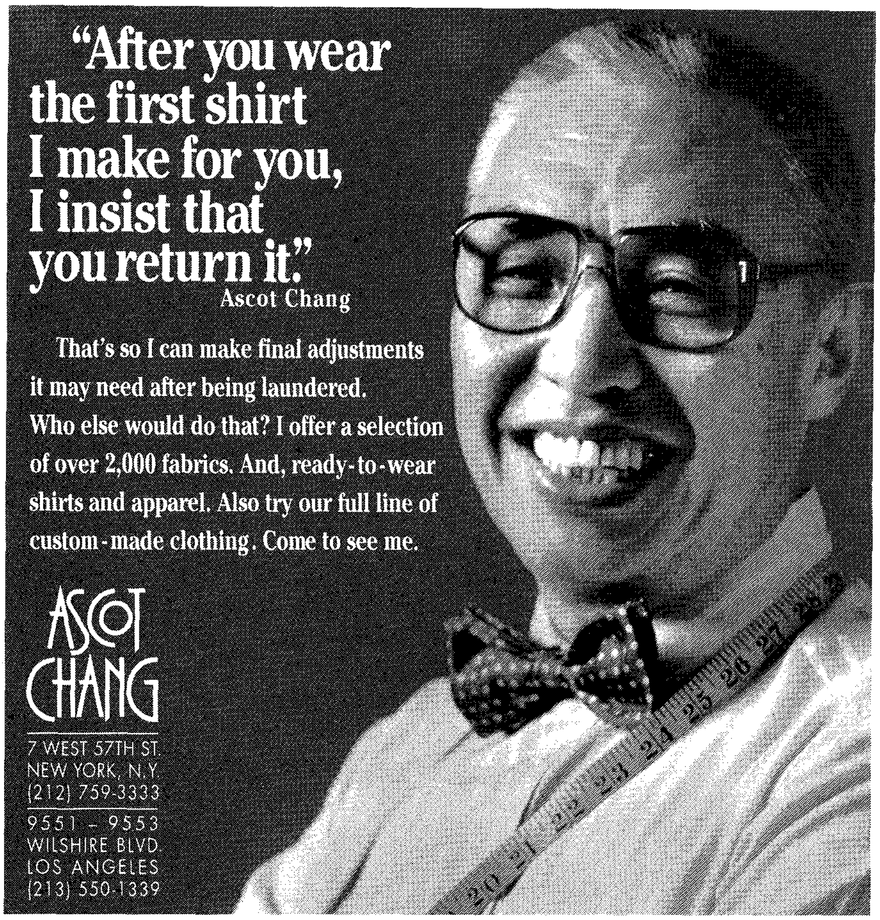
UNCOMPROMISING

BEEFEATER

LONDON DRY GIN

Beefeater Dry Gin. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 47% Alc/Vol. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI © 1991

BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER
LONDON DISTILLED
DRY GIN



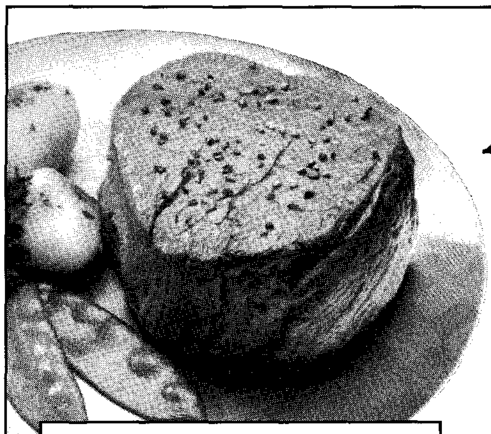
"After you wear the first shirt I make for you, I insist that you return it."
Ascot Chang

That's so I can make final adjustments it may need after being laundered. Who else would do that? I offer a selection of over 2,000 fabrics. And, ready-to-wear shirts and apparel. Also try our full line of custom-made clothing. Come to see me.

ASCOT CHANG

7 WEST 57TH ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
(212) 759-3333

9551 - 9553
WILSHIRE BLVD.
LOS ANGELES
(213) 550-1339



A RARE GIFT!

When those on your holiday gift list taste these luscious, mouth-watering Nebraska Filet Mignons, they'll shout, "Well done!" We hand trim aged USDA *Choice* Steaks, pack them in dry ice and air express them to your friends, business associates and loved ones – or direct to your home for unforgettable holiday dinners. So grab your gift list and credit card – then call us toll-free... and do all your holiday shopping with one friendly phone call!

SAVE \$15^{00} PER ORDER!
◆ OUR HOLIDAY SPECIAL ◆
SIX 6-OUNCE FILET MIGNONS
EACH 1 1/4" THICK,
FOR \$34^{50} (REG. \$49^{50}).
Plus $6 shipping. Unconditional guarantee.
Hurry: Offer ends December 15, 1991! (Limit 3)

Classic Steaks of Omaha
by Skylark Meats, Inc.
4430 South 110th Street, Omaha, NE 68137

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-28-TASTE
(1-800-288-2783)
FAX ORDERS: 1-402-592-1414
CALL OR WRITE FOR A FREE CATALOG!

and their offices and their factories—and complain quite cheerfully that they are incapable, incompetent, undeserving, that they have no good reason to resist the "colonialists" they resent (the metaphor here for German East-West arrangements is colonialism, and in most ways it is accurate), that they deserve the colonialists, that they have nothing to show for themselves as East Germans on their own. They concede to West Germans a kind of entitlement.

Dr. Reich, who sat in the first free East German Volkskammer and was supposed to run for the Bundestag, decided against it a month or two before the election. He says that by then East Germany was "full of tycoons dancing around" and they made it clear that East Germans who did not belong, in every sense, to one of the big West German parties would be token Ossis in Bonn, memento mori of a grass-roots movement that had lasted only as long as a free and independent East Germany lasted—which was less than a year. That was how most Germans—even East Germans—seemed to want it. When East Germans went to the polls in March last year and voted freely for the first time, they voted "West German" in that they voted Christian Democrat and Social Democrat and Free Democrat. They voted for West German parties that had fielded candidates in the East and been able to pay millions of marks to get them elected. In fact, they managed to reproduce in East Germany—and with some accuracy—the political composition of the Bundesrepublik, and the only surprise then was that anyone in East Germany voted Communist. Nearly ten per cent of the East Germans did. By the time they voted again it was as "Germans," and it was nine months later. People from the citizens' movement of 1989—they called their party Bündnis '90—shared a list with the East German Greens, and, even so, won only eight seats in a parliament of six hundred and sixty-two. Reich says that the vote was "hormonal." It was as if West Germany were an impulse East Germans had—something involuntary, something they could not help reproducing. And East Germany's "political class"—its potential political class—"was not in a resisting mood." There was probably no way to have resisted. East Germans longed for the West,

CHOOSE YOUR PEN AS CAREFULLY AS YOU CHOOSE YOUR WORDS.

® MONTBLANC ® Meisterstück ®
MONT BLANC
THE ART OF WRITING
MEISTERSTÜCK

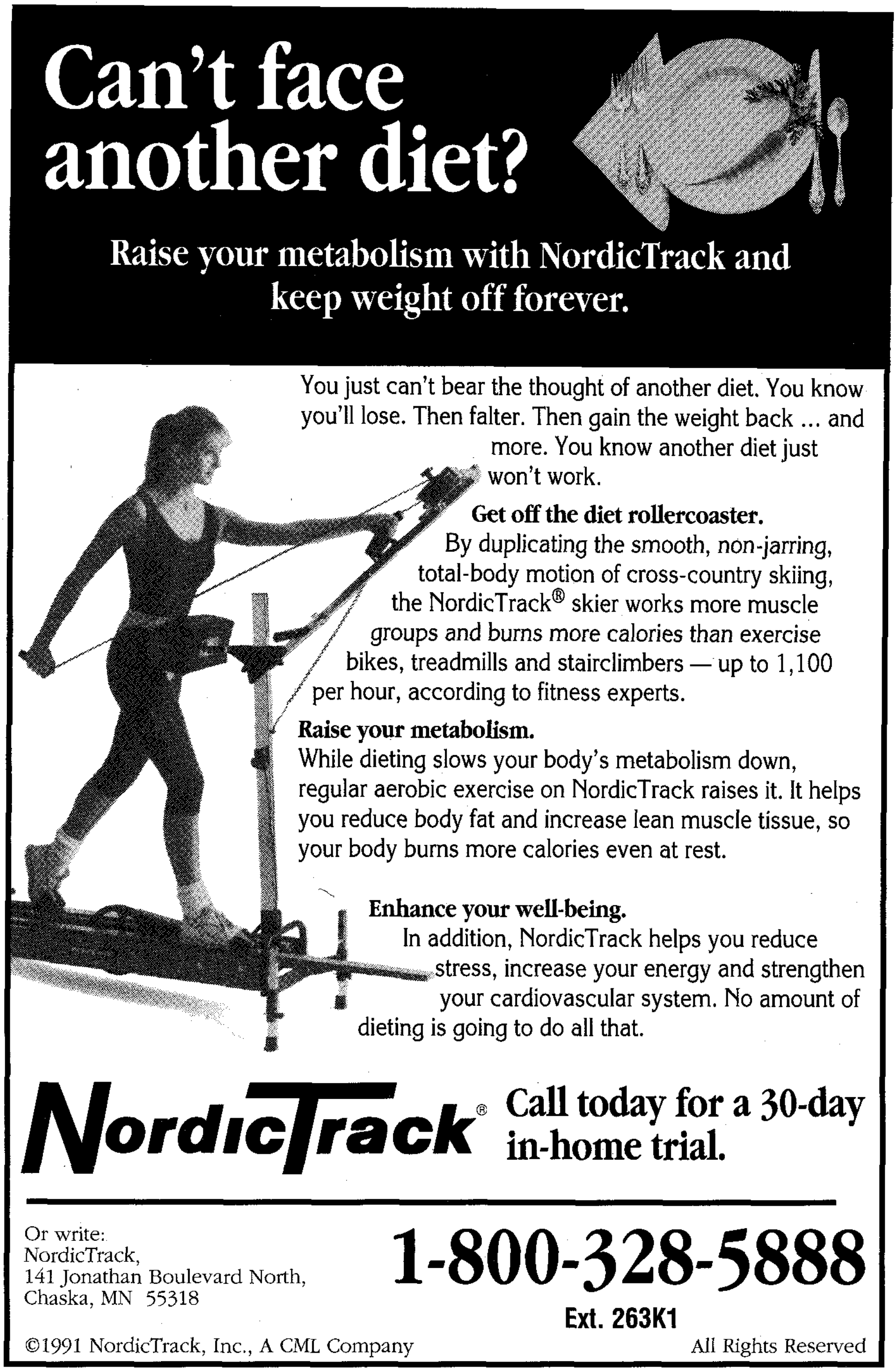
TOURNEAU®
NEW YORK • BAL HARBOUR • GENEVA

NEW YORK □ 500 MADISON AVE. AT 52ND ST. □ 635 MADISON AVE. AT 59TH ST. □ 200 W 34TH ST. AT 7TH AVE. **FLORIDA** □ BAL HARBOUR SHOPS, 9700 COLLINS AVE.
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS WELCOME (212) 758-6234. OUTSIDE NY 1-800-348-3332. **CORPORATE SALES/EXECUTIVE GIFTS**, EII (212) 888-2955 OR 1-800-332-9511.

but they had no competence in judging and evaluating the West. The politicians with the fresh four-color posters and the fax machines and the telephones and the money for a "Western" campaign were the politicians people voted for, and any enthusiasm East Germans may have had for a free and independent East Germany disappeared under the shiny West German sell. Dr. Reich put it this way: "After an outburst of political energy, a great resignation took over."

The grass-roots amateur politicians here—like Dr. Reich; like Pastor Ullmann, who got elected to the Bundestag; like Frau Bohley, who sat on the Berlin city council—never really had the money or the experience or the platform to build anything like a majority party. They were idealistic, or foolish (or both), and they thought that East Germans would want to keep "East Germany" for at least a few years longer. They thought that now that East Germany was free, East Germans would want to settle their own future, and settle their scores among themselves, and arrive at some agreement about who they were morally *and* politically and what kind of society they wanted, and, with that agreement, some confidence as a people. They thought East Germans wouldn't want to lose, summarily, what little "good" they had managed to achieve. They talked about kindergartens and day care and women getting twenty free days at home a year if they had sick children, and they wanted to know what East German women were going to do about abortion—abortion was legal in East Germany, and the state paid—once they belonged to a country where conservative Catholics from Bavaria wrote the abortion law. They wanted to temper the punishing costs, in jobs and lives, of a quick conversion to a free market.

The people from Bündnis '90 did the best they could, but they were amateurs, and they ran amateur campaigns, and they brought up complicated issues that they had no competence to address, let alone resolve, and that few people wanted to hear, and even fewer people had the understanding to acknowledge. The argument on the other side was simple, and it was paid for, and, in the end, it was irresistible. It was that East Germany would be rich if East Germans left their future to the West Germans, and


Can't face another diet?

Raise your metabolism with NordicTrack and keep weight off forever.

You just can't bear the thought of another diet. You know you'll lose. Then falter. Then gain the weight back ... and more. You know another diet just won't work.

Get off the diet rollercoaster.
By duplicating the smooth, non-jarring, total-body motion of cross-country skiing, the NordicTrack® skier works more muscle groups and burns more calories than exercise bikes, treadmills and stairclimbers — up to 1,100 per hour, according to fitness experts.

Raise your metabolism.
While dieting slows your body's metabolism down, regular aerobic exercise on NordicTrack raises it. It helps you reduce body fat and increase lean muscle tissue, so your body burns more calories even at rest.

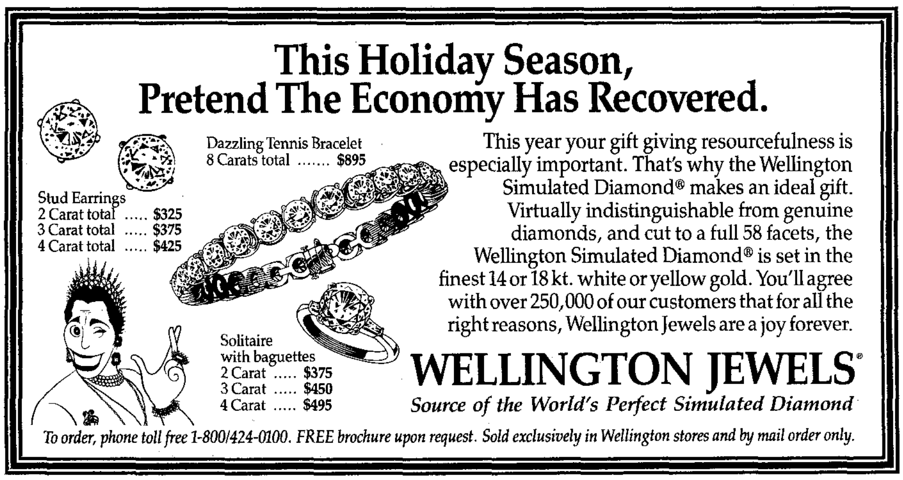
Enhance your well-being.
In addition, NordicTrack helps you reduce stress, increase your energy and strengthen your cardiovascular system. No amount of dieting is going to do all that.

NordicTrack® Call today for a 30-day in-home trial.

Or write:
NordicTrack,
141 Jonathan Boulevard North,
Chaska, MN 55318

1-800-328-5888
Ext. 263K1

©1991 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company All Rights Reserved


This Holiday Season, Pretend The Economy Has Recovered.

Dazzling Tennis Bracelet
8 Carats total $895

Stud Earrings
2 Carat total $325
3 Carat total $375
4 Carat total $425

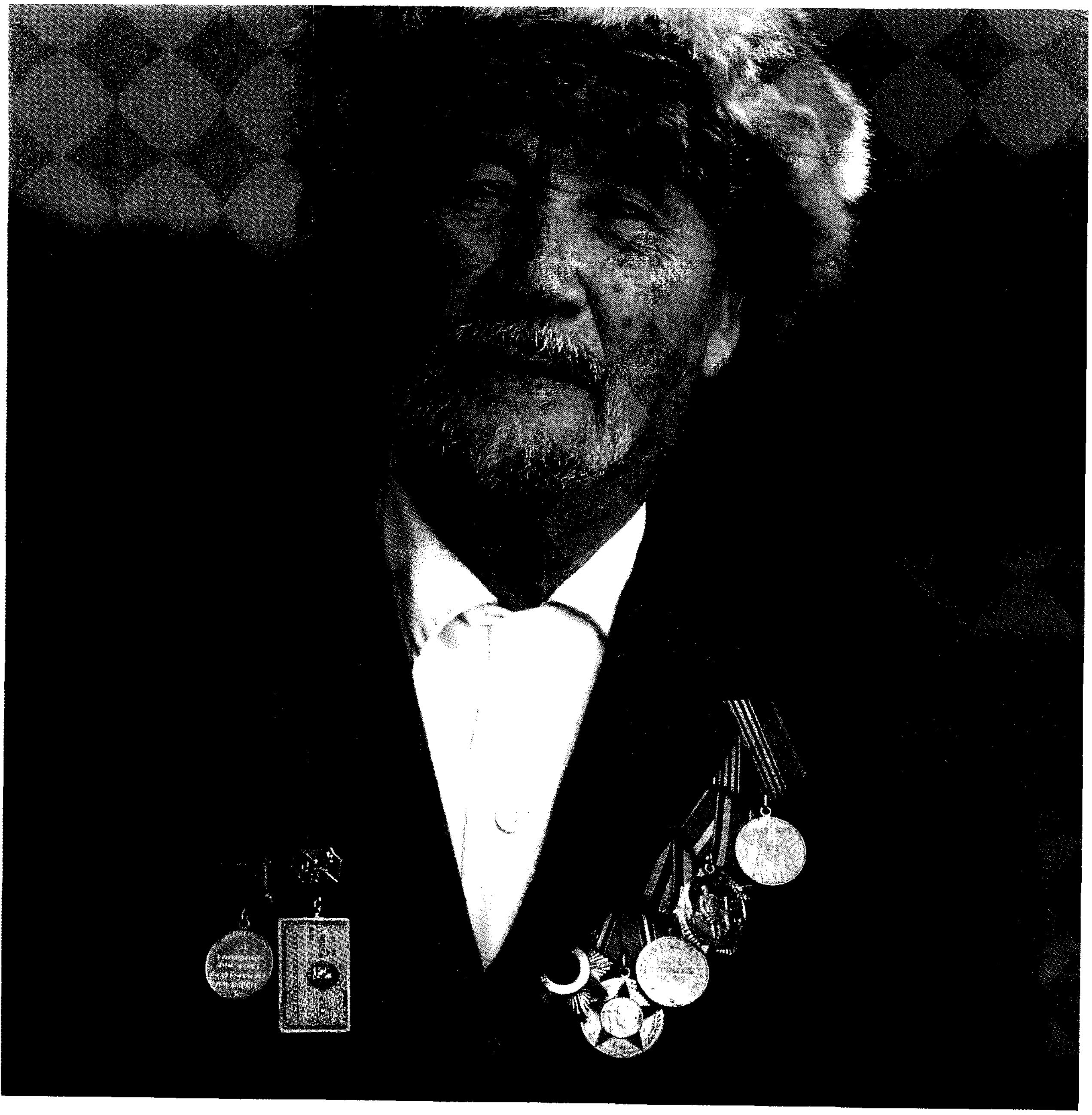
Solitaire with baguettes
2 Carat $375
3 Carat $450
4 Carat $495

This year your gift giving resourcefulness is especially important. That's why the Wellington Simulated Diamond® makes an ideal gift. Virtually indistinguishable from genuine diamonds, and cut to a full 58 facets, the Wellington Simulated Diamond® is set in the finest 14 or 18 kt. white or yellow gold. You'll agree with over 250,000 of our customers that for all the right reasons, Wellington Jewels are a joy forever.

WELLINGTON JEWELS®
Source of the World's Perfect Simulated Diamond

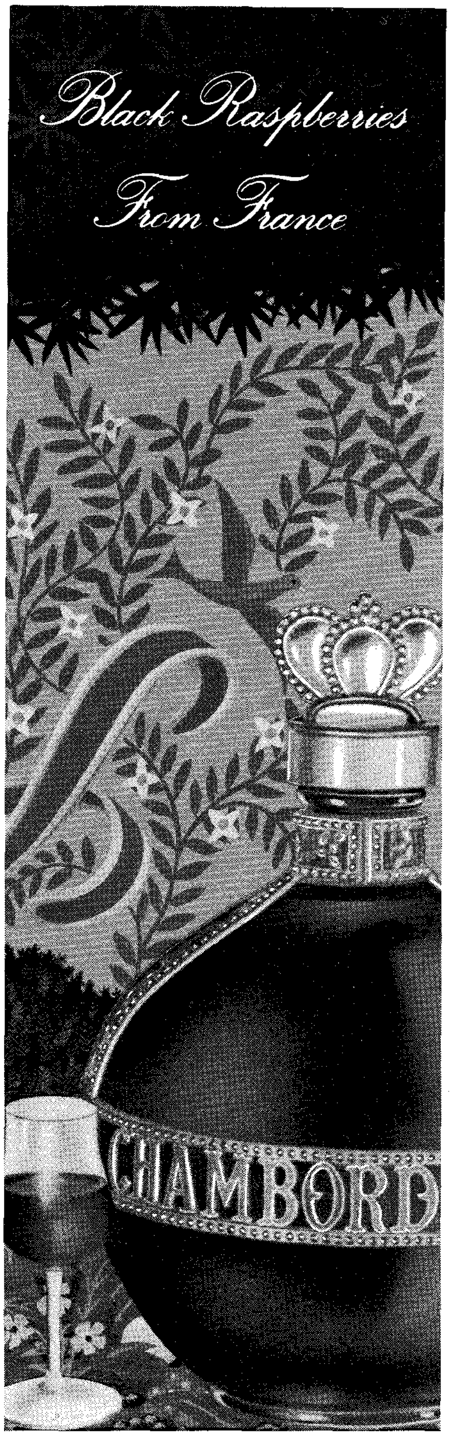
To order, phone toll free 1-800/424-0100. FREE brochure upon request. Sold exclusively in Wellington stores and by mail order only.

© 1991 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.



You're not about to wear your financial savvy and stability on your sleeve.
There are other places.

THE CARD.
THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD.



CHAMBORD

Liqueur Royale de France

Created in the glorious time of King Louis XIV, Chambord is a magnificent liqueur. It has the deepest, richest black raspberry taste of any liqueur in the world.

After dinner, lace your favorite liqueur glass with Chambord, sit back and enjoy its rich aroma and taste. For other ways to enjoy this delicious liqueur, send for our free recipe book: Chambord Imported from France, Box 15252, Phila., PA 19125.

Imported by La Maison Delan Phila., Pa. 33 proof.

that East Germany would be poor if East Germans tried to represent themselves. And the irony was that the same East Germans who complained about being owned by Wessis and, in fact, overrun by Wessis were the ones who believed that they had no choice except to do what the Communists had taught them to do—let the people who "knew better" make the decisions. They did not seem to understand that, whatever East Germany chose, it was in West Germany's great interest to support them. It did not take long for Bündnis '90 to start looking like a student movement run by grownups.

Today, the groups in Bündnis '90 share the top floors of an old building on the corner of Friedrichstrasse and Behrenstrasse. They borrow each other's typewriters and photocopy machines and telephones, and hang up posters about Gray Panther evenings and Palestinian plays and "Work for Peace" meetings and "dialogue" between the Soviet Union and the United States—as if Germany were still ground zero in a cold war. It is disturbing to go there, because the ground floor of the building is a beautiful new Wessi bookstore, with wood panelling and rare editions and English hunting prints that sell for four and five hundred dollars. To the Wessis at the bookstore, the Bündnis '90 people are not the people who took to the streets in 1989 and helped make East Germany free. They are (with a shrug and a tolerant smile) "the people upstairs," and in this new Germany they seem as innocent and anachronistic as their posters. The causes that are left to fight for are the ones they inherited—and are so benign that even the Communists permitted them—but no one bothers to help them figure out what their real causes could be. The polls say that ten per cent of the people in East Germany are "in sympathy" with them. But the majority thinks that they did their job in '89, and that now they should be sensible and go home and leave politics to the professionals. Tilo tells me that the worst thing you can call somebody in the new Germany is an amateur.

THE priorities in East Berlin are obvious. You learn them walking down the street and looking at buildings, at which buildings have the fresh paint and the sleek Wessi furniture and the telephones that work and the secretaries who speak English instead of Russian to a foreigner—and the building that had them first is the Treuhandanstalt, where more than three thousand people are occupied in what is known as "privatizing" East Germany. Treuhand has been done up in international corporate style. The enormous hall with the massive columns and the stone walls which Göring built for intimidation is fitted out with chrome-and-leather couches, lit with designer tensor lamps, and decorated with mysterious white cubes that are either sculpture or bases for sculpture that somebody forgot to order. No one at Treuhand seems to know, but the people who work there are instructed to be agreeable to anyone who looks American or Japanese, so they leave the decision to you.

In fact, no one from Japan has bought property from Treuhand, and only ten Americans have, though Treuhand has about six thousand of its ten thousand companies left to sell, and is running what could be called a perpetual white sale. Treuhand calls it "the sale of the century." The Japanese take a long view of their investments, but not, apparently, long enough to take on any of East Germany's dilapidated plants or old Party managers or badly trained workers, or to put their money into businesses that West Germans were (unofficially) offered first and, for various good reasons, rejected. The Treuhand was not actually a West German invention. It was the Communists' idea—an attempt to save themselves by bringing foreign capital into the country. Hans Modrow, who was the last Communist Prime Minister in the G.D.R., thought up Treuhand. He named sixty East German bureaucrats to the staff, and eventually the West German Minister for Economic Affairs sent five or six Wessi bureaucrats to help them, but the East Germans were no more adept at liquidating or selling factories—which was what they were told to do—than they were at managing factories. They were Party people, and what they did best was put other Party people into easy jobs.

Volker Hillebrandt, who comes from West Germany and handles Berlin property for Treuhand now, says that the system in East Germany was a "simple protecting system": workers had nothing to do when they got to work, but they could not be fired, so in the end everyone had an interest in holding up the house of cards. The first director of Treuhand was an East German who lasted three and a half months. The man who replaced him was a West German who gave up after a couple of weeks. The third Treuhand director—he was a steel executive from Düsseldorf named Detlev Rohwedder—did what he said any sane industrialist coming to Treuhand would do. He added hundreds of West Germans to the original five, and kept adding West Germans until virtually everyone with authority at Treuhand came from the Bundesrepublik, and then he transferred all of East Germany's industries, along with twenty thousand farms, forests, shops, services, and pieces of real estate, to nine Treuhand holding companies, organized by industrial sector and, taken together, the biggest company in the country.

Rohwedder was a smart but, from the East German perspective, a ruthless man. His mandate was to sell East Germany, not necessarily to save East Germans. He closed down hundreds of factories; the ones he sold were as often as not sold for the land they sat on, and the people who bought them either closed them, too, claiming bankruptcy, or fired as many workers as they could, and started over. Rohwedder was shot at the beginning of April this year. (He was at home in Düsseldorf, and someone—the police say a terrorist from the Red Army Faction—fired into his window from a garden and killed him.) But by April nearly a million people were out of work in the five new states, and more than two million people were working "short time," which is an old East German euphemism for showing up for a few hours every week, collecting your pay, and thereby keeping the real unemployment figures hidden, and Rohwedder was so unpopular among East Germans that when he died hundreds of them put on buttons saying "It wasn't me!" The story went around that the only company in East Germany with a profit was the company that made the buttons. The next story was that the company was West German.

The problem for Treuhand is that Germany doesn't really need the East German factories. They duplicate the products and processes in West Germany, and do it poorly, and West German businessmen claim that by increasing their own production by ten or fifteen per cent (and in some industries five per cent) they could supply the five new states and do it for less money, and at more profit, than by modernizing East German plants and maintaining East German workers. It isn't surprising that businessmen are self-righteous about investing in the East. They expect Treuhand to accommodate them as long as they are paying, and they resent having to cover for the government's wisdom that it is cheaper to let *them* pay people to produce badly than for the government to pay those people not to produce at all. Right now, Treuhand has to choose between their demands and the demands of workers with nowhere else to go, and the best it can do is try to balance the costs, including the social costs. It is a question of intentions and priorities. Germany needs to keep millions of East Germans from moving West, and the only way to do that is to make life attractive for them at home—which obviously includes their having jobs at home—but Germany

THE RITZ-CARLTON
GREATER EVIDENCE
THAT RETREAT CAN
BE GLORIOUS.

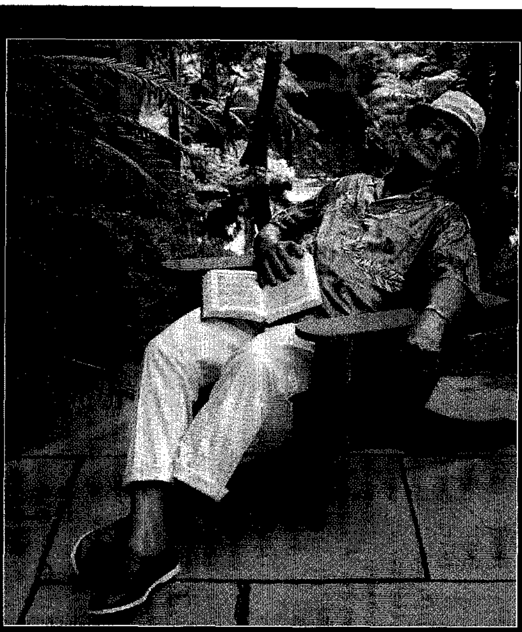
Welcome to the most spectacular hiding place: The Ritz-Carlton, Naples. You'll enjoy three miles of secluded beach right on the Gulf of Mexico. There's a pool, Jacuzzi, fitness center, tennis—and golf nearby. Elegant surroundings and award-winning restaurants. Gracious guest rooms. Traditional afternoon tea. And uncompromising personal service. Call 800-241-3333, 813-598-3300 or call your travel professional for reservations. And a rewarding retreat. Our other resorts: Amelia Island, Florida; Kapalua, Maui; Laguna Niguel, California; Mauna Lani, Hawaii; Palm Beach, Florida; Rancho Mirage, Palm Springs.

THE RITZ-CARLTON
NAPLES
one of The Leading Hotels of the World®

also needs to finance that attractive German life with investment, and no sensible investor wants a company with a padded work roll or bad management or terrible products.

The problem is complicated by the fact that a lot of people who buy property through Treuhand are not even sensible investors. They are what Rohwedder once called "Wild Westerners"—land speculators and developers and a few criminals—and they run a gamut from the young man who bought a construction company in Cottbus, cleared out the company account, and disappeared, to the West Berlin developers who bought a light-bulb factory called Narva in East Berlin (over the bids of two real light-bulb manufacturers) on promises of an investment of five hundred and seventy million marks, and it turned out that only seventy million of those marks were going to be used for making light bulbs and the rest were for developing the property. The sale was just cancelled.

Treuhand has no trouble selling property in Berlin when there are no factories on it—or claims or entailments. Hillebrandt says that land here is more expensive now than land in Hamburg or Munich; there is a village called Falkensee, just east of Berlin, where the price of a square foot went from under one Deutsche mark to forty Deutsche marks in a few weeks. Hillebrandt's job gets much harder when the property he has to sell is anywhere farther from Berlin than about thirty miles—which means when it is anywhere else in East Germany. Officially, people are not supposed to be speculating on Treuhand land; they are supposed to be investing in Germany's future. If one investor makes an offer that involves laying off a hundred workers, and another investor wants to lay off two hundred workers, Treuhand is supposed to weigh the hundred lost jobs when it makes a decision. There are fines and penalties and all sorts of other deterrents to keep people from buying a factory and firing everybody in it and then tearing the factory down and selling the land, at a profit, to someone else, but there are nearly as many ways to get around this. The developers who tried to buy the light-bulb factory—Klingbeil is the name of their group—had an agreement that left them free to fire any worker if they "compensated" that worker to the amount of



J. Seward Johnson, Jr.
Lifesize Bronze Sculpture

THE PERFECT GIFT BOOK
The Museum Edition
Handbound in leather or suede, with an original drawing by the artist.
Limited Edition, $900/$925

Upcoming exhibitions include: Seville, Spain at EXPO '92; Madrid, Spain; Heidelberg and Frankfurt, Germany.

SCULPTURE PLACEMENT, LTD.
P.O. Box 9709, Washington, D.C. 20016 tele: 202•362•9310 fax: 202•944•4416

A STROKE OF GENIUS.
The art of Claude Monet

...and a weekend at the picture-perfect Harbor Court.

Any Saturday between October 13th '91 through January 19th '92. Your picture-perfect stay includes: Friday or Saturday night in an elegant room and breakfast coupons for two • Two reserved tickets to the Monet exhibit at The Baltimore Museum of Art • Chauffeured transportation to and from the Museum • $139.00 per room, per night

Children free in the same room. Harborview rate $169. Weekends: Oct. 13 '91 through Jan. 19 '92. Excluding tax and gratuities

For information and reservations, call (301) 234-0550 or (800) 824-0076.

Preferred Hotels & Resorts Worldwide

Mobil Travel Guide 1991

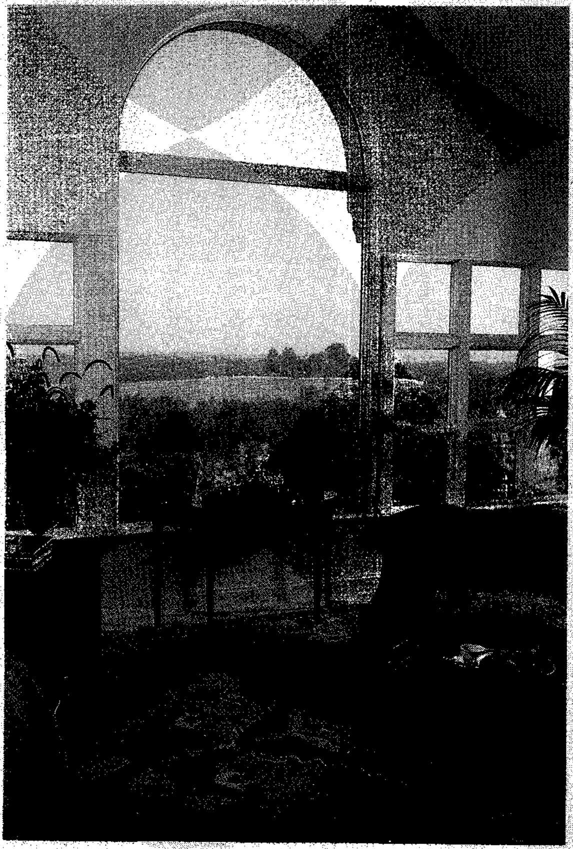
THE HARBOR COURT HOTEL 550 Light Street, Baltimore, MD 21202

twenty thousand marks, which is less than twelve thousand dollars. After 1992, they were free to fire workers with no compensation at all. There were about twelve hundred people working at Narva when Klingbeil signed for the factory. Klingbeil, by contract, was to keep a thousand. Once *they* were gone—for severance pay amounting to twelve million dollars—the developers would have cleared a million square feet of land in the center of Berlin which is already worth hundreds of millions of dollars.

Treuhand has sold a hundred and sixty-five of its nine hundred Berlin companies so far, and says it expects to "sell Berlin" entirely in the next two years. The new director, Birgit Breuel—she was a finance minister in Lower Saxony, and Kohl chose her on the advice that a professional bureaucrat would go down better in East Germany than another professional capitalist—has tried to establish "neutral" guidelines to the effect that if a company is losing ten million marks a month, and no one wants it, the old management has three months to begin to turn it around, and after that Treuhand shuts it down. But East Berliners think that Treuhand should be "protecting" its holdings, socially (from their point of view) and politically (from its own). Some people in East Berlin want Treuhand to turn their factories into coöperatives, or to agree to more worker or management buyouts, but that also means lending the money for the buyouts, or finding somebody else to lend it, and Hillebrandt says that when West Germans talk about lending money to East German management he knows for sure that somewhere along the line a not very savory deal has been made. People who look like East Germans—people with synthetic suits and used cars and Xeroxed calling cards—have a hard time getting through the door at Treuhand. People who look rich can get appointments and attention and a glossy portfolio to take home, and sometimes even the offer of a company underwritten by the German government.

A couple of months ago, two reporters from Cologne television presented themselves at Treuhand with nothing to show for themselves but fake calling cards marked "Euro Consult," a rented Mercedes with a telephone, and a story about representing a Japanese-American group that wanted to buy film and tape factories in Wolfen and Dessau. The man they saw at Treuhand—he was the director of the "chemicals sector"—was so delighted at the prospect of rich foreign buyers for a couple of factories no West Germans wanted that he never asked the reporters for references or financial statements or seemed the least put off when they said that their "clients" were thinking of producing pesticides and planned to burn their waste, unfiltered, in the neighborhood, or even that they were hoping to lay off a hundred workers in one factory right away and fire fifteen thousand in the other factory in the next three years. The reporters came home with a deal: they got the factories for twenty-five million marks less than their own appraisal; Treuhand was going to help out by building a highway for them; and the German government was paying them nearly sixty-five thousand marks for every hundred thousand marks they invested.

The fact is that the best properties



UNIVERSITY VILLAGE
We provide the luxury. You enjoy the view.

In addition to commanding Charlottesville's most dramatic views of the Blue Ridge Mountains and the University of Virginia, our spectacular homes offer beautiful imported tiles, crown moulding, high ceilings, and picture windows so large they'll take your breath away. Our luxury services include a full-service concierge, complimentary limousine service, a porter, and 24-hour security. And The University Club provides extraordinary amenities including an indoor tennis center, indoor swimming pool, fitness center, health spa, and fine dining.

Please telephone us toll-free to learn more about the special ownership opportunities at Charlottesville's newest community.

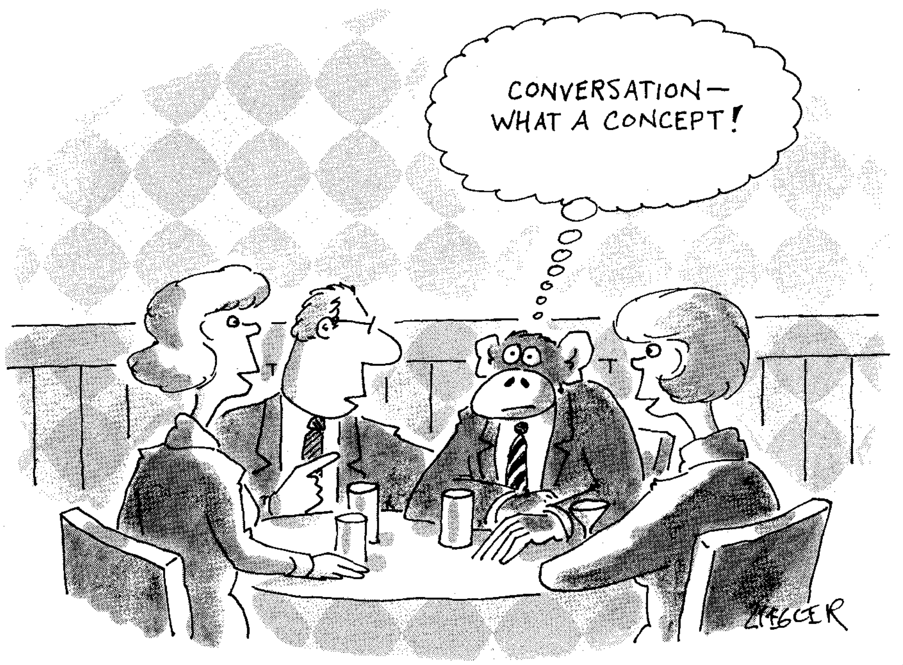
UNIVERSITY VILLAGE
We'll change the way you view retirement!

1.800.UVA.LUXURY

2401 Old Ivy Road
Charlottesville, Virginia 22901

Adjoining the University of Virginia
Furnished Models Open Daily

Void where prohibited by law, including New York and New Jersey.


CONVERSATION—
WHAT A CONCEPT!
ZIEGLER

• •

in East Germany went fast, and always to other Germans. Volkswagen got the Trabant plants to convert, Faber got the oil refineries in Schwedt an der Oder, BASF got its choice of the chemical plants near Dresden. When foreigners were courted at all, it was usually to raise the bids on companies that West Germans eventually bought—like the East German airline Interflug, which was taken over in the end by Piper. Now the foreigners are being courted—there is a new Treuhand "sales office" in New York—for the leavings. It has always been hard to buy into Germany if Germany doesn't want you. People in the E.C. complain about it all the time. They say that the Common Market is a pretty concept designed for Germans investing in *their* countries, but that at home in Germany there are books full of regulations and pockets full of I.O.U.s that every banker and bureaucrat knows when and how to remember. A good German bureaucrat can head off the most determined businessman, and he can do it with maddening hospitality and correctness. Only two hundred Treuhand companies have gone to foreigners, and many of those foreigners were Swiss and Austrians, who had an obvious advantage. Most foreigners who want to buy into East Germany try to buy land directly, or through German middlemen or German partners, because when Treuhand sells quickly to a foreigner it usually means that the company is hopeless even by the old East German standards—like the company in Dresden that was trucking crushed stone four hundred miles north to the Baltic and had never figured out why it was losing money. Treuhand tried to sell *that* company to some Georgia businessmen who carried Bibles and looked like rubes but did know that you don't truck crushed stone to the Baltic if you want to make a profit.

THE status of East Berlin land has been complicated by the many claims on it. Germans whose land was seized by the Communists can claim it if it was not taken during the four years of the Russian occupation. Jews whose land was seized by the Nazis can claim it anytime if records exist—they often do not—proving it was theirs. The only businesses to make a profit, or break even, in the five new states over the past year were cleaning businesses—West Germans hired maids from them—and construction businesses, and contractors say that half of East Berlin would be under construction if the developers could afford the risk of starting work on a piece of property they thought was free and then having to stop and wait out an investigation because somebody filed a claim. There are a hundred and twenty thousand claims pending in Berlin (and more than a million in all of East Germany). Treuhand is working on formulas that involve giving the money it gets for contested property to people who arrive with valid claims after a sale is made and work is started—but not giving back the property itself. Right now, a company that buys from Treuhand has to stop restoring or constructing—or, more likely, decides to stop—if someone else claims the property, and in Berlin the black market in title searches and fake deeds is nearly as big, and as dirty, as the market in working papers. Friedrich Weber, a West Berlin architect whose company designs the Klingbeil projects—he is currently turning the Leipzig train station, which is the biggest and one of the handsomest stations in Europe, into a restaurant and shopping mall—says that one particularly repulsive specialty of the new property and title searchers has to do with identifying Jews who died, tracking down the land or the house or the shop they owned, and selling the information.

The registry office for East Berlin is in the Rotes Rathaus—the old town hall, a few blocks east of Unter den Linden—and Weber says it's almost impossible to trace the original titles there. The registry books are blackened and crumbling, and over the years thousands of pages were removed by Nazis and Communists who wanted somebody else's property for themselves. Weber had to stop work on a development in East Berlin because someone filed a claim saying that a piece of land in the middle of the development had belonged to his family, and he wanted it back. The man turned out to be another West Berlin developer. Still, Weber says he prefers building in East Berlin because there are always West Berliners in the bureaucracy who can handle problems; he says that in towns like Leipzig the people he sees are good, young, motivated people, but they have no experience in dealing with architects or developers, let alone shady strangers who appear suddenly with fake deeds and fake claims and batteries of expensive West German lawyers. Weber's developers are the biggest in Berlin, and he has projects all over the East, but he says that, because of problems of provenance, only one of those projects is actually under construction.

Weber is from Dresden, and when he talks about what he really wants to do he talks about building something *there*—a nice apartment house or a symphony hall—on a piece of land on the Elbe that his father, who was also an architect, dreamed of owning fifty years ago, and that Weber grew up

The city that was true to its nature

Not far from the streets of Philadelphia, nature is alive and well in a 1,200-acre freshwater tidal marsh fringed with woodlands. Canada geese use it as a migratory stop. Muskrats and red bellied turtles call it home. Years ago, people from a nearby refinery donated the first portion of land to what has become the Tinicum National Environmental Center. Today it is administered by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, with support from the refinery and others.

Do people create places where nature's creatures can live as nature intended?

People Do.

Chevron

For more information, write: People Do-T, P.O. Box 7753
San Francisco, CA 94120.

dreaming about, too, and was finally able to buy in August. People who work for developers in Germany rarely get to build symphony halls, or even apartment houses. They build office buildings and hotels and shopping centers and business centers, because developers make more money in commercial property, and because an architect's job is a lot easier when he is designing offices and malls than when he is trying to make families feel at home in a housing project. There is so much confusion in East Berlin about who owns the apartment houses that are already there that Western developers are putting almost all their money into commercial space, hoping to get it out fast, before the market is glutted. There is already a shortage of two hundred and fifty thousand apartments in Berlin. Two hundred thousand refugees arrived in Germany this year, and most of them came through Berlin, and many of them stayed here. The shortage will get worse when the capital begins to move.

In East Berlin, most of the public housing is so bad anyway that it is reasonable to say *everyone* needs a new apartment, or work on the apartment he has. The few good apartments are being rented or sold to Wessis, for the simple reason that Wessis can pay, and neighborhoods like the one around Kollwitzplatz, in Prenzlauer Berg, where the Communists restored a couple of pretty nineteenth-century streets, are filling up with young West Berliners and now have art galleries and good bookstores and the requisite punk cafés featuring black leather and vegetarian sandwiches. Kids from Kreuzberg started squatting in Prenzlauer Berg right after the Wall came down—the word was that the scene was "purer" and more "authentic" there—though the Kollwitzplatz, at least, was never the *gemütlich* workers' quarter the Communists claimed but an old bourgeois neighborhood noted for the age and coolness of its wine cellars, and a lot of interesting East Berliners lived there in whatever apartments the Stasi hadn't already commandeered. The way it worked in neighborhoods like that was for the local housing institutes—which managed the apartments and chose the tenants—to rent a place to Party people or Stasi people for a couple of dollars a month, and for those people to sublet at a profit. When the Wall came down, *their* tenants sublet, at an even

SCOTTSDALE'S SWEET SPOT.

The TPC golf course outside your door is the site of the Phoenix Open. Our championship tennis courts have hosted the world's top pros. We've three pools, a healthclub and spa. Trails to hike, a desert to bike, and 400-acre horsepark next door. If you have the stamina, it's a perfect place to relax.

SCOTTSDALE PRINCESS
A Princess Hotels International Resort®
ARIZONA

Rates from $95–$120 per person, double occupancy. Special golf and other vacation packages, holiday and suite rates also available.

For information and reservations, contact your travel agent or call 800-223-1818.

Rates effective for occupancy through 12/31/91.
Terms and conditions apply.
Represented by Princess Hotels International, Inc.

DELFT BIRTH PLATE
"A Centuries Old Tradition From Holland."

7 3/4" dia.
Plate hanger incl.

Crafted in Holland by Royal Goedewaagen. Blue or Multi-color. When ordering please include baby's full name, birth weight, city, state, date and time of birth. $59.95 plus $2.50 shipping. MD residents add 5% sales tax.

1-800-296-3782, ext. 110 (MC/Visa)

Eastern Shore Trading Co.
P.O. Box 91, Dept. 110
Eden, Maryland 21822

CASHMERE WATCHCAP

Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. Turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe. Leaves you free to think. Allows you to perform.

One Hundred And Five Dollars
California Residents: One Hundred Twelve Dollars

Feather Weight Version In Navy Only Eighty-Nine Dollars

Black, Charcoal, Bank Grey, Flannel, Navy, Light Navy, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Red-Orange, Magenta, Camel, Heavy Cream, Vermont Green, Bear Brown, Violet, Bright Booby Foot Blue, Taupe, Pink, Exquisite Mocha, Vicuna, Fuchsia, Loganberry, White.

VERMONT BIRD COMPANY
71 OLIVE COURT MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA 94041
415 967 3123

YOUNG ISLAND
ST. VINCENT, W.I.

"Our private island resort has many lovers. Come. . . bring yours."

Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Call: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent

Some of the best theatre
is just a stone's throw away.
Easy to get to from the Merritt, I-91 and I-95.
Easy to Subscribe
(203) 787 - 4282

LONG WHARF THEATRE

222 Sargent Drive New Haven, CT. 06511

bigger profit, to the West Germans. Now everybody wants the apartments back. A student I know named Dorothea, who lives in West Berlin, house-sits for a couple of friends on the Kollwitzplatz when they go away on vacation—because these days when somebody with a good apartment in East Berlin leaves town somebody else is apt to put the furniture on the sidewalk and take the apartment himself.

Rents are supposed to be stable in East and West Berlin, and raised only by fixed percentages over specified periods, but the Berlin Senat is in the process of decontrolling rents, East and West, as salaries are adjusted (right now salaries in East Berlin—or, more accurately, the salaries of East Berliners in East Berlin—are only about sixty per cent of West Berlin salaries), and last month the official rents in apartments in the East quadrupled. When the Senat finishes adjusting, apartments in the East will cost about ten times what East Berliners are paying for them now. Shops will cost even more. This means that people in the East *and* the West who might normally move—to another apartment, to the suburbs, to another town—are sitting on the apartments they rent or own or control, knowing that in a little while they can make money on them. Dorothea's landlord in West Berlin is paying his way through school in Saarbrücken on the rent she and her roommates give him. She would like to move. She thinks it would be nice to live in one of the town houses off Kollwitzplatz, but the neighborhood has got too chic for students—when Berlin was celebrating Unity Day last year, the fashionable people in Prenzlauer Berg threw an anti-unity party on Kollwitzplatz that all the other fashionable Berliners wanted to go to, and ten thousand did go to—and she says that in another couple of years it will be all "stockbrokers and fashion models."

The real workers' neighborhoods have a different "West" clientele. The dropouts squat there. The radical students squat. The Autonomen squat. The skinheads squat. The street gangs squat. The only Berlin gangs that are not squatting somewhere in East Berlin are the Turkish gangs, because East Berlin is too dangerous for them. Not many East Berliners had ever seen a Turk before the Wall came

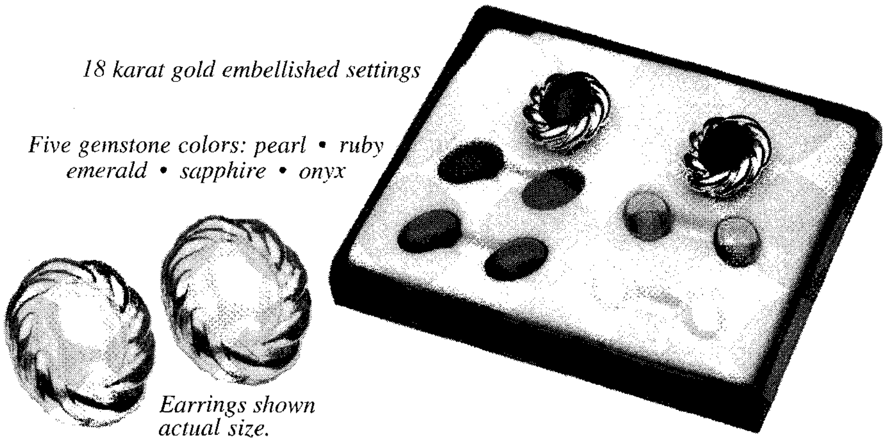
Ain't love Gund?
Gotta Getta GUND.
©1987 Gund, Inc.

Pure white "Snuffles"... absolutely irresistible.
And you can getta Gund at all fine department, toy, gift and infants' stores.
Gund, Inc., P.O. Box H, Edison, New Jersey 08818

Five Pairs of Earrings for the Price of One

Clip or pierced . . . yours for just $29^95^

Exclusively from Kenneth Jay Lane


18 karat gold embellished settings

Five gemstone colors: pearl • ruby emerald • sapphire • onyx

Earrings shown actual size.

FIRST LADIES, royalty, and movie stars wear jewelry created by Kenneth Jay Lane. Now you can wear it too.

You can change the inset stones in these earrings to suit your whim or wardrobe. They come in five colors. Magnets hold them in place. Slip one off, slip another on. It is fast, easy, and fun. Available clip or pierced.

This five-in-one set is yours for just $29.95, including the compact travel case. 30-day money-back guarantee. Lifetime warranty against breakage or tarnishing.

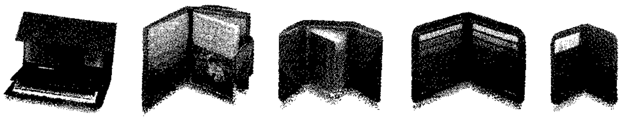
Call Toll-Free (24 hrs., 7 days)
1-800-233-3489, ext K54
to order with VISA or MasterCard. Or mail check for $29.95 plus $3.95 shpg/hdlg (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to KJL (Dept. K54). Specify clip or pierced.

K·J·L by Kenneth Jay Lane
"Jeweler to the World's Most Admired Women"™
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10016

Suddenly,
All Other Wallets Are Square.

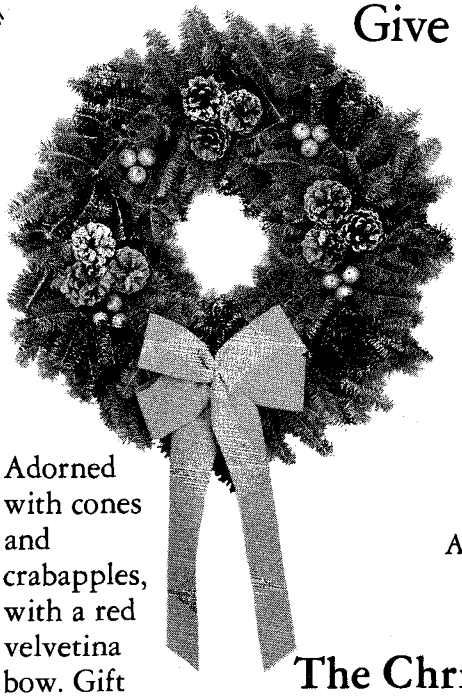
With so many colors and styles to choose from,
no one's as well rounded as Rolfs.

ROLFS®



Rolfs makes over 100 styles of wallets for men and women.

Sewn with DuPont® Nylon West Bend, WI 53095 Available at fine stores throughout the U.S. and Canada.



Give the gift of Maine,
a fragrant
BALSAM FIR
WREATH

$25. includes shipping.
Deduct $1.00 each for orders
of 25 or more. Shipped UPS
anywhere in continental U.S.
Include recipient's street
address for direct delivery.
All major credit cards accepted.
Color brochure upon request.

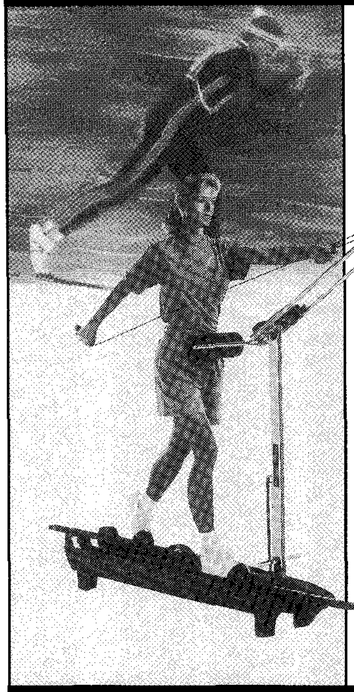
Adorned with cones and crabapples, with a red velvetina bow. Gift packaged with your message enclosed.

The Christmas Greens Shop
Dept. N25 • Blue Hill, ME 04614
Call TOLL FREE 1-800-255-8874
In Maine: 374-5156
9 AM-6 PM EST Monday-Saturday

down, but they must have heard that West Berliners didn't like Turks, because they made it a mark of sophistication to dislike them, too. The polls that Wessis are always taking in East Berlin rank Turks as the people East Berliners "hate most" (though, judging by the conditions in which their own Vietnamese migrant workers are forced to live, and the confusion and loneliness of those workers, it is safe to say that they are being disingenuous). The Turkish kids here, being smart, have kept their squats in Neukölln and Kreuzberg, where they are in fact helpful and agreeable neighbors.

There are a lot of empty buildings in East Berlin. Some of the early projects—the hideous tile apartment blocks along the Karl-Marx-Allee, which runs east from Alexanderplatz—are empty because the housing institutes that control them are waiting for windfall rents when the capital arrives. In some of the smaller buildings only three or four of twenty or thirty flats have tenants. East Berliners talk a lot about the market, but they do not have much to say about the social contract. People in East Berlin get rich being "capitalists," like Wessis. They speculate on their neighbors' apartments. They sell fake insurance and phony stocks. Hustlers roam the corridors of the Charité—the biggest East Berlin hospital—demanding money from patients for the ambulance rides that brought them there, and the patients pay, because difficult patients under the old regime used to wake up from operations and discover that someone had removed their kidney and put it in a transplant bank for the families of the Politbüro. The East Berliners are scared of the Wessis now, and scared of each other. They are scared of losing their jobs, scared of not being able to pay for the flats they have, scared of not being able to give a "West" life to their children. It isn't just a problem for the poor. By the end of the year, three-quarters of the scientists at the Academy of Sciences in East Berlin will be out of work. Most of the teachers at Humboldt University are already out of work. They were fired for incompetence—the argument was that they were not as qualified as West Berlin teachers, and that their students would suffer—and by the end of a year's reprieve all the good teachers had gone and only the terrible ones had stayed. West Berlin students, who always considered themselves more spiritual than other West German students, complain that now the talk at school is all about money. They say that students come to their classes from East Berlin and sit in the front row in "environmentally correct" hand-knit sweaters and interrupt everybody with their terrible accents, and after they parade their innerness by talking about serious things, they want to know how to get ahead, how to get rich on what they learn, how to beat the other guy, even if the subject is Renaissance poetry or analytic philosophy. Mainly, they want to know how to make a deal on their grandmother's apartment. Real estate is the only currency they have.

BEFORE the Wall fell, East Berlin was a restricted city, like Moscow. You couldn't move there without permission, and if you got it you had a certain status in the G.D.R. Your invitation to Berlin carried the imprimatur of the Party, or the Stasi, or the important research institutes or government offices, and if your job was good it didn't matter so much if you lived in a project or didn't have a telephone or if your flat was moldy. It was no surprise to East Berliners that thirty per cent of the people in Marzahn, the worst of the projects—Germans call them "sleeping cities"—voted Communist last year, or that the deputy mayor of Berlin, a research pharmacist named Christina Bergmann, who ran as a Social Democrat, talked proudly about her flat in one of the other sleeping cities, Hellersdorf. About four hundred and fifty thousand people live in the projects of Marzahn, Hellersdorf, and Hohenschönhausen, and the average age is twenty-three. Marzahn was built in 1976 and is already a slum by any Western standard—there are said to be more gangs, and more crime, there than anywhere else in the city. It is hard for a stranger to see much of a difference between Marzahn and Hellersdorf, which is only eight years old, but Berliners see it. Hellersdorf people still think of the place with a kind of privilege, and they hang flower boxes from their windowsills and their balcony railings, and when they have the cash they fill their tiny apartments with West German stereos and television sets and complicated module furniture. Hellersdorf was a slum designed as a showplace, but the streets are alleys, and some



Bring the world's best aerobic exercise indoors. And feel like you're outdoors.

The glide is so smooth, the sound so soft, the physical challenge so real—you hardly notice the snow is missing.

The new NordicSport™ Ski from NordicTrack lets you set the resistance to suit your needs.

Skiers and non-skiers alike will enjoy the aerobic benefits of the NordicSport Ski, including a strengthened cardiovascular system, toned body, and reduction in body fat with an increase in lean muscle mass so you burn more calories.

And you'll feel like you're doing it all outdoors. A patented flywheel and one-way clutch mechanism simulate the smooth, non-jarring motion of gliding across snow. The upper-body exercise simulates poling, giving you a whole-body workout.

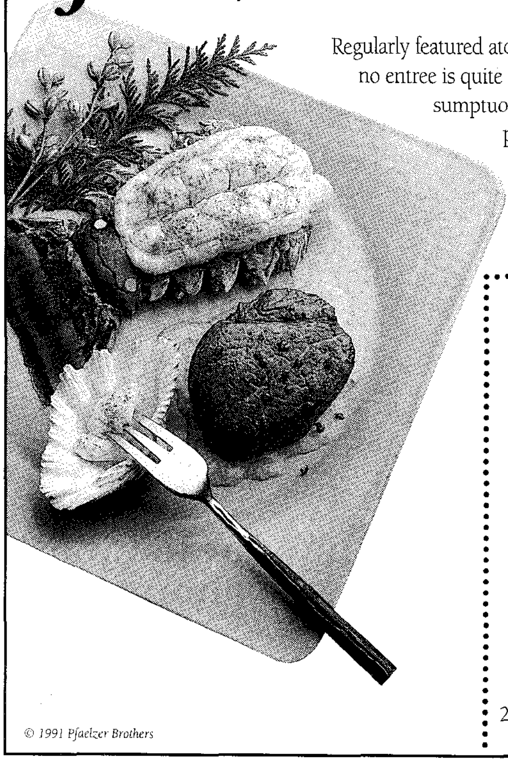
You'll also enjoy the sturdy, but state-of-the-art graphite composite construction that makes the machine as cutting edge as the workout itself.

Call today to discover the exhilaration of cross-country skiing, right in your own home.

Discover nordic sport™ by NordicTrack

For a free video and brochure, call 1-800-445-2231 ext. 35TK1

NordicTrack, 141 Jonathan Boulevard North, Chaska, MN 55318
©1991 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company • All rights reserved.



Surf and Turf for Two... just $29.95! (a $62.50 value)

Regularly featured atop the menus of the best restaurants, no entree is quite as indulgent – or appreciated – as this sumptuous duet! We've paired our hand-trimmed, perfectly aged filets with meaty lobster tails PLUS a quarter pound of our exclusive seasoned butter. A luxurious gift for friends, family or yourself! Arrives frozen. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Surf & Turf for Two
- 2 (6 oz.) Filet Mignon, 1¼" thick
- 2 (8 oz.) Lobster Tails
- ¼ lb. stick of Pfaelzer Seasoned Butter

Item **3135N**, a $62.50 value, JUST **$29.95** plus 6.50 shipping and handling.
Limit one per customer. Offer expires 12/31/91.

For credit card orders or a FREE catalog call:
1-800-621-0226

Pfaelzer BROTHERS
Gourmet Foods of the Finest Quality Since 1923.
281 West 83rd Street, Burr Ridge, IL 60521
NY12A

© 1991 Pfaelzer Brothers

Here's the greatest little secret in America!
We know of two sun drenched islands off the southwest coast of Florida.
SANIBEL & CAPTIVA
Here you'll find natural beaches, exotic shells, tropical wildlife, bicycle trails, charming shops, golf and tennis, great fishing, and places to stay that are remote and idyllic.
Sound wonderful?
It is, and what's best is that you can enjoy your vacation in a fully equipped condominium (not a stuffy motel room) with all the comforts of home.
CALL DIRECT FOR SPECIAL DISCOUNTED RATES
1-800-237-6008
VACATION RENTALS
Priscilla Murphy Realty, Inc.
P.O. Box 5 • Sanibel Island, Florida 33957

Thanksgiving by the Sea
Lantana COLONY CLUB
Somerset, Bermuda
1-800-468-3733
or your travel specialist
A warm and elegant cottage resort in Bermuda style. Less than two hours from the East Coast. Comfortably priced without compromising luxury.

DOLPHIN BRACELET
#E-17, sterling: $68 ppd.
14K: $330 ppd.
8 gracefully sculptured dolphins are linked together to form this beautiful bracelet.
7" long
Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.
MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
1-800-67-TORYS
M–F, 9–5, EST.
Catalog upon request.
TORY'S
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

Sterling Silver (Estate)
Kirk Stieff Flatware specialists
Free Price List 1 800 - 441-2520
If we don't have your pattern, we'll locate it.
Michael A. Merrill Inc.
908 York Rd. Baltimore, MD 21204 Tues-Sat

have never been paved, and it is still impossible for most people to get a telephone.

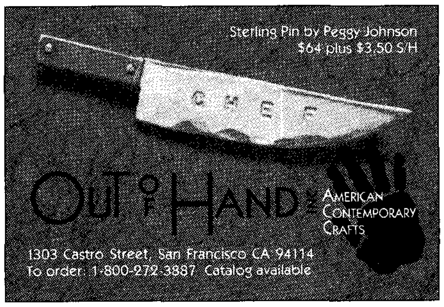
One of the problems for planners in Berlin—and one reason so few builders want to get involved in East Berlin housing—is what to do with projects like Marzahn and Hellersdorf, with their staggering concentration of people. It would be cheaper to tear down the sleeping cities and start all over than to renovate and restore them, but no one knows where to put half a million Berliners in the meantime, and, even if there *were* someplace to put them, the politics of relocation in Berlin would be daunting. Planners at the Stadtforum—the commission set up here to advise on the unification of the two Berlins and the planning of the capital—want to restore the housing that exists now, to keep people where they live and where they have friends and neighbors and playmates for their children, but it is one thing to restore a solid building that has survived the Allied bombings and forty-six years of neglect and another to take on projects that are only a few years old and were built so cheaply and so badly to begin with that they are already falling down. A lot of private housing in East Berlin is being restored now—houses that were owned or inherited or claimed as family property when the government changed, or apartment buildings that were claimed by old owners or sold by Treuhand. People with real privilege in the East—Stasi officers, Party functionaries, compliant artists and intellectuals and performers—often had permission to keep their family house, or to buy into a housing coöperative that the state managed. But there were never that many houses in Berlin for them, given the fact that forty-five per cent of "old" Berlin was lost in the bombings, and that anything solid built since then was built in West Berlin.

IN 1927, a radical German architect named Ludwig Hilberseimer came up with a plan to create a "new" Berlin by levelling the entire center of the city and starting over. The plan was famous in modernist circles—like Le Corbusier's *plan voisin* for central Paris—and infamous almost everywhere else people talked about architecture, because the early modernists like Hilberseimer and Le Corbusier believed that you could literally "build" social change by taking over the social

Now Printed in New York

If you like the Trib when you're travelling, why not get it at home?
Now the International Herald Tribune offers same day delivery in many U.S. cities.
For your daily international briefing – with features on travel, fashion, global investing and much, much more, call us toll free:
1-800-882-2884

CONTEMPORARY MINIATURES
Original abstract paintings by Artist Harish Saluja feature brilliant colors and exotic designs. Each (3"x5") piece is available for $150, mounted (9"x11") and ready to display.
To view a file, send $5 (applicable to first purchase) to: Felicity Int'l, P.O. Box 9687, Dept. NY, Pittsburgh, PA 15226



Sterling Pin by Peggy Johnson
$64 plus $3.50 S/H
OUT OF HAND
AMERICAN CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS
1303 Castro Street, San Francisco CA 94114
To order: 1-800-272-3887 Catalog available

The Perfect Vacation
Your own villa, pool and staff. Your own pace and style. 4 bedrooms, 4 baths $2,500/week.
Seagrape Villas
Ocho Rios, Jamaica • (800) 637-3608

environment and shaping it to control what you thought values and behavior should be. The critics (talking about Le Corbusier) called these plans a "Trojan horse of Bolshevism," but in fact they attracted ideologues on the left *and* the right, wherever the state wanted to control people in cities and how they lived and where they lived, because the random and chaotic spread of cities—the mix in cities—has always produced contacts, and politics, that are more anarchic than obedient. The plans led to Brasília, and to the Socialist new towns of France and Sweden. They led to the Fascist fantasy of society as a *Gesamtkunstwerk*, and to Albert Speer's "Germania." They led to a couple of generations of postwar planners who meant quite well in believing they could draft human satisfaction on blueprints and sewage maps and demography charts, and to a couple of generations of developers who needed a respectable utilitarian pitch to cover for their exploitations. Hilberseimer never got to raze Berlin. The war did it for him, and the Wall kept it that way, and the irony is that now Berlin *needs* planning. There is not much of what the planners call an infrastructure in the East—meaning an infrastructure adequate by Western standards. The city has to lay trunk lines in East Berlin and install hundreds of thousands of telephones (right now, nobody in West Berlin, including the mayor and the President of Germany, can get a call through to East Berlin), and the demand for lines is so daunting that the Bundestag may have to exempt Berlin from the public-service laws and sell the telephone system to private companies. The city has to build roads to accommodate the traffic from hundreds of thousands of new cars. The city has to link the two Berlins with coherent public transportation and see that children can get to school and grownups can get to work and patients can get to the hospital. The city has to join the electric lines and the gas lines and the sewage pipes, and now that the East belongs to the West the city also has to figure out where to put the Berlin waste, because in the old days West Berlin paid East Berlin to take its waste, and East Berlin dumped it in Brandenburg. The city has to take this new Berlin and connect it to the land around it, because right now West Berlin stops where the Wall stood, and East Ber-

THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES

1 · 800 · 447 · 6553

Timely Information

Special Promotions

Retail Location

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

Hotel De La Poste
"The Gem of New Orleans' French Quarter"
The newly renovated Hotel De La Poste announces the opening of its BACCO Ristorante, operated by Ralph and Cindy Brennan, owners of the famous Mr. B's Bistro in the French Quarter. The hotel is located in the heart of the French Quarter, close to Bourbon Street and Jackson Square.
For more information:
30117

Beef Industry Council Cartoon Contest
Here's your chance to win a catered beef dinner for 10 in your own home! Enter the Beef Industry Council and Beef Board's caption-the-cartoon contest.
For more information:
30107

Arizona
Phoenix, Mesa, Scottsdale, Tempe
Enjoy golfing, tennis, swimming, museums, zoos, fine dining, shopping, galleries, fabulous scenery, and lodgings that range from 5-star resorts to cozy, intimate inns.
For free brochures:
30105

Regatta Sport
A collection of superior quality men's and women's sportswear for today's casual lifestyles.
For more information:
30103

The Teaching Company
College course lectures on audio and video tape, by professors rated highest in independent student course evaluations at top universities. History, literature, psychology, etc.
For a free catalog:
30101

CLUB MED 1 CRUISE
Sailing sapphire seas to explore an unspoiled island paradise. The CLUB MED 1 — a unique cruise vacation. To receive your free CLUB MED 1 Video Cruise,
Call 1-800-CLUB MED

ADVERTISEMENT

Now enjoy brilliant college lectures in your home or car

Audio and video recordings of SUPERSTAR TEACHERS™– professors ranked highest by students at top universities.

Lecturers so brilliant they are campus heroes at such schools as Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Columbia.

Each taped series — produced in cooperation with **The Smithsonian Institution** Resident Associate Program — is a condensed version of a top-rated professor's one-semester course on the subject. Each set consists of eight 45-minute lectures on audio or video cassettes in handsome home-library slipcases. Here are five of our most popular courses:

PHILOSOPHY AND HUMAN VALUES. Rick Roderick, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy, Duke University. A critical encounter with important views of the human condition as discussed in the works and lives of Socrates, Augustine, Kant, Hegel, Mill, Marx, Nietzsche, and Freud. *"It will change your life."* — Duke University Teacher / Course Evaluation Book.
Course No. AI-1469. Audio or Video.

THE LIFE OF THE MIND: AN INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY. Richard Gerrig, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Psychology, Yale University. One of Yale's most dynamic and popular teachers uses enthusiasm, wit, and provocative examples to teach you how psychology governs the way we live and how the mechanisms of the human brain help shape that psychology. *"The man is incredible..."* — Yale Student Evaluations.
Course No. RP-1639. Audio or Video.

POWER OVER PEOPLE: CLASSIC AND MODERN POLITICAL THEORY. Dennis Dalton, Ph.D., Prof. of Political Science, Barnard College/ Columbia University. Impact on the world of Plato, Aristotle, Machiavelli, Rousseau, Marx, Freud, Hitler, Gandhi. *"It's a good idea to arrive one-half hour early to get a seat. We're not joking."*— Columbia-Barnard Course Guide.
Course No. AI-1448. Audio or Video.

GOD AND MANKIND: COMPARATIVE RELIGIONS. Robert Oden, Ph.D., Headmaster, Hotchkiss School; formerly Professor and Chair, Department of Religion, Dartmouth College. When Dr. Oden taught this subject at Dartmouth, his course was invariably held at 8:00 A.M. in the dead of the New Hampshire winter — and was always full!
Course No. RP-1616. Audio or Video.

COMEDY, TRAGEDY, HISTORY: THE LIVE DRAMA AND VITAL TRUTH OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Peter Saccio, Ph.D.,Willard Professor of Drama and Oratory, Dartmouth College. As an accomplished actor as well as teacher, Professor Saccio has the rare ability to act out Shakespeare's lines with power and authority...and then to probe beneath the dazzling brilliance for the meanings often hidden to us by three centuries of changes in language and customs.
Course No. LI-1263. Audio or Video.

PRICES

VIDEO: One course, $149.95. Two courses, $129.95 each.Three or more courses, $109.95 each.
AUDIO: One course, $89.95. Two courses, $79.95 each.Three or more courses, $69.95 each.

Charge to VISA or MasterCard. Add $5 per course for shipping/handling. (VA residents, add 4.5% sales tax.)

1-800-832-2421

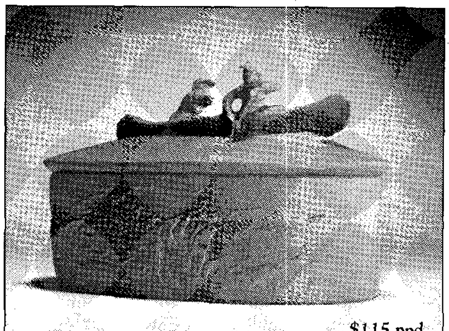
Ask for Operator 257, 9AM-5PM EST.
Or write for catalog plus information on Rental Option program:

THE TEACHING COMPANY
Dept. 257 / P.O. Box 4000
Kearneysville, WV 25430-4000

lin, being a restricted city, stops at the city limits and turns abruptly into pastures.

Berlin needs all this now—before Berliners can settle down to their united city, before the rhythms of ordinary life and trade can begin to become apparent. The decision to move the government here has put a stop to whatever was "natural" in the new Berlin. Even the Berlin advocates here—the people who said that Bonn was a hothouse, and that the politicians in Bonn were making laws about life in Germany with no real experience of life in Germany—admit that moving the government to Berlin has ended an exceptionally open moment, though they also admit that there would be much less money for that moment if the government had decided to stay home.

People began "planning" Berlin long before the capital vote in June. Last January, the Deutsches Architektur-Museum, in Frankfurt, and the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* asked seventeen architects (only a few of them German) to imagine the new Berlin, and, in March, a show of their blueprints and maquettes opened called "Berlin Morgen." The results did not solve the plumbing problem here, or come to grips with the problem of whether Berlin should have a central train station, with spoke lines moving people out of the city, or a ring of stations, with branch lines moving people into the city. One architects' collective, called Coop Himmelblau, from Vienna wanted the middle of Berlin to look like children's building blocks. Zaha Hadid, who comes from Baghdad, wanted to paint Berlin red and brown. Giorgio Grassi, the Italian architect, wanted to turn Berlin into an Op-art experience by making patterns of windows all over the city, and Jean Nouvel, the French architect, wanted to link Berlin semiologically, so to speak, by writing things like "Protect Me From What" and "Grass Roots Agit" on the buildings. While the developers were making their deals with Treuhand and the architects were fantasizing, the Stadtforum tried to negotiate among the citizens' groups and government groups and interest groups and business groups, and come up with some ideas about what Berlin might actually look like, and how it would grow, and in what direction, and where in fact the center of town

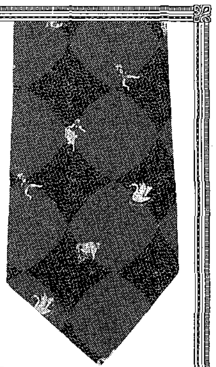


$115 ppd.

Get your strokes.
3 qt. stoneware canoe **Baking Dish**, hand-cast in Maine. Send for Catalog. VISA/MC
SMITH & SMITH, Potters
12 SCHOOL ST., BATH, ME 04530 (207)443-8153

The Twelve Days Of Christmas

Our collection of extraordinary pure silk ties is matchless. Meticulously detailed crests woven on the finest English silk handmade ties. Shown. "The 12 Days of Christmas", available either with navy, red, or green ground. Write or call for our new catalog.



THE BEN SILVER COLLECTION

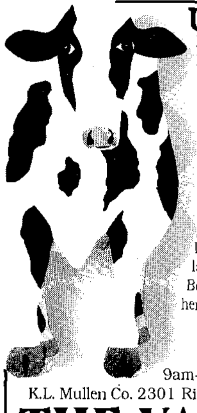
The Ben Silver Corp.
Department NYC
149 King Street
Charleston SC 29401
800-221-4671

SANTA FE

Great Low Rates Now Available!

La Posada de Santa Fe—Santa Fe's Inn has adobe style cottages on six acres of landscaped gardens only 2 blocks stroll from the famous historic plaza.
CALL Rachel at 800-727-5276 for reservations.

La Posada de Santa Fe
330 East Palace Avenue, SANTA FE, NM



Unblinking, yet friendly. Immobile, yet movable. Nearly life-sized (47"h), yet eats virtually nothing. Achieve the pride and obvious stature of livestock ownership with none of the smell, clean-up or pre-dawn chores. No, you can't milk the Yard Cow but you can be the rage of the neighborhood pasture. She's gracious. Poised. Talented. She's outstanding in her field. Durable too (hand stenciled in enamel on ½" waterproof signboard). Don't let the Yard Cow escape your lasso. Get the best. Get the original. Begin with 1 at $68 or start your own herd of 3 for $186 ship. incl. Indoor and outdoor supports included.
1-800-343-8429 • MC/VISA
Monday through Friday
9am-5pm EST/PA Res. add 6% S.T.
K.L. Mullen Co. 2301 Ritner Hwy, Carlisle, PA 17013
THE YARD COW ©1991

would be, not to mention where Germany's government would be.

The Stadtforum was put together by Volker Hassemer, who is the Minister for Urban Development and Environment in Berlin. Hassemer used to be the Minister for Culture. He made his name promoting Berlin (and buying talent for Berlin) as a cultural center. He was a fierce Berlin advocate in the capital campaign. His plan was to center the government on the Museumsinsel, in the Spree—the island where Unter den Linden meets the old Marx-Engels-Platz, and where some of the great public buildings of neoclassical nineteenth-century Berlin, like the National Gallery and the Pergamon Museum, still stand—and, while it is unlikely that Helmut Kohl will move into the Pergamon, Hassemer got to be known in Bonn as someone who understood Kohl's Berlin ambitions. In April, he called on some local planners and architects who had been meeting informally to talk about Berlin, and eventually he put together a group of sixty experts and advocates and politicians to meet a couple of times a month and report back to him with recommendations. The group meets now in an old insurance building in West Berlin, and has a *Werkbank* of young town planners and programmers doing research and putting together statistics, but there is not much the experts and advocates and politicians agree on. The traffic people want to turn the Leipzigerstrasse into a six-lane highway, and the planners—many of them are disciples of Helga Fassbinder, the planner who advised on the restoration of Rotterdam, and who sits on the Stadtforum board and tries to convert the traffic people to "a Dutch solidarity with nature"—want to make neighborhoods where people live and work, and the real-estate people want to raise the air rights in the center of town from four to nine stories (the Allies fixed them at seventy meters, because of air traffic), and the businessmen want to put parking lots under the Potsdamer Platz, and the politicians, who talk about putting "the heart of Germany in the heart of Berlin," want the best land for their offices. There is so much data already on the new Berlin that the only person with any idea of *how* much is a young woman paying her way through a doctorate in comparative religion at the Free University by working the Stadt-

The Magic of Italy on Cassettes!

There's no better gift for an intermediate or advanced student of Italian than *Acquerello italiano,* the audiomagazine from Italy. Published six times a year, each hour-long edition comes on an audiocassette and paints a vivid portrait of contemporary Italy with interviews, music, and conversation about current events, politics, the arts, and travel. A word-for-word transcript comes with each tape and includes an extensive Italian-English glossary. Study supplements, priced separately, help build listening comprehension with exercises based on selected program segments.

Acquerello ITALIANO

Interviews
News
Music
Culture

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

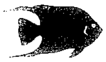
Join host Luca Liguori, one of Italy's most distinguished journalists, every two months on *Acquerello italiano.* If not completely satisfied with your first program, call for a full refund.

☐ Sì! I'd like to order a year's subscription to *Acquerello italiano* ($89 for 6 editions)
☐ Please include the study supplement ($30)

Send to:
Name
Address
City/State/ZIP

Return with payment to *Acquerello italiano*
Dept. WY4 • P.O. Box 158067 • Nashville, TN 37215-8067

TO ORDER BY TELEPHONE CALL 1-800-824-0829



WE'D HAVE A LOUD AND INTRUSIVE HEADLINE,
BUT THAT'S NOT THE WAY WE DO THINGS.

A mere two hours from the East Coast there's an unspoiled island with pink beaches, warm breezes and even warmer people.

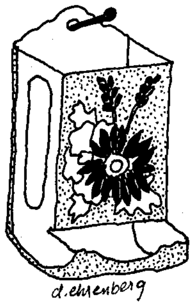
For your free vacation planning kit call 1-800-BERMUDA.
Or write Bermuda Dept. of Tourism, P.O. Box 7705, Woodside, NY 11377.

Name Address
City State Zip
119135

BERMUDA

forum computer, and there is so much fashionable theory loose about "the idea of Berlin" that Hassemer invited Jacques Derrida and Wim Wenders to contribute to the discussion.

Hassemer wants a glamorous Berlin—one of his ideas for solving the Berlin housing problem was to take the eighteen thousand bureaucrats at the Social Security office and send them to Bonn when the capital moves here. But, for a politician, he seems to appreciate Berlin's complicated character. A couple of years ago, he stopped the mayor, Eberhard Diepgen, from rebuilding the palace—it was the Prinz Albrecht Palace—where the Gestapo had headquartered, and kept the site in rubble for an exhibit called "Topography of the Terror," and people on the left acknowledged that "Hassemer has learned about fighting for the revelation." He is certainly as credible in Berlin's defense as Diepgen or any of the other Christian Democrats who run the city in a very *berlinerisch* coalition with the Social Democrats. Berlin politicians do not have much of a reputation for brilliance or charisma. The good ones used to be sent here from the Bundesrepublik, to put in time for their parties, and if they did well, like Brandt and Weizsäcker and Hans-Jochen Vogel, they usually went back to Bonn. Hassemer stayed. He was not brilliant, but he was an oddity in a city where the resident politicians were provincial if not corrupt and the mayors came and went according to the city's real-estate and construction scandals. Hassemer's enthusiasm for the city, and maybe his arrogance about the city, kept him clean.



There were a lot of protests here when the Potsdamer Platz was sold—people who opposed the sale say "donated"—to Daimler-Benz. (Actually, Daimler got the Platz from Potsdamerstrasse to Eichhornstrasse, and Sony Europa, the department-store chain Hertie, and the electronics company Asea-Brown-Boveri divided the rest.) Hassemer tried to appease the protesters by persuading Daimler and the other investors to let their architect, Richard Rogers, design a project for the Potsdamer Platz that would make them happy *and* make the Berliners happy, but the Stadtforum was planning a competition for the Platz, and had set conditions involving the ratio of private to public transportation, and of commercial to residential space, and Daimler had declared Rogers' plan to be "outside" the competition and thus the rules of the competition. In effect, it was already, because Daimler paid for it. Hassemer says now that the plan was never meant to be binding—that it was intended to open discussion about the neighborhood, to stimulate "the idea of Berlin." But the Stadtforum people were furious, and it didn't matter to them that, whatever its problems, the Rogers plan was beautiful, or that it turned two-thirds of the Platz into public park, or that Rogers himself called it "A People's Place." When all the designs were in, they chose a model for the Potsdamer Platz by a couple of Munich architects named Heinz Hilmer and Christoph Sattler that reminded some Berliners of the Trojan horse of Bolshevism and others of something Speer might have submitted. In fact, it was mainly ugly. Daimler and the other investors in the Potsdamer Platz called it "provincial" and "mediocre" and "a disgrace," and threatened to take their money out of the project unless the plan they paid for was used. Edzard Reuter said that Berlin was, after all, not Posemuckel—Posemuckel is the Podunk here—but "the German metropolis in Europe."

Hardt-Waltherr Hämer is one of six architects on the Stadtforum's "creative review" board. He is an old West Berlin radical who built his own offices out of an abandoned Kreuzberg skirt factory the city was about to demolish, and then threatened and cajoled the city until he had persuaded it to stop tearing down the other old Kreuzberg *Mietskasernen*—they were part factory and part workers' flats, and the name means "rent barracks"—and to restore them instead, letting the very eccentric collection of squatters, artists, students, punks, Turkish immigrants, and old working-class Kreuzberg families who lived in them have a large say in the restoration, and in some cases do the restoration. Right now, he is in charge of a city project for what he calls the "step-by-step renewing" of thirty thousand Kreuzberg apartments in the West and, in the East, fifty thousand Tiergarten apartments and a hundred thousand apartments in "the real Prenzlauer Berg," which is desperately poor.

Hämer was one of the architects who disapproved of the Daimler-Benz sale. He thought that giving the most interesting part of the city to a company that makes so much of its money producing arms was a disastrous "signal about Berlin" to begin with, and became an even worse signal when the job of "translating" between the city and its investors was done on the investors' checkbook. He says that money for projects like his Prenzlauer Berg project, which are intended to confirm "the value of usage over time," and to give people a chance to work on their own homes and their own neighborhoods at a moment when jobs in Berlin are scarce—and maybe even keep them from chasing rainbows in West Germany—has been held up because Bonn is really only interested in projects with "traditional investors," by which he means not neighbors with time to work but corporations like Daimler-Benz with power to confer. Hämer knows that the power of West German capital to remake Berlin will help East Berliners—especially given the distress in East Berlin, and the longing of East Berliners for change. But he also knows that it will not do much to help those East Berliners think about their lives and their part of the city in a processual way, in the "step-by-step" way he and his friend Helga Fassbinder admire, and that a rampant exploitation of East Berlin, whether you call it "colonialism" or "conquest" or "the Wild West in the East" (he prefers to call it "two continental plates colliding"), will have a substantial if not a sinister effect on the mentality of everybody here.

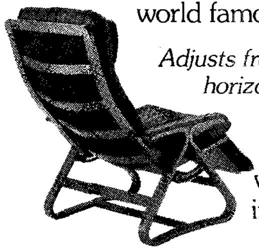
The truth is that neither the subsidized island city that was West Berlin nor the subsidized Communist city that was East Berlin has had any real experience of venture capital or a buccaneer market. Neither side really understands what is happening to the city now, or how different it is from other Western cities, or why, with Treuhand as the biggest landlord in East Berlin, and the city itself the second biggest, it is no surprise that investors are not much interested in consulting or coöperating with the people who live there. Treuhand's charter is to privatize, and nothing else. It is not legally accountable to anything

"REAL CATS" BLOUSE

A real work of Art!
All breeds in their natural colors.
Made in USA of imported 100% Pima Cotton.
Slightly oversized, impeccably tailored.
Available in S, M, L, XL on Rose, Dusty Pink, or Periwinkle Blue.
$69 (3.95 S&H)
Major credit cards
Real Prints
1-800-REAL CAT Dept. 800

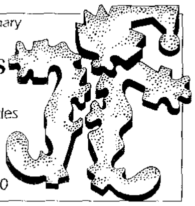
Harbor Sweets®
Handmade Gift Chocolates
"The result of our hobby, to make the best chocolates in the world regardless of cost."
Call toll-free for our catalogue or for the location of the shop nearest you.
1-800-234-4860

Back Relief & Relaxation
NEW Scandinavian styling for our world famous recliner.
Adjusts from vertical to horizontal position.
Elegant wood frame in 4 finishes.



BackSaver™ FREE 12 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Avenue, Dept. D91, Holliston, MA 01746

Certain gifts simply must be extraordinary
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles
Since 1974, the finest handcut personalized wooden jigsaw puzzles being made today. $190 - $2000.
Call or write for 36-page catalog.
Stave Puzzles, Box 329A,
Norwich, VT 05055 802-295-5200

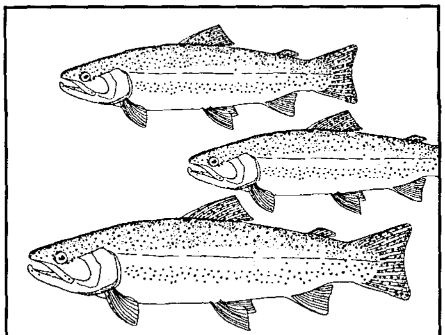


cool whites
ready to wear slip covers
urban, suburban or cottage living.
fun & inexpensive. fully adjustable.
100% natural cotton duck. 3 sizes.
free brochure. 1.800.695.4878
great plains inc

but its board and its balance sheets, and it does not have any of the checks and balances of productive West German companies—which have union contracts and workers sitting on the board and are part of a carefully calibrated arrangement between labor and management to meet West Germany's growth schedules and economic directives.

Christina Bergmann, the deputy mayor, is the Berlin Minister for Work and Women—which means that she is the minister who usually has to take on Treuhand in an emergency. She was never in politics until the Wall fell. She is fifty-two, and says it was hard for anyone her age in East Berlin to trust a politician, and for a woman it was probably harder, because being a woman in East Germany was like "having somebody hold a big thumb on your head any time you tried to rise." But she wanted to do something. She joined the S.P.D. "because of Ostpolitik and Willy Brandt," and got on the Social Democratic list and, to her great surprise, did well in the elections here. Diepgen needed an East Berliner *and* a Social Democrat for his deputy, and he gave Frau Bergmann the job. She is one of three women—all of them Social Democrats—in the Senat, and one of her standing complaints at Treuhand is that women are always fired first when Treuhand lets workers go or sells a company to someone who lets them go. She is not a party to Treuhand's negotiations; Treuhand is a federal company, and local politicians have no authority there. When Frau Bergmann gets information about a deal in the works she goes to Treuhand and demands the plans and the contracts, and "negotiates" in the only way she can—by threatening public action against it.

Hämer says that the corruption at Treuhand is immeasurable—"out of every control"—and Frau Bergmann has had some experience of that. When Klingbeil wanted to buy the light-bulb factory, she tried to get the developers to guarantee the jobs, and lost. Then she tried to get them to keep on a few hundred extra workers for "reëducation," with the government paying their salaries, and lost. Then she tried to get them to promise to keep making light bulbs, and lost again. East German politicians, and especially novices like Frau Bergmann, don't have the contacts in the West, or the favors to



An amazing fish story you can believe.
The PCB-polluted St. Lawrence, Racquette and St. Regis rivers in upstate New York can yield edible fish. How? What's the catch?
Rainbow trout and yellow perch! Mohawk fish farming is supported by the *American Friends Service Committee (AFSC).* Aquaculture means nutritious traditional food wrested from rivers plagued by 30 years of chemical dumping.
Cages keep fish out of the food chain and above toxic sediments on river bottom. An inflated inner tube floats each "fish penthouse" just below the surface and forms a trough for daily fish chow feeding. The cage is stocked with 100 fish fingerlings to start.
Each cage will produce over 100 lbs. of fish. When the first harvest tested PCB-free, it was celebrated with a community fish fry. This Mohawk-run project is forming cooperatives to raise family income as well as food. The fish are in family freezers and small scale marketing may begin next season.
AFSC aids the Mohawk quest for environmental justice because auto and aluminum companies and cities ringing the Great Lakes have turned the rivers into "toxic cocktails." An aquaculture biologist, Mohawk environmentalists and *AFSC* have found a clever solution.
Cast your bread upon the waters by investing in this promising enterprise. Expect a return in spirit, also Mohawk and Quaker thanks for your contribution.
American Friends Service Committee
Finance Department, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102
My gift to Mohawk fish farming:
☐ fish cage $40 ☐ 100 fingerlings $75 ☐ 300 lbs. fish chow $100 ☐ complete package for 2 Mohawk fish farmers $300 other $_____
Name
Address
City/State/Zip 141HA

THE NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers. Call from any phone to reach product and service representatives:

CLUB MED 1
Free Video Cruise
1-800-CLUB MED

Beverly Bremer Silver Shop
Sterling Silver Matching Service
1-404-261-4009

Spectacular Sauces
Gourmet Sauces & Condiments
1-800-999-4949

Laurel Springs Fraser Firs
Fresh Cut Trees, Wreaths, Garlands
1-800-851-2345

Vermont Castings
Clean-burning Wood Stoves & Fireplaces
1-800-227-8683

Timberpeg
America's Post & Beam Home Leader
1-603-542-7762

Hotel Hana-Maui
1-800-321-HANA

Gem International
1-800-829-8271

Discoveries
Personalized Cartouche Handmade in Egypt
1-800-237-3358

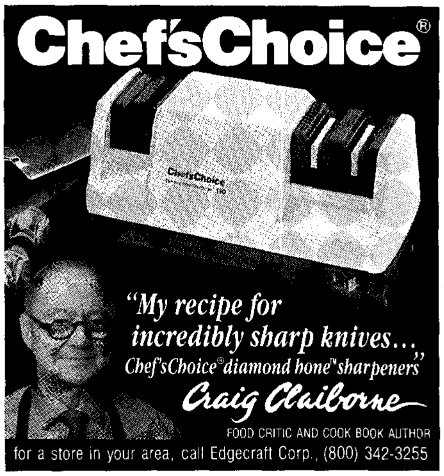
Hotel Intercontinental
New York
212-755-5900
outside of New York City
1-800-327-0200

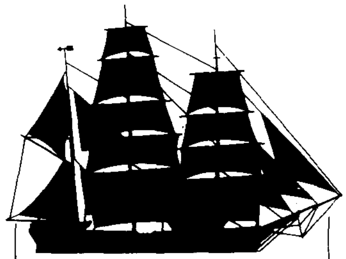
ADVERTISEMENT

call in, that would give them leverage in this sort of negotiation. Berlin cynics would say that this is why she got her job to begin with, but in the end she won.

Only about forty thousand workers are training for new jobs in East Berlin. About thirty thousand more are supposed to be going into "environmental" community programs, and will presumably be trained to restore houses and plant trees and clean up pollution, with Berlin organizing the programs and Bonn paying for them out of federal taxes. Everybody in West Germany was taxed an extra seven per cent this year to help pay for unification, and paid a special surcharge of twenty-five pfennigs on every litre of gasoline and heating oil. The VAT—which is a sales and service tax—went up from twelve to fourteen per cent. Politicians on the left want some of that money used for public-works projects, something on the order of the W.P.A. projects in America during the Depression—they talk about creating four hundred and fifty thousand jobs in East Germany that way—but the conservatives who run the country say that works projects are "against the ethic of a free market," no matter how much East Germany, which is dangerously polluted, needs them or wants them. In Berlin, being against the ethic of a free market used to mean being a Communist; now it means being worried.

ONE of the nicest buildings in East Berlin is a turn-of-the-century house on the corner of Behrenstrasse and Glinkastrasse, just down the street from the Komische Oper. It has arched windows framed by delicate fluted columns, a stone eagle peering out of its rounded cornice, and a coat of thick, cream paint that sets it off from the gray stone buildings around it. The Stasi, which used the building to spy on the missions and embassies in the neighborhood, restored it in 1988. (The policeman who guards it now says that that was the last thing the Stasi did in East Germany.) Today, twenty East and West Berliners work there for a man named Joachim Gauck, a Lutheran pastor of remarkable fortitude who helped disband the Stasi in the months before Germany was united, and has the unenviable job of putting its files in order, so that four million East Germans and two million


ChefsChoice®
"My recipe for incredibly sharp knives...,
Chef'sChoice® diamond hone® sharpeners"
Craig Claiborne
FOOD CRITIC AND COOK BOOK AUTHOR
for a store in your area, call Edgecraft Corp., (800) 342-3255


Holiday Lantern Light Tours
A Christmas Drama Unfolds Around You
On Our Evening Walking Tour.
For Reservations, 1-800-522-1841
MYSTIC SEAPORT®
Exit 90 Off I-95, Mystic, CT

Design at Harvard
Architecture
Landscape Architecture
Urban Design
CAREER DISCOVERY PROGRAM
For people of all ages considering career choices or changes
June 22-July 31, 1992
Harvard University
Graduate School of Design
Career Discovery Box N
48 Quincy Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
617-495-5453

14K Gold-Plated Dolphin Earring
Portion of Each Purchase Will Be Donated to Dolphin Preservation
Richly crafted 1½" dolphin gracefully leaps through your ear, commemorating our most endearing sea mammal. Fashionable with any attire. Set includes 2-piece dolphin & matching plain post for your other ear. Pierced styling. **Item #2467. $10.95. Add $3.50 shipping/handling. Add 6% for Florida delivery. Each order includes FREE gift catalog ($2 value). Credit card orders phone (813)747-2356. Please give account number & expiration date. Check or money order to: The Lighter Side, P.O. Box 25600, Dept. B-489, Bradenton, FL 34206.**

West Germans will be able to read what their friends and neighbors said about them to the secret police.

The Stasi files are arguably the most dangerous and damaging documents in East Germany. Michael Zabel, a West Berliner with a law degree who used to work for the Berlin Data Protection Agency and now works for Pastor Gauck, running the office that will actually release those files to the people in them, says that so many East Germans informed so much on other East Germans that there are fifty miles of Stasi files in Berlin alone, and another seventy-five miles in the Stasi's fifteen district headquarters. The government figures that it will take three thousand people just to guard the files once they are open to the Stasi's victims, in January. Two thousand people are already guarding them now.

In the winter of 1989, just after the Wall fell, East Germans occupied Stasi offices all over East Germany, and when the Stasi fled they took what they could carry—usually the files involving *them* or the files on important new East German politicians, which could be sold or used as blackmail. The information they had was a kind of hard currency. It bought Deutsche marks. It bought protection. Everybody wanted it. The press wanted it—magazines like *Der Spiegel* and *Stern* bought so many files from Stasi that every week for a year somebody "pure" from East Germany was exposed at the newsstands as a Stasi agent or informer. Bonn wanted it—and got *its* files from the East German Interior Minister, Peter-Michael Diestel. So many people wanted to make use of the Stasi files, and were stealing or selling or destroying Stasi files, or trading Stasi files for protection, that one horrified painter from the Neues Forum actually disappeared with the Erfurt files, occasionally sending word that he was keeping them safe until the Stasi's victims were free to read them.

He had a point, because there were months in the fall of 1989 and the winter of '90 when people in East German towns could walk right into a Stasi headquarters that was being occupied, and find a friend, and walk out with the files they wanted. Little by little, the files were closed, and most of the stealing stopped, though the files in Berlin—they are stored in the Stasi headquarters here, in blue and orange folders—were broken into last year, and the guards say that probably the only safe files are the files in Cottbus, which are in a bunker in the middle of a forest. One of the problems for Gauck's commission is that Erich Mielke, the Stasi boss, didn't like computers. He was an old man—eighty-two when the Wall fell—and said he was too old for computers. When East Berliners took over his headquarters here, the only computerized files they found were the master codes and the Stasi's personnel files of officers, agents, and informers, and those files were on BASF disks and programs that Mielke seems to have bought from West Germany with a busload of political prisoners. The six million "victims" files that those officers, agents, and informers had produced were all over East Germany in their folders.

Joachim Lass was one of the East Berliners who occupied the Stasi headquarters. He is a gentle middle-aged man from Hellersdorf, and when the Wall fell he had a reasonable job at the East German Labor Ministry, but

Our 11th Year!

I'll Bet You Know Someone Who's Crazy About Crosswords!

This Holiday Season give a full year of delightful puzzles — still only $30! Also available in LARGE PRINT — just $45!

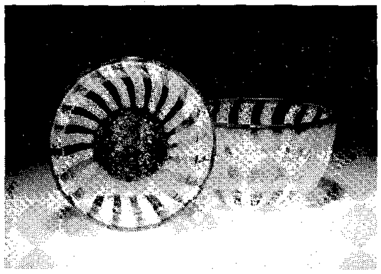
Every month we send 5 completely original puzzles created exclusively for our members by the world's most talented (and devilish) constructors. Individually printed on fine, heavy paper each puzzle is the same grid size and caliber as those found in the Sunday New York Times, and contains a witty commentary by our editor, the legendary Will Weng. These outstanding puzzles are also offered in Large Print — both paper and type size are a full 25% bigger than our regular crosswords.

Within 48 hours of receiving your instructions, we'll have an elegant gift announcement card on its way to you, and we'll start your new member with the January 1992 puzzles.

Your Satisfaction is guaranteed. Act Now!
It's Easy to Order! We Pay the Postage!
Send check for $30 (regular) or $45 (Large Print) or charge MasterCard/Visa. (Foreign subscriptions somewhat higher.)

Mail to:
THE CROSSWORDS CLUB Dept. 21217
123 Elm Street, P.O. Box 635
Old Saybrook, CT 06475
CALL TOLL FREE
800-874-8100
OR FAX TOLL FREE
800-872-7624
(All 50 States & Canada)

THE CROSSWORD CLUB®



Discover the beauty of glass

PAPERWEIGHTS

☐ Millefiori bowl by Perthshire Paperweights of Scotland (approx. 4½" diameter). **$125**

☐ *Collectors' Paperweights — Price Guide and Catalogue.* 192 pages, full color. **$15** (**Free** with purchase of the Perthshire bowl.)

☐ Our latest color brochures. **$2**

L. H. Selman Ltd.
761 Chestnut Street, Suite N3
Santa Cruz, CA 95060
Toll-free 800 538-0766

Name

Address

City State Zip

Check enclosed ☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐

California residents add appropriate sales tax

Card number Exp. date

Visiting the Florida Keys? Stop at the famous GREEN TURTLE INN. Meanwhile, savor these very traditional favorites.

- TURTLE SOUP CONSOMME
- TURTLE CHOWDER
- CONCH CHOWDER
- MANHATTAN CLAM CHOWDER
- NEW ENGLAND FISH CHOWDER
- NEW ENGLAND CLAM CHOWDER
- KEY LIME PIE FILLING

MIX or MATCH a 6-pack, 16oz. cans $14.95 includes shipping. MAKES A GREAT GIFT!

GREEN TURTLE CANNERY
P.O. Box 585, Islamorada, Florida Keys 33036
Dept. N 305-664-9595

Pins for Writers

Finely detailed emblems of a writer's talent. Pen pin or stickpin, $65 sterling, $325 14K gold. Pencil pin or stickpin, $70 sterling, $385 14K gold. Add $4 shipping. In NY add sales tax. VISA/MC/AMEX: 516-734-4002. Or send your check to:
EAST END SILVER
Dept. N9, P. O. Box 151
New Suffolk, New York 11956

actual size

his office was infiltrated by Stasi, and on the first day of the occupation he left work and walked into the Stasi headquarters, on Normannenstrasse, "out of curiosity," and saw the interrogation rooms and the cells and the cries of "Help!" scratched into the walls, and that day he joined the Berlin *Bürger* committee and volunteered for the occupation. He says now that the problems with the Stasi files began that day, when it was clear that nobody in the building, not even the Stasi guarding the files, knew anything about the fancy West German software with the master codes and the personnel files. The *Bürger* committee didn't know anything, and the Citizens' Round Table—people from the government and the parties and from Neues Forum and the other citizens' groups, who were pretty much running East Berlin then—didn't know anything. They started negotiating with the Stasi, and eventually—it took three months, because at first the Stasi refused to talk about the disks unless someone in charge promised immunity from prosecution—they made a deal by which the Stasi got to destroy its personnel files in exchange for opening the files with the master codes.

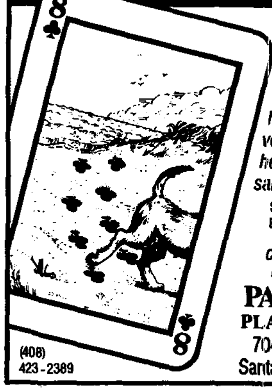
It was not a deal that went down well in East Germany. Most East Germans would have agreed with Lass, who wanted to see all the files saved, whether or not anyone got to read them, and who quit the occupation after he found out what had happened. The East Germans were left with their folders, and with the codes for sorting them, but there was no agreement on how to use them, or on who should see them, and after unification Bonn closed the files until the Bundestag could draft a law on the conditions of access. There was no way to stop the leaks, though, or the damage they did, or the breakdowns and suicides they caused. Two men in Gauck's office leaked the story about Lothar de Maizière having been a salaried Stasi informer. De Maizière was the Christian Democratic Prime Minister of East Germany from April of 1990 until unification in December, and at the time of the leak he was running for a seat in the Bundestag, and was certain to win it. The men who leaked the file were fired, but no one at Gauck's commission denied the story, and after the campaign it was rumored that de Maizière had bought protection

ANTIQUE WILDLIFE LITHOGRAPHS

150-year-old **hand-colored** originals of Audubon's ***"Birds of North America."***
Large collection.
Surprisingly affordable.
Free book picturing all of Audubon's birds to interested parties.
Christmas orders filled until December 15.
Call **1-800-877-1726** for details.

GEORGETOWN GALLERIES
Investment Quality Collectibles
7315 Wisconsin Avenue Bethesda, MD 20814

COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PLAYING CARDS



52 DIFFERENT DESIGNS

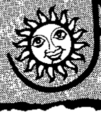
play your favorite card game with a handful of visual and verbal puns—find the heart attack, the club sandwich and more!

Single Decks $12.50
Bridge Decks $15.00
Inc. post & hand.
CA res. add 8.25% tax
Immediate Delivery

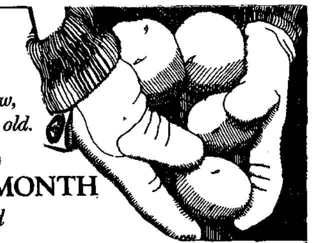
PALLADIN
PLAYING CARDS
704 Monarch Way
Santa Cruz, CA 95060

(408) 423-2389

RISTRAS!
From New Mexico
18" — $15.00
24" — $17.50
36" — $23.00
48" — $27.00
60" — $30.00
Wreath $27.00
All ppd.
Shipping late October.



Artesanos Imports Co. Inc.
P.O. Dr. G Dept. NY
Santa Fe, NM 87504



Something new, for something old.

POTATO OF THE MONTH
Postage Paid

New Penny Farm offers certified organic potatoes in many of the old-fashioned, flavorful varieties — delivered to your door each month. For a free catalog, write: PO Box 448-Y; Presque Isle, Me. 04769. Or call: 1-800-827-7551. VISA/MasterCard accepted.

in Bonn early on, by leaking information himself.

Some Germans wanted the fate of the Stasi files left to the five new states. They thought that the files were East Germany's business, and that only East Germans could know what they meant and whom they would hurt, and, as victims *and* informers, had to come to terms with each other alone. The other argument was formal. People who wanted the files under federal law said that the Stasi, having been a state police, was the responsibility of the state as it existed now—that is, the united German state, run from Bonn and three-quarters "Western." They thought there should be formal and uniform laws of access, and said that, anyway, West Germans were the only people in the country who knew anything about administering law, about legal procedure and due process—which, unhappily, was true.

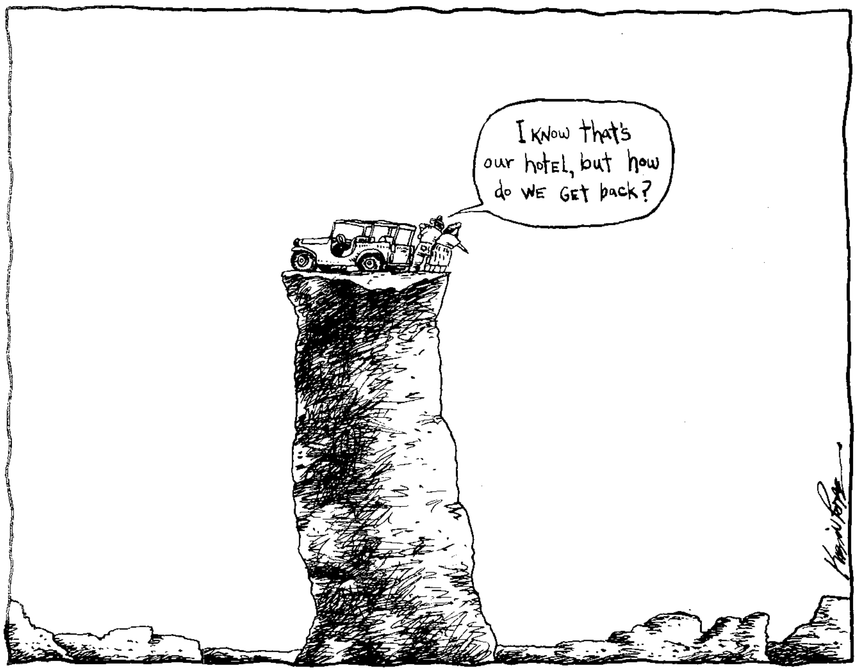
Hansjürgen Garstka, a West German jurist who runs the Data Protection Agency here, tells me that after a year of experience with East Germans he has just begun to realize how difficult it is for them to understand the law as protection. He says they were controlled in every detail of their lives for so long that now they think of "law" as a kind of control, too, something necessarily against them. "They are full of heart, but they have no feeling for *Rechtsstaatlichkeit*," Garstka says, "and in their hands the law breaks down." East Berliners are still calling up their friends at the Stasi archives and demanding to know whether someone informed on them in, say, 1975, and who that person was, and where to find him, and when West Berliners tell them that they shouldn't just call like that—that they should wait for a law to pass so *everyone* can call—the East Berliners think the West Berliners are talking like policemen.

This is what East Germans will learn in their files. They will learn whether it was a friend or a neighbor or a colleague or a relative who told the Stasi that they were enemies of Socialism, and who that friend was—the friend who wanted their job, or the friend who wanted their apartment, or the friend who simply didn't like them—and what, specifically, he accused them of, and if he got what he wanted. They will learn what their husbands and wives and children said about them, or, more accurately, what the Stasi said their husbands and wives and children said. They will learn why the black Passat was parked outside their house for a year, or why they were put on trial and sent to prison for ten years as subversives. It is assumed that, in the process, they will come to understand a little more about their own lives.

At first, a lot of people didn't think East Germany could survive opening the Stasi files. They thought that what little community Germans in the East had would disappear if they knew the worst about each other, and how casual most of their betrayals had been. One of my Berlin friends says, "Imagine this. You sit down, you read what your daughter said about you, you read what *I* said about you. You want to get a knife and kill us. But what have we really said? And by what unspeakable means did the Stasi come by this information? How can you know the truth?" My friend was one of the people who wanted to burn the files, or lock them in vaults for some other,

(*Advertisement*)

© 1991 Phoenix and The Valley of The Sun


I know that's our hotel, but how do we get back?

Jeep tours take you off the beaten path.

To learn more about Phoenix and The Valley of The Sun, write us at One Arizona Center, 400 E. Van Buren St., Ste. 600, Phoenix, AZ 85004-2290. Or call 1-800-447-6553 and then 30185 from a touchtone phone to hear information about Phoenix, Mesa, Scottsdale or Tempe.

PHOENIX • MESA • SCOTTSDALE • TEMPE • ARIZONA

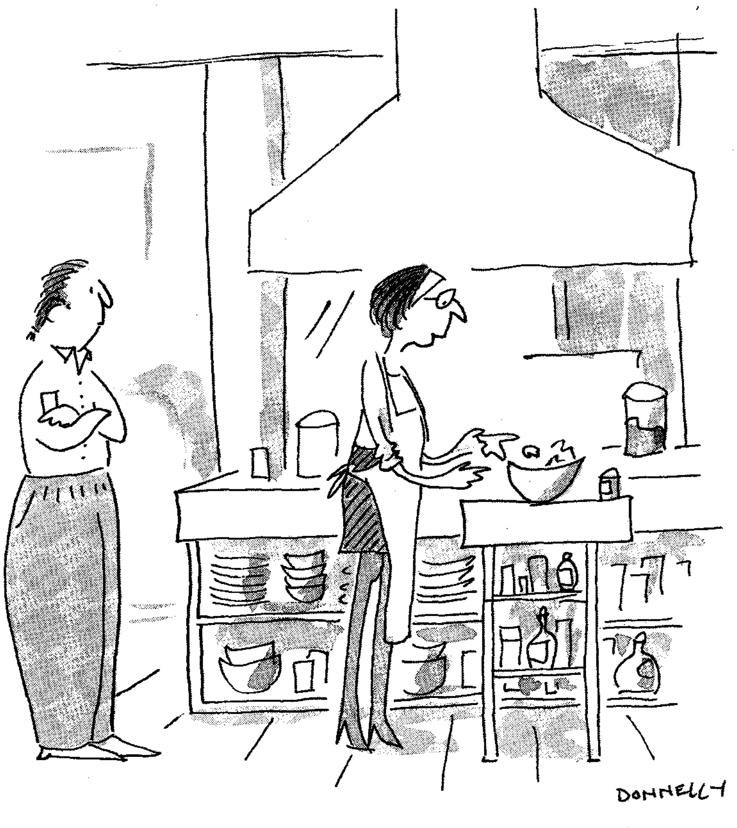
If you knew it, you'd do it.

stronger generation, or even ignore them, the way the Poles have ignored the crimes of their secret police. He was frightened, because so many people who had been betrayed wanted vengeance.

No one who has worked on the Stasi files, or knows anything about the Stasi files, has had an easy time deciding what the law should be, or how to determine access. Spiros Simitis, who was the West German adviser to Pastor Gauck's commission, and was skeptical at first, decided finally that people had to have access, because they were so determined to have it. He says that nothing good will come out of this, except that maybe Germans will see how disgusting the entire system was—how everybody ended up lying. The agents lied. The informers lied. They made up stories to get more money, or to cancel the lies about *them*, and everyone was dirtied, everyone was damaged. Civil libertarians like Professor Simitis are more uneasy now about government access, because the government will be able to use the Stasi files on the ground of "national security"—a concept that governments tend to define loosely when it suits their interest. Professor Simitis thinks that information gathered by "illegal and unacceptable means" is, logically, illegal and unacceptable information. He is uneasy because German secret services—and, by extension, a lot of other secret services—will be using the files, along with public prosecutors and the police, who will be able to subpoena information for criminal investigations. Stasi members can be prosecuted now only for what the Germans call "ordinary crimes," like torture and murder and—there is some argument on this—spying. When prosecutors looked for actionable ordinary crimes involving Erich Mielke, the ones they came up with had nothing to do with the terror Mielke inflicted on East Germany for so many years but with his pocketing Stasi money, and murdering a Nazi in the nineteen-thirties.

THE Berlin philosopher Ernst Tugendhat grew up in Mies van der Rohe's famous Tugendhat House, in Brno. He fled the Anschluss, lived in Venezuela, studied in America, and in 1949 arrived in West Germany, and he says that the best thing about being in Germany for the past forty years is that "we had to say 'I am a citizen of the Bundesrepublik.' We couldn't say 'I am a German.' " He is leaving now, with sadness and some relief, and one reason for the relief has to do with his not wanting to be a witness to what he calls the "annexation" of the G.D.R. He does not find Germans very admirable right now. He says that Detlev Rohwedder used to tell visitors to Treuhand, "I have so-and-so-many colleagues, and so-and-so-many Ossis," and that Erich Böhme, who came from *Der Spiegel* to take over the old Communist paper *Berliner Zeitung*, tells *his* visitors, "I have Wessis and Ossis who sit at the same desk, and do the same work, and the Ossis get half the pay." Tugendhat's own colleagues at the Free University were so worried about having too many Ossis in their classes that they introduced what amounts to "an East German numerus clausus." What saddens Professor Tugendhat is that for forty years West German intellectuals were engaged in Germany's problems—they spoke up, wrote things, got excited, signed petitions, organized protests, and did what they could to encourage what they took to be a democratic "European" consciousness—but now that "this enormous thing" has happened all that most of them seem to do is stand back and watch, dumbfounded, unable to contribute. Tugendhat says he can count the few who did contribute. Spiros Simitis spoke up. Jürgen Habermas spoke up—he wanted the two Germanys to write a constitution together, and see what history they shared, or wanted to share, and *then* decide if they wanted to unite. Günter Grass spoke up—he said he was against the unification, because "Auschwitz speaks against even a right of self-determination," let alone against "a strong, united Germany." But he had been to Calcutta and perhaps encountered karma, because when he came home he dropped out and left Berlin for Schleswig-Holstein, where his nearest neighbors are cows. Many of the other important West German intellectuals never spoke up at all, except to speculate on the confusion. Tugendhat says that maybe it was impossible for them to say much. The East demanded unity, and there was no way to avoid or deny the terrible differences between East and West. Tugendhat remembers when one of the best philosophers from Humboldt University came to lecture at the Free University, and ten minutes into his lecture all the Western philosophers were sleeping. What troubles Tugendhat is that the *imagination* to do something to ease those encounters or stop the humiliation is gone.

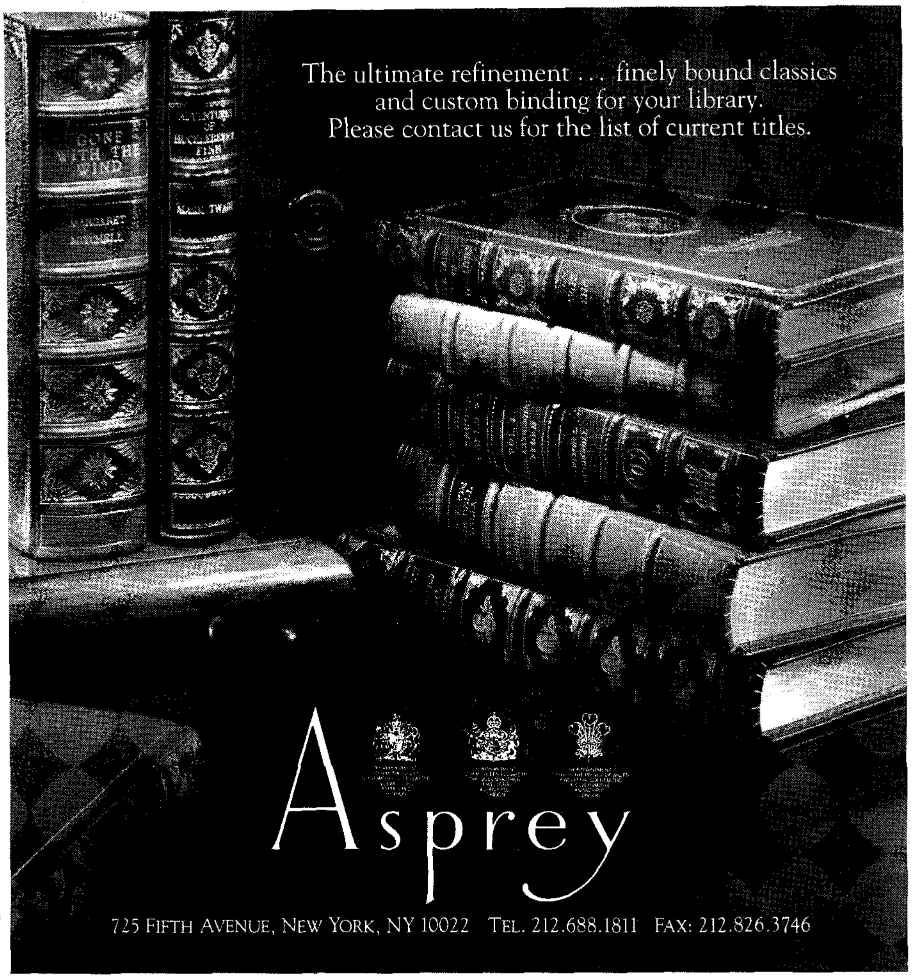
In the beginning, it was fashionable for West Berliners to have what the kids here call a *vorzeige* Ossi—a demonstration-model East German—to hang around with and show off. Now the West Berliners complain because the East Berliners are passive, and don't make



"It would take more than your pleats to drive us apart, but not much more."

the effort to get to know *them;* the East Berliners complain because the West Berliners make them feel like poor tourists in a foreign country, unless those Wessis are the "bad" brash Wessis, and are with an Ossi on business. There is so much bad faith and bitterness and suspicion between East and West Berliners that sometimes the only thing they have in common is what Wiglaf Droste calls their "barking, bad-manners Berlin chauvinism." Droste says that before the Wall came down he thought, We've got enough Fascists here, we don't need more. Now the situation is so disturbing that the only time he feels "a nice, peaceful atmosphere" in Berlin is when he takes a walk from Schlesiches Tor to Schöneberg at four in the morning. He says that the famous scene has gone, because the people who made it are either leftover radicals, who still talk about preserving the right of the proletariat to "choose" to live without plumbing, or leftover punks, who sound like the old S.A., and demonstrate for Saddam Hussein, shouting "The Jews are responsible." And, according to Wiglaf, the scene in East Berlin is not much better, because people *there* are either too naïve—long beards and "Man is good" and God instead of politics—or too angry to think clearly and be professional and try to get on with their lives. There are hot lines now in East Berlin called *Wut-Telefon*—rage telephones—where people call up and scream about hating Wessis, hating the government they elected, hating the things that never work, including the telephone that goes dead in the middle of their call. There are "rage newspapers," like the tabloid called *Super! Zeitung*, which sells five hundred thousand copies a day in the five new states and features stories like one about a "boastful Wessi" who was beaten to death with a beer bottle in the town of Bernau; it ran with the headline "ALL BERNAU IS HAPPY."

The truth is that East and West Berlin may not have much to say to each other for a couple of generations. Tilo says that one of his West Berlin friends, who runs a performance group in East Berlin, told him it was easier to work in France or Italy than with his own East German group, because "the actors who are open don't have skills, and the ones who have them are closed, and sit in their apartments,


The ultimate refinement . . . finely bound classics and custom binding for your library.
Please contact us for the list of current titles.

Asprey

725 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10022 TEL. 212.688.1811 FAX: 212.826.3746

First Ladies Wear this Necklace

only from Kenneth Jay Lane

18 karat gold embellished clasp; imported alabaster glass pearls

FOR YEARS FIRST LADIES have worn jewelry created by Kenneth Jay Lane, "The King of Costume Jewelry". This is the same 16" KJL faux pearl necklace you have seen in news photos on recent magazine covers. Now you can wear it too.

These pearls are imported alabaster glass enrobed in real pearlescence. They are large (10mm), individually hand-knotted, and fasten with the KJL signature clasp lavishly embellished with 18-karat gold.

If real pearls, this necklace would cost $250,000. But like the first ladies, you can own the authentic KJL necklace for only $95. Matching earrings (clip or pierced) $39. It comes with a lifetime warranty against breakage and tarnishing and a 30-day money-back guarantee.

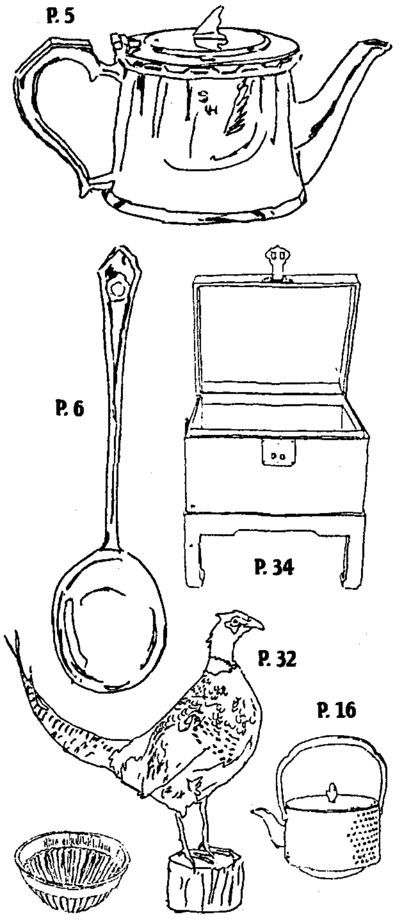
Call Toll-Free (24 hrs., 7 days)
1-800-233-3489, ext. K27
to order with VISA or MC. Or mail check including $3.95 shpg/hdlg (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to KJL (Dept. K27).

K·J·L by Kenneth Jay Lane
Jeweler to the World's Most Admired Women™
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10016

The J. Peterman Co.

Booty, Spoils & Plunder.

First Edition



© 1991 The J. Peterman Company

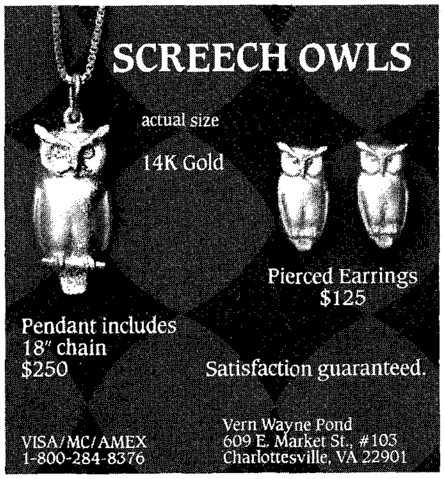
Catalogue to name

address

city state zip

The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive
Lexington, Kentucky 40509
(800) 874-4616

B11/25NY


SCREECH OWLS

actual size

14K Gold

Pierced Earrings
$125

Pendant includes
18″ chain
$250

Satisfaction guaranteed.

VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-284-8376

Vern Wayne Pond
609 E. Market St., #103
Charlottesville, VA 22901

working, and never go out into the world." Wolf Jobst Siedler says it is even worse with *his* colleagues in East Berlin, because they are fifty or sixty years old and literally speak another language when it comes to the world—they don't know how to read a local paper like the *Tageszeitung*, let alone a real European paper—and this makes conversation impossible. West Berliners talk a lot about language when they talk about East Berliners. Brigitte Hammer, who works at a museum here, said the other day that collaborating with the curators in East Berlin was impossible, "because you speak the same language and mean something very different—and the difference starts with the word 'art.'" Frau Hammer tells a story about trying to put together an exhibit of Berlin art, East and West. East Berlin was supposed to send seventy-five paintings and West Berlin was supposed to send seventy-five paintings. The difference was that the West Berlin jury held a competition, got two hundred and eighty submissions, and *then* chose the paintings, whereas the East Berlin jury made a list of sixty painters from the state artists' association and presented the list, and that was that.

My friend Dorothea plays the flute, and sometimes she plays with a young East Berlin pianist near the Frankfurter Allee. The first time she went to his place, to practice, she thought it was his mother's or his grandmother's apartment, because it was full of terrible Romantic paintings, and fake-Biedermeier furniture, and there was a brown tablecloth on the table. But he was proud of his flat. He was very concerned about having a nice place to show his Wessi flutist, and Dorothea says that for her the hardest thing about their friendship was accepting that "nice" meant something very different to him than it did to her—or probably would have to any West Berlin student—and that even music meant something different, since he will play only Bach, and Dorothea and her West Berlin friends are interested in trying the new French composers who write for synthesizers. She often wonders what it's like to be an East German who has worked as hard as her friend has to make something of himself in a terrible system, and finds suddenly that everything in his life, from his taste in music to his taste in tablecloths, has to be "adjusted" to another system. Many people here wonder. Hansjürgen Garstka, who is forty-four, asked me, "What can I possibly say to an East Berlin scientist who, after years of trying, finally gets permission to travel, and buys an old piece of Western equipment for his lab, and spends a year rebuilding it, and is proud of it—and then scientists from the West arrive and say, 'This East German science is ridiculous,' and his lab is closed." The trouble is that he can't really say anything.

THE night Germany united, the actor Hanns Zischler had a reading at his apartment, in Charlottenburg, a few blocks from the Paris Bar. He invited some West Berlin friends, and his West Berlin friends brought East Berlin friends, and at midnight—"at the first stroke of 'Germany,'" Zischler says—everyone had finished dinner and was sitting in the living room in a circle, and he was reading aloud from Goethe's "Das Märchen." The moment was so unreal, he says, and so extraordinary, that he knew it couldn't be grasped in any "orderly German way," and he was "clutching at Goethe" to try to explain it. The East Germans thought they had come for a party. It was their first "West party," and when they had to sit down and listen to literature they were bored, and a little bewildered, but in the end, Zischler says, "they accepted what you might call the subtext—which was that this immense, incomprehensible event, this sudden metamorphosis of Germany, was not something any of us, East Berliners or West Berliners, could master." Zischler often has readings in his flat—they are part of the Berlin scene, and people like to be invited. This time, he didn't know what to read. He had thought of choosing something political, but finally he chose Goethe's fairy tale—because it seemed to him that the presence of so many East Berliners in a Charlottenburg living room was as fantastical, in its way, as the lilies and will-o'-the-wisps and talking cauliflowers that consort in Goethe's story. He and his friends heard the whistle of the night train, heading East to the Zoo Station, and knew that for the first time in more than forty years it wouldn't be stopping at a checkpoint, or taking on policemen. No one knew what to say, so they kept listening to Goethe.

—JANE KRAMER

THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON THE WEEKEND IS ON THE PRESSURE IS ON THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON

Now that you've devoured the turkey, why not work off some of that stuffing. With the American Express® Card and the Optima℠ Card, it's easy as pumpkin pie.

COLOR TILE®

This Thanksgiving weekend, Color Tile has carved 20-65% off carpet, floor tile, wall and window coverings. Save on Armstrong, DuPont® STAINMASTER® Extra Life,® Anso V Worryfree,® Zeftron,® Wear-Dated® and other famous brands. Save on everything from marble and ceramic tile to oak and teak flooring. Something else to be thankful for: You won't have to spend all weekend shopping around for a store, because Color Tile has over 700 locations nationwide and they all welcome the American Express Card. But this sale, like your leftovers, won't last long. So take advantage of it while you can. And take advantage of the Weekend Privileges℠ program the only way you can. With the American Express Card.

Don't Leave Home Without It.®

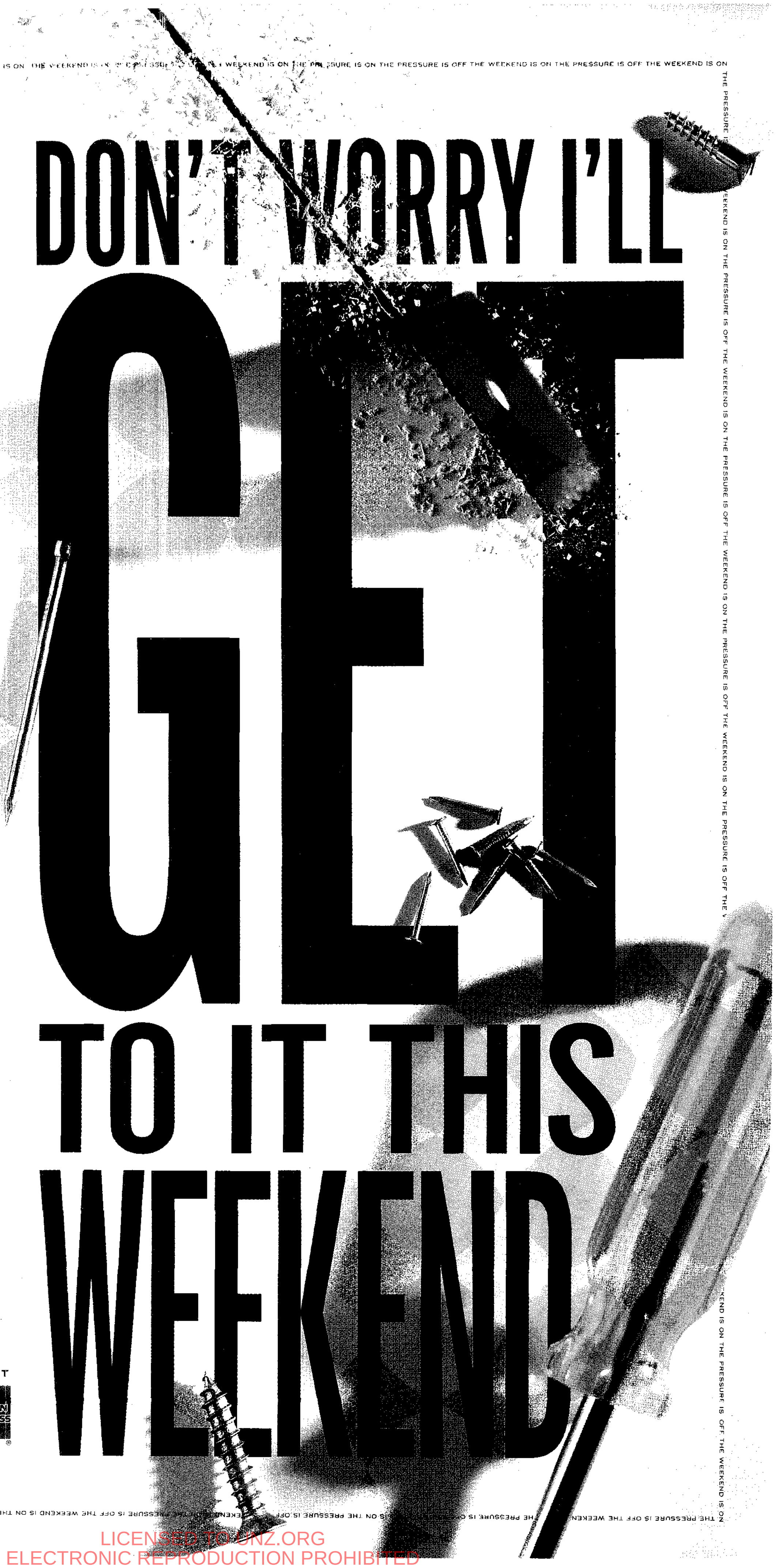
AMERICAN EXPRESS
OPTIMA
AMERICAN EXPRESS

NOW YOU'VE GOT

WEEKEND PRIVILEGES℠

AMERICAN EXPRESS®

DON'T WORRY I'LL GET TO IT THIS WEEKEND



©1990 AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL RELATED SERVICES COMPANY, INC. THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON SM THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON

THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON THE PRESSURE IS OFF THE WEEKEND IS ON

THE ART WORLD

Empty Frames

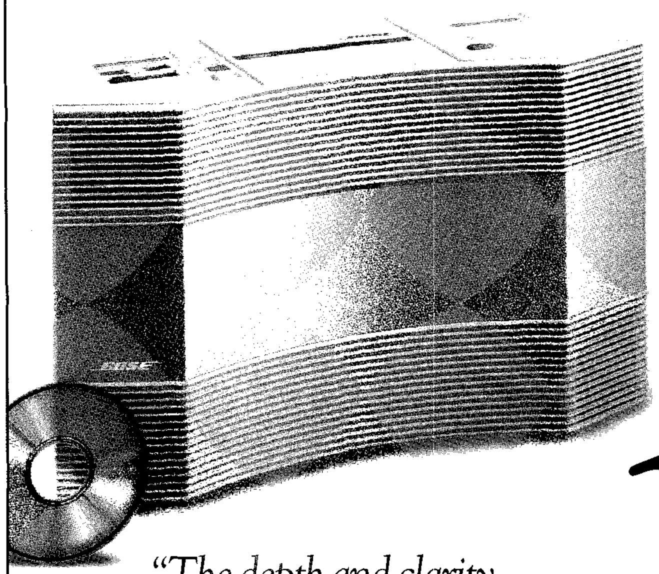
AT this year's Carnegie International, the triennial roundup of contemporary art at the Carnegie Museum of Art, in Pittsburgh, the five judges who were to award the prize for best in show went marching through the galleries, notebooks out and eyes narrowed. They were dressed in a manner that is for some reason especially favored by art-world impresarios and Iranian politicians: black suits, and white shirts with no ties but buttoned right up to the top. After a while, they came upon a group of abstract, "gestural" paintings by a new French artist—paintings that were too obviously derivative to be anything but some kind of burlesque and yet too awkwardly painted to be anything but an attempt at forthright expressiveness. The judges stood before the pictures, groping for the right pigeonhole into which to drop this stuff. Ironic pastiche? Ironic pastiche turned inside out, and made into a vehicle for expressive sincerity? Expressive sincerity exposed as ironic pastiche? Finally, the most authoritative of the five turned to the others and announced, with an almost melancholy nod, "I saw this in Paris. Post-stylistic."

"Post-stylistic" about describes the spirit of this year's Carnegie International, in the sense that we seem to have passed the point where anyone believes that endless worrying about style is crucial to making art. There is laconic conceptual art across the room from overelaborated Expressionist art, and hyperrealist art around the corner from blank monochromatic art. Though this diversity is apparently meant to indicate a new and generous pluralism, it has the effect of making most of the history of modern art seem nugatory. Richard Serra, to take one prominent example, is a formal absolutist; the encompassing hum that his work can at times create depends on the puritanical vehemence of its prohibitions. At the Carnegie, where he was given a room with forty-two-foot-long walls to work in, Serra tacked up a big rectangle of Belgian linen, painted black, on the upper half of the right wall and hung an identical rectangle of black Belgian linen on the lower half of the left wall. Approached on its own terms, this is the kind of thing that might convey, as Serra's work has done before, an alarming sense of an art so willfully reductive that it touches the sublime. But as one room in a labyrinth of dozens of rooms filled with old stuffed animals and multimedia picture shows and wax casts of human heads, Serra's piece just looks like a handball court. To present his work as an "option" within a series of options is, unintentionally or not, to ridicule its integrity. Pluralism is meaningless without a sensibility to control what it is being plural about.

SOME SAY THE WORLD WILL END IN NOODLES, SOME SAY IN RICE.
HEY, THIS GUY'S DEEP!
Leo Cullum

You can, however, discern the outlines of a new movement at the Carnegie: a new movement that is, appropriately in this post-stylistic moment, unified more by a common ideology than by a common set of forms—unified more by what it is trying to accomplish than by the way it looks. Artists in the new movement like to create room-size environments that employ a variety of objects and images—photographs, found material, "appropriated" material, projected slides, videos, and also more traditional drawing and sculpture—in ways that are related (sometimes cryptically, sometimes literally) to a single public theme. An "installation" is said to "investigate concerns" or to "explore issues" involving—or, more often, "having to do with"—one or another immense abstraction: perception, identity, the AIDS crisis, death, life, art itself. The new installations mostly recycle old avant-garde manners—the pointed absurdities and impossible projects of Dada, the object-agglomerations of Surrealism, the wordplay and wall texts of conceptualism—but they do so in order to score topical points and raise consciousness about particular issues. The viewer is supposed to enter the installation in his normal state of callous stupor and (the theory goes) leave a better person.

Installation art tends to come in two modes, the numbingly literal and the bafflingly obscure; some of the installations at the Carnegie even manage to combine the two. The California artist Michael Asher, for instance, has installed his work in the Carnegie's Hall of Architecture, which houses an accumulation of plaster casts of classical and medieval architecture and ornament, including the entire façade of a French Romanesque monastery and all the pediment sculpture from the Parthenon. One searches in vain for Asher's contribution among all the casts in this marvellous room, then consults the catalogue and discovers that for this piece Asher has "chosen a practice which avoids the idealization of materials." The installation consists of a few plaster-of-Paris initials that have been fastened to the tops of four radiators. The point of the piece is to help the viewer achieve "a keener knowledge of economic exclusion," and the initials on the radiators "are those of organizations who both test products



Three Reasons To Own The New Bose® Acoustic Wave® Music System.

"The depth and clarity of sound are spectacular."

John King, Bloomfield Hills MI

1

Sound

The sound is what you expect from Bose. With our patented waveguide technology, you will experience naturalness, clarity, and deep bass associated with large, expensive high fidelity stereo systems.

"I had been looking for a new component set, but have little room. Perfect isn't it?"

Ms. Sandy Stark, State College PA

2

Size

The system is so compact that you can put it almost anywhere. And with the optional battery powered carrying case you can take it with you wherever you go.

"You have produced a 'user friendly' sound system...the Acoustic Wave® is elegant in its simplicity."

Robert E. Charpentier, Framingham MA

3

Simplicity

Technology is on the inside, and simplicity is on the outside. This is one stereo system that everyone can use and enjoy.

The Acoustic Wave® music system includes a built-in compact disc player, AM/FM stereo radio, amplifiers, and speakers.

Although we have thousands of dealers worldwide, the Acoustic Wave® music system is only available directly from Bose.

Call For Free Booklet

Our full color booklet contains complete details on the Acoustic Wave® music system. Be sure to ask about our Audition Invitation.

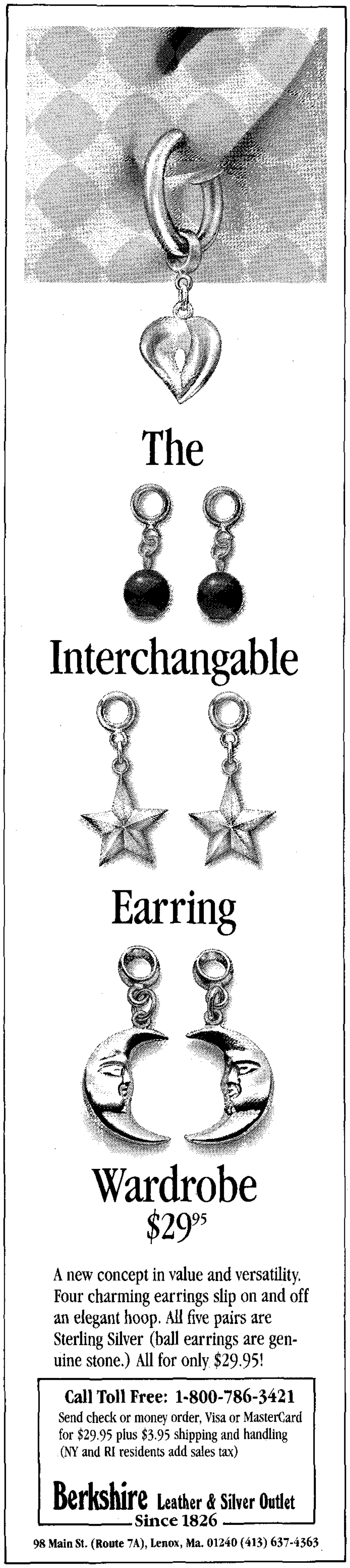
1-800-282-BOSE Ext. 53

8:00 AM-10:00 PM M-F (ET) 8:30 AM-5:00 PM SAT (ET)

BOSE®

Better sound through research.

© 1991 Bose Corporation. The Mountain, Framingham MA 01701-9168 USA



The Interchangable Earring Wardrobe
$29⁹⁵

A new concept in value and versatility. Four charming earrings slip on and off an elegant hoop. All five pairs are Sterling Silver (ball earrings are genuine stone.) All for only $29.95!

Call Toll Free: 1-800-786-3421
Send check or money order, Visa or MasterCard for $29.95 plus $3.95 shipping and handling (NY and RI residents add sales tax)

Berkshire Leather & Silver Outlet
Since 1826
98 Main St. (Route 7A), Lenox, Ma. 01240 (413) 637-4363

and distribute information regarding the health hazards of materials used in the production of art."

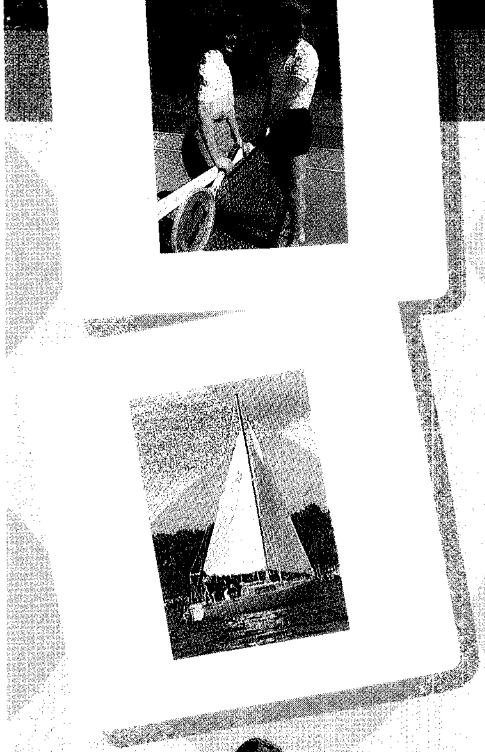
The Japanese artist Tatsuo Miyajima has installed his work in a dark room of a converted warehouse temporarily annexed to the Carnegie. The room is divided in half by a partition. Hundreds of what look like tiny digital clocks form a molding that wraps around the walls just below waist level. In one half of the room, all the numbers are green. In the other half, all the numbers are red. Different clocks count to different beats: some count out half seconds, some whole seconds, some tenths of seconds, some thirty seconds. After a while, though, what looks like a chaos of meaningless numbers resolves into a kind of order; the naïve viewer may even find the many clocks a sort of poetic comment on the arbitrariness of the concept of time. But Miyajima means his "time line" to represent, quite literally, the line of time: the piece "once again refers to history by using a long, straight line," he says in his catalogue statement, and he adds that it carries an antiwar, and particularly an anti-Desert Storm, message. "The languages of shapes and symbolic imagery used in art over the past 1500 years are worn out through the (ab)use of the media," Miyajima goes on. "I am seeking a new outlook and want to talk directly with all people of the world. Therefore, I choose to use the language of numbers."

Ken Lum, a Canadian, has hung a series of big canvas banners in the foyer of the Carnegie, each one covered with a poem, often in an exotic, ideographic language. This installation promotes "the metaphoric establishment of a supra-library science that requires dispensing with sovereign borders and accepting the free and unhindered exchange of knowledge as a worldwide public right." The German artist Reinhard Mucha has assembled technical drawings, wall reliefs made of industrial materials, and highly polished aluminum rods. The catalogue explains that this installation "may have been pricked in part by [the Carnegie's] location in Pittsburgh . . . until recently the site of a heavy industrial complex"; it also explains that Mucha has been influenced by modernist literature but that "like Kafka (and despite plans to the contrary), Mucha did not in the end manage to visit prior to making his work."

Some installations are more personal, if just as programmatic. The American Mike Kelley has filled a large room with bridge tables holding stuffed animals. Along the walls he has hung black-and-white photographs of the stuffed animals posed with a ruler beside each one to show its true size. In the catalogue he explains that the work is an extension of his "empathy displacement" series, in which he wants "to remove all vestiges of empathy." The issues of empathy and its displacement sometimes arise, he explains, because "the viewer's immediate tendency to be sucked into a narrativizing situation is repelled when he or she gets close enough to sense the unpleasant tactile qualities of the craft materials."

Other installations explore more parochial art-world issues. The American Stephen Prina has installed a room of "monochrome paintings"; that is, paintings that either are all one color (a kind of gray-beige) or else have the words "monochrome painting" written on them. The joke is supposed to be at the expense of the "transcendental" pretensions of the older monochrome painting practiced by Barnett Newman and his followers. The French artist Sophie Calle has two rooms, one of which is filled with huge, beautifully produced photographs of the empty spaces left behind after the theft of thirteen pictures from the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, in Boston, a year ago last spring. (The empty frames, or the vacant spots where the pictures once hung, are, with their labels, still on display at the Gardner.) This piece is meant to be a sardonic, mock-elegiac joke at the expense of the system of "art-historically designated masterpieces" which arbitrarily "valorizes" a handful of works, puts them in the hands of rich people, and then "fetishizes" them, so that even the empty space where a Vermeer once hung is presumed to have a nearly religious value. (You would laugh harder at this joke if you were more confident that the artist really grasped that Vermeer is "valorized" chiefly because his work has value, even if the value is sometimes tarnished by the favor of pedants and rich people, and that the system of arbitrary designation that has "valorized" the work of Vermeer

LAND . . . and the security that goes with it



AN OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE YOUR FAMILY SOMETHING PRICELESS

All of us have dreamlands. A special place to call our own. Safe. Unhurried. Fun, of course, but much more. A place that's unspoiled, where you and nature can get it all together.

Forbes Inc., publisher of *Forbes Magazine,* through its incredibly successful Colorado land subsidiary, Sangre de Cristo Ranches, is selling homesites on over 12,500 glorious acres of untouched land nestled on The Lake of the Ozarks in central Missouri.

The *average* lot size of much of this land is 6 *acres,* with a minimum of 3 right up to 15 acres. The price for most of these lots is $7,500*, and each is *divisible* into at least 2 lots. This means that purchasers can dispose of the added lot to their children, relatives or friends. And: camping is permitted on some lots! You can purchase your homesite with 9% financing and monthly payments of only 1% of the purchase price. It's an opportunity for all time, for all seasons.

*Price subject to change without notice

Forbes Lake of the Ozarks

Box 303, Fort Garland, CO 81133

Without obligation, please send me more information on Forbes Lake of the Ozarks.

PLEASE PRINT

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City/State/Zip ____________________

Telephone ____________________

or phone 816/438-2801

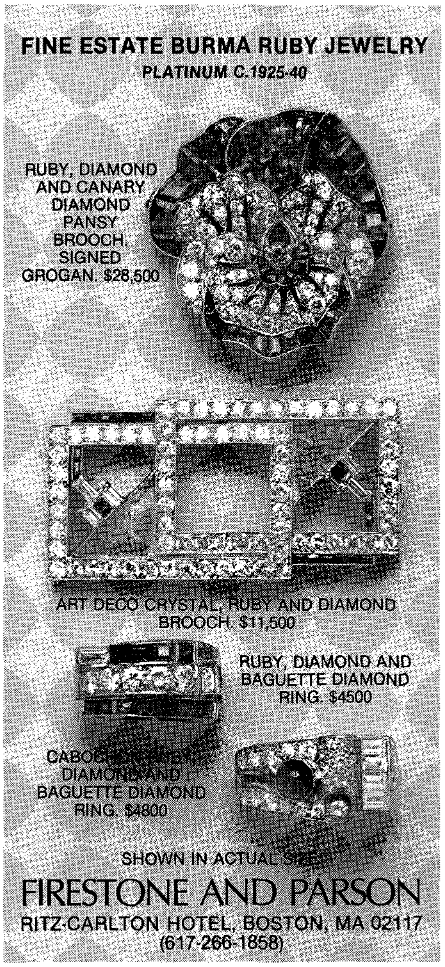
NY10D3

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. Equal Credit and Housing Opportunity. A statement and offering statement has been filed with the Secretary of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Secretary of State or that the Secretary of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the offering statement is available, upon request, from Sangre de Cristo Ranches. NYA88-178 is at least no more arbitrary than the one that has "valorized" the work of Sophie Calle.)

Down the hall from Calle, a Belgian artist named Lili Dujourie has draped a swath of fabric on one wall of her room and placed several pieces of black and white marble on another wall and on the floor beneath it; nearby is a piece of what looks like nonfunctional metal furniture. The whole arrangement creates a kind of pleasing, three-dimensional paraphrase of a Biedermeier painting, but, according to the catalogue, this little room carries an immense literary weight: Dujourie's aesthetic, it turns out, is "unmistakably Proustian" and also "lightly ruffles this Proustian calm" with a "note of disquiet, frustration, dis-ease" that the artist has apparently absorbed from her reading of Eliot.

So what's new? Isn't the disproportion between the plain object and the fancy explanation the oldest joke there is about modern art? The difference is that in the past one had always been instructed not that there was more than met the eye but that the simple or homely thing that met the eye—the row of bricks, the Campbell's soup can, the small white square nested inside the big white square—was in itself worthwhile. Even when the work wasn't exactly meant to be admired for the way it looked, it was still meant to be taken for what it was: Duchamp's urinal was shocking because it had no pretensions to be anything except a urinal, and its being a urinal was supposed to set off a train of thought in the spectator's mind about why a urinal was not (or was) art. Serra's catalogue text, annotating his two black rectangles, is typical of the old dispensation: "The black shapes, in functioning as weights in relation to a given architectural volume, create spaces and places within this volume and also create a disjunctive experience of the architecture." One may or may not be persuaded that the big black rectangles are worth so much arguing, but at least the subject of the argument is the black rectangles—not some connection between, say, the rectangles and the case for term limitations for Congress.

The problem is that in order to count as "art" (to get the attention of the curators, to attract money and collectors) a work has to be made to *look* like art; that is, it has to conform


FINE ESTATE BURMA RUBY JEWELRY
PLATINUM C.1925-40

RUBY, DIAMOND AND CANARY DIAMOND PANSY BROOCH. SIGNED GROGAN. $28,500

ART DECO CRYSTAL, RUBY AND DIAMOND BROOCH. $11,500

RUBY, DIAMOND AND BAGUETTE DIAMOND RING. $4500

CABOCHON RUBY, DIAMOND AND BAGUETTE DIAMOND RING. $4800

SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617-266-1858)

THE FILMS OF CHARLES & RAY EAMES

- Vol 1 (including POWERS OF TEN) $39.95
- Vol 2 (including TOCCATA FOR TOY TRAINS) $59.95

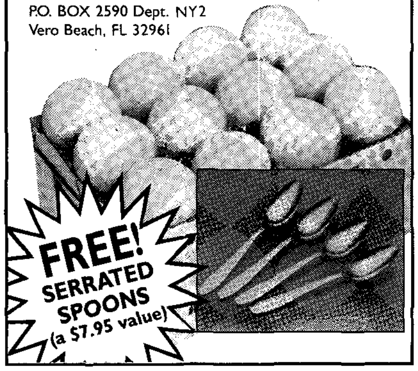
Call 800-421-2304
or send check or money order to
Pyramid Home Video
P.O. Box 1048 • Santa Monica CA 90406
Shipping $3.50 • CA residents add sales tax • Please allow 2-4 weeks for delivery

Now on Videocassette

The Adams Family's
Cartwright Hotel
San Francisco

We've renovated!
Our little hotel is better than ever. We've transformed it into a home. Antiques, robes, fresh flowers, afternoon tea.
Celebration package: $85
(800) 227-3844
One block from Union Square

Exclusive Bahama Star Grapefruit
CAN'T BE BOUGHT IN ANY SUPERMARKET
Only 2,250 people are going to enjoy the gorgeous, RUBY RED color, GIANT size, and SWEET, JUICY flavor of a Bahama Star this year. There's only one grove of Bahama Star Grapefruit in the world. If you don't act NOW, someone else is going to eat YOUR Bahama Stars this winter.
#30 SRS 1/2 BUSHEL $29.95
ORDER TOLL FREE
1-800-678-1154
8am-6pm Monday-Saturday
FREE DELIVERY
100% GUARANTEED
Mail Order to:
GRACEWOOD FRUIT CO.
1626 90th Avenue
P.O. BOX 2590 Dept. NY2
Vero Beach, FL 32961



BERMUDA'S GEM
"Let's promise to come back"
Some say it's our impeccable service. For others, it's our gourmet restaurant, a popular spot indeed. Perhaps it's our proximity to golf or the famous shops of Hamilton. Or maybe it's just our jewel-like setting on the beach overlooking the sea. No matter...for whatever reason, what our guests remember most is their promise to return.
STONINGTON BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda
See your travel agent or call:
RSI (1-800) 223-1588 in NY State (212) 661-4540
Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College
The Bermuda Collection Member

1992 CATALOG
$10.00 REFUNDED WITH FIRST PURCHASE
150 DIFFERENT BOOTS • TO ORDER CALL
1-800-548-9755
Lucchese
Handmade Boots and Shoes Since 1883
4025 BROADWAY • SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS 78209

NATHANS
Fine Food & Spirits
3150 M Street, N.W., Georgetown
Washington, D.C. 20007
(202) 338-2000

to one or another of the inherited idioms—Dada absurdity or Surrealist juxtaposition or conceptualist brevity—that constitute art today. As a glance at the history of modernist political art suggests, though, these forms are among the least successful idioms of persuasion and argument that have ever been invented (although they are among the most successful idioms of seduction). So to count as art the installation must reveal its meaning reluctantly, in the modern manner, while to make its discursive case the installation has to somehow have an unambiguous message attached. Between these two irreconcilable aims, the work (and, eventually, the viewer) is suspended in a void of airless high-mindedness. What gets lost, meanwhile, is exactly the open-ended indeterminacy—the absurd humor of Dada or the dreamlike illogic of Surrealism or the larksome poetical imagination of conceptualism—that made those modernist movements worth looking at in the first place, and gave them their authentically anarchic edge. Instead, a banal social observation is translated into an oblique, stylish agglomeration of objects, and the viewer's job is to translate it back into the banal social observation.

Fortunately, there are a couple of installations in Pittsburgh that work independent of their liner notes, and replenish form with meaning instead of merely inflecting it with content. Louise Bourgeois has offered a Surrealist maze of blue New England doors, hard metal beds, old perfume bottles, dusty test tubes, and sculptured marble human hands. The doors, set at odd angles, conceal small rooms—each room part artist's garret, part hermit's cell, part sickroom—and the whole environment becomes a kind of nightmare barracks of suffering. (Perhaps because the exhibited work has its own integrity, Bourgeois's catalogue essay is terse, precise, and arresting: "The subject of pain is the business I am in. To give meaning and shape to frustration and suffering . . . . The existence of pains cannot be denied. I propose no remedies or excuses.")

In a different key, the newly fashionable and extremely gifted Ukrainian avant-garde artist Ilya Kabakov has produced another kind of memory house—a two-story space, illuminated by the flashlight that each visitor is offered before entering. Stretching from wall to wall in the lower story

GIVE A LITTLE Tenderness!

USE YOUR MAJOR CREDIT CARD...

TO ORDER IN A FAST, CALL TOLL FREE 1·800·228·9055 PERSONAL WAY...

Send specially-priced Holiday Gift Packages of world-famous Omaha Steaks. So tender and juicy. Delivered nationwide, unconditionally guaranteed!* ***Hurry...your gift orders must be received by December 11th for delivery in time for Christmas!***

Special Holiday Prices Expire 12/31/91
(EXTRA CHARGE FOR ALASKA/HAWAII/CANADA GIFTS)
Many other great specials available. Act now!

#453 4 (6 oz.) **Filet Mignons,**
Save $20.00 *Regularly $49.95* NOW **$29.95**
(PLUS $6.50 SHIPPING)

#775 6 (7 oz.) **Filet Mignons,**
Save $16.50 *Regularly $71.00* NOW **$54.50**
(PLUS $6.50 SHIPPING)

Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. AD1113 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127

Calphalon, as vintage wine . . unequalled.

Experience the taste . . experience the quality, the craftsmanship, the performance of Calphalon cookware. Perfection is legend in these classic vessels praised by gourmet chefs.

Calphalon
Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy

COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM COOKWARE COMPANY, DEPT. 56, P.O. BOX 583, TOLEDO, OHIO 43693

FREE COLOR CATALOGUE
Heavenly Warmth & Comfort This Christmas...
You've just uncovered perfect warmth this winter at 40-50% savings!

- We use luxurious white goose down only
- Customer-direct savings, money-back guarantee
- Order bone or white box stitch as shown
- Country Classic I, 550 fill power, 230 thread count 100% cotton cover, all-season comforter
- Country Classic II, 600 fill power, 260 thread count 100% cotton cover, more down fill
- Add to your comfort w/white goose down pillows

SIZE	CC I	CC II		PILLOWS
TWIN	$ 79 18 OZ	$149 30 OZ	ST	$ 69/PAIR
FULL/ QUEEN	$ 99 25 OZ	$199 40 OZ	Q	$ 89/PAIR
KING	$119 30 OZ	$249 50 OZ	K	$109/PAIR

CA RESIDENTS 6.25% TAX
TO ORDER WITH CREDIT CARDS ONLY, PHONE TOLL-FREE 1·800·888·DOWN
$8.50 SHIPPING & HANDLING (CONT. U.S.) FOR EACH COMFORTER OR PAIR/PILLOWS

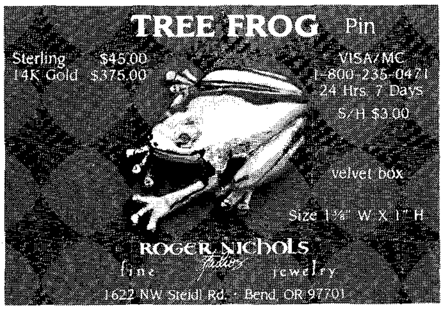
FOR A FREE COLOR CATALOGUE PHONE OUR 800 NUMBER.

HEAVENLY DOWN
COMFORTERS
419 ALLAN COURT • HEALDSBURG, CA 95448 • 707·431·1400

WILD
Genuine Wild Herb Tea

Gathered from the desert mountains of the Southwest just as the Anasazi tribe did for centuries. Cut by hand. Naturally free of caffeine and disquieting alkaloids. Gift canister yields 100 cups. $9.95 postpaid. Free catalog. Visa/MC. Desert Tea, Box 328N, Whitethorn, CA 95489. **1-800-955-4832.**

DESERT TEA
Soothing, Refreshing, Wild



ON THE BEACH IN MALIBU
MALIBU BEACH INN
A special hideaway minutes from L.A., Beverly Hills, & airports. Forty-seven lovely oceanfront rooms & suites. Private Balconies, Fireplaces, VCR, Continental Breakfast. Malibu's most spectacular view... We're saving a sunset for you!
MALIBU BEACH INN
A small hotel On the beach
1-800-4-MALIBU
22878 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu, CA 90265

are ropes, like clotheslines, from which hang fragments of Soviet-era ephemera—scraps of paper torn, it seems, from official publications. Above, in the second story, more paper—announcements, instructions, rules for the use of communal areas, slogans, schedules—is pinned to bulletin boards. Kabakov calls his work "We Are Leaving Here Forever!" and explains that it represents a recently abandoned orphanage: "The entire two-story building stands empty and semi-dark; only a few dim lights burn weakly in the corridors and in the stairwells. . . . Only those things that nobody has a use for any longer remain: a huge number of papers that have accumulated in the building over all these years. . . . Nobody knows what lies ahead. Many are sorry to leave the old building; nobody understands why it was necessary to give up everything so suddenly and to depart for an unknown destination. . . . Almost all are full of terror before the imminent uncertainty that awaits them." Armed with the flashlight, the viewer walks through the installation, catching sight of, and then losing, the bits and pieces of now defunct propaganda and instruction. It is a surprisingly and bravely poignant memorial to the old order—an order, one suddenly understands, that was for its inmates a dormitory as much as a prison, and that, now ruined, suddenly has a ruin's terror and beauty. Kabakov's installation works for the same reason that the long Dada postscripts to the First World War still reverberate—because it addresses a situation so monstrously absurd that the only rational response is something beautifully absurd. Both Bourgeois's and Kabakov's installations are "political" in the true sense: they are about the connection between a single consciousness and the world around it, but they allow meaning to emerge on its own, unchaperoned by certainty.

IN New York, seven artists have been invited by Robert Storr, the Museum of Modern Art's curator of contemporary art, to install their work at MOMA—three older artists down in the basement, four younger ones on the two main floors. The difference between the genuinely resonant and the merely didactic is even more strongly felt here than it is in Pittsburgh. Downstairs, Bruce Nauman (whose installation in Pittsburgh is a standard assemblage of his signature wax-cast heads) has created a darkened room in which video projectors cast enormous, wall-size images of a hairless man who shouts out, in affectless, electronically distorted speech, "Hit me, hurt me, feed me, eat me!" and "Sociology!" and "Feed me, eat me—anthropology!" The installation is Nauman's nightmare vision of the unadorned id. Storr calls it "Hobbesian": a hallucination of appetite, stripped bare and screaming. You proceed from the Nauman room directly into another installation by Kabakov. This one lets the visitor stand on a wooden bridge suspended above a recently abandoned meeting room, the chairs overturned. Tiny white paper figures are frozen in place in the room—at once a joke about the storming of the Winter Palace and another elegiac monument to the new revolution. And Bourgeois concludes the downstairs installations with a black iron cylinder, on railroad tracks, that inserts itself into another black vessel while a red light flashes from inside the vessel—what art critics call a Metaphor for the Act of Sexual Congress. (Bourgeois's big black machine has been greeted as a successful all-purpose symbolic representation of just about every human activity—not just intercourse but also defecation and internment—as a kind of perpetual-metaphor machine. To me it looks a little like the work of "modern art" that gets wheeled onstage for a laugh in the finale of a musical comedy.) Each of these installations casts a spell and leaves a memory behind. And they gain cumulative power from being placed in close juxtaposition—you hear echoes of Nauman's man in Kabakov's abandoned room, and emerge from Kabakov's half-light into Bourgeois's inferno.

Upstairs, though, the installations can be summed up in a sentence or two, and looking at them isn't very different from reading about them. In the permanent collection, on the second floor, is another installation by Sophie Calle, this one consisting of comments made by museum staffers about some of the pictures that are right now out on loan. On the third floor, David Hammons has created a tableau, including police barriers, a photomural, balloons, and confetti, in which he imagines the people of New York blowing up the statue of Teddy Roosevelt that stands outside the Museum of Natural History, in the

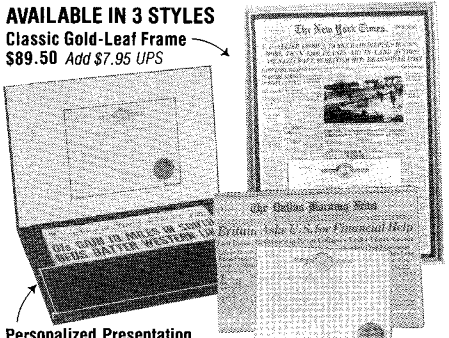
MERRY CHRISTMAS! HAPPY BIRTHDAY!
Give a ***unique*** gift to all those who are special to you.

The *ACTUAL* NEWSPAPER printed on the day they were born.

It's the distinctive gift for family, friends and business associates. This ***authentic***, well-preserved edition of an original newspaper, published on the day they were born, is a personal gift that will be long remembered.

AVAILABLE IN 3 STYLES

Classic Gold-Leaf Frame
$89.50 *Add $7.95 UPS*



Personalized Presentation Case $75 includes newspaper
(Enclose name of recipient to be embossed in gold) Add $5.95 UPS

Clear Vinyl Portfolio
$39.50 *Add $4.95 UPS*

Relive the excitement of yesteryear! The newspapers are not reproductions (or just the front pages), but ***actual, editions**** of U.S. newspapers dating from 1880 right up to the present. Each page is a time capsule in itself, preserving a day in the life of the nation, a city and someone special.

Historic newspapers make thoughtful, one-of-a-kind gifts for ***birthdays, anniversaries and holidays***; and each comes with its own Certificate of Authenticity.

*Major credit cards accepted. UPS charges for Continental USA only. NJ residents add 7% sales tax. *Sunday paper (main sections only). Historic dates priced higher.*

To Order 1-800-221-3221
in NJ 1-908-381-2332 Ext. 275

For mail orders: Make money order payable to:
Historic Newspaper Archives
Dept. 75, 1582 Hart St., Rahway, NJ 07065

FREE CATALOG ON REQUEST

E.B.White

Writings from THE NEW YORKER 1927-1976

Edited by Rebecca M. Dale

Now in Paperback $11.00

HarperPerennial
A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*
Also available from HarperCollins*CanadaLtd.*

PUZZLE ART

Heirloom quality, intricately handcut wood jigsaw puzzles personalized with silhouettes & messages.

Call or write for free catalog:
(612) 827-5757
4255 Garfield Ave. S. Minneapolis. MN 55409

Rainy Lake
PUZZLES

Galley Bay
Antigua, West Indies

All Inclusive • Half-Mile Beach
Only 30 Rooms • Call 1-800-223-6510
"More a house party than a hotel"

same way that the Muscovites pulled down the statue of Feliks Dzerzhinsky that stood outside the headquarters of the K.G.B. (The Roosevelt statue, in which a mounted T.R. is being guided by a couple of natives—one African and one Native American—is, as Hammons' installation reminds us, more than a little obnoxious.) In the next room Chris Burden, the Evel Knievel of the avant-garde (he once, in a piece that "explored" issues of violence, had himself shot by a friend), has manufactured giant copper sheets that revolve around a spindle; on the sheets are engraved, in tiny type, the names of the three million Vietnamese who were killed in the war. (Well, not really, although that is the way the piece has been described almost everywhere; the fact is that, since those names have not been recorded, Burden has simply generated a set of three million "ordinary" Vietnamese names.) The installation is called "The Other Vietnam Memorial." Next door to it Adrian Piper has constructed a bright, overlit white amphitheatre. In the center of the amphitheatre is a blue pillar with a television screen on each face, and on each screen runs a videotape of a black man chanting, "I'm . . . not . . . stupid," "I'm . . . not . . . horny," etc. You sit down on one of the tiers in the amphitheatre and watch the tape, and that's the piece.

The point of each piece is exactly as obvious as it seems: Hammons thinks that we ought to pull down the statue of T.R. in order to emancipate ourselves from our racist past; Burden thinks we ought to begin to feel at least as much for the Vietnamese we killed as for the Americans who got killed; Piper wants to make us aware of the imprisoning stereotypes that afflict black men. Each of these points is inarguable as far as it goes. But each point is also entirely unargued. The pieces are persuasive only to those who are persuaded, unreflectively, to begin with. Hammons is a very good artist—a kind of Joseph Cornell of the streets, whose assemblages of city materials have often managed to be at once desperate and refined—but anyone who can equate the kind of evil represented by Dzerzhinsky and the headquarters of the K.G.B. with the kind of evil represented by T.R. and the Museum of Natural History is not thinking seriously about history. Burden's point about extending our range of sympathy

"C'est la joie de vivre . . . it's the way life should be, that's what New Orleans is. Come visit us."

–Paul Prudhomme
Cajun Chef

FOR A FREE GUIDE TO NEW ORLEANS CALL
1-800-932-1400

◊ FREE ◊
Christmas Greenery Catalog
from the heart of THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS

Forest fresh Christmas trees, wreaths, garlands and more delivered to your door - cut just days before delivery - **Guaranteed!**

Call Today

FOR YOUR FREE COPY!
1-800-851-2345
(10am-7pm EST, Mon.-Fri.)

Laurel Springs Fraser Firs
Laurel Springs, NC 28644

"The Oldest Art Gallery in San Francisco"

GUMP'S GALLERY

FEATURING HISTORICAL AND CONTEMPORARY PAINTINGS, PRINTS, SCULPTURE, AND AMERICAN CRAFTS BY MANY OF THE COUNTRY'S PREMIER ARTISTS.

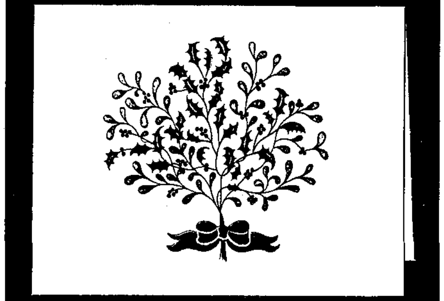
250 POST STREET • SAN FRANCISCO • (415) 982-1616

Engraved Christmas Cards

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FROM
DEMPSEY & CARROLL.
AVAILABLE IN BOXED SETS
OR WITH YOUR ENGRAVED
NAME AND GREETING.

DEMPSEY & CARROLL INC.
Since 1878

110 East 57th St., NY (212) 486-7510
Washington, DC (202) 965-3830

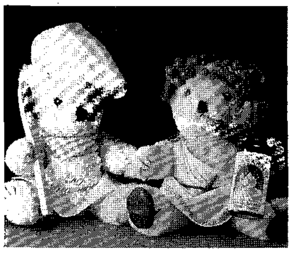


The Gourmet Bears

Look who's in the kitchen—two tawny teddies named Chef Bearnaise and Cabearnet—the perfect food/wine team. Made of soft cotton/acrylic the bears stand 8" tall and have movable limbs. $18.00 each or the pair for $34.00. (Add $4.50 S&H)

To Order: Outside NY—800-992-4339
In New York—516-239-1775
AMEX, MC, VISA

Send For Free Color Catalogue Of Food/Wine Jewelry & Gifts
On the Vine
P.O. Box 288 Dept. B
Cedarhurst, NY 11516



Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment

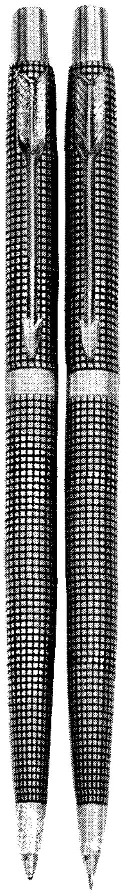
All inquiries
(613) 236-7181
Karsh

when we think about Vietnam is indisputable, but anyone who was really concerned about the rights and wrongs of Vietnam would want to know, in picking his way through that tragedy, not just how many were killed but by whom, and when, and for what cause. Another artist might want to put up alongside Burden's installation one that generated, let's say, names for all the boat people—which would be an extremely cumbersome and time-consuming method of conducting a conversation about Southeast Asian history, and suggests why installation art is not a very efficient way of carrying on any kind of real political discourse. Piper's piece has been seen, bizarrely, as eerily prophetic of the Clarence Thomas hearings, but in fact the Thomas hearings exposed Piper's piece as the substitute for political analysis it is. The point about Thomas is not that he was a victim of racial stereotypes but that it was possible for him to appeal to the existence of such stereotypes in order to distract his listeners' attention from the charges made against him. The Thomas hearings made it clear that the world presents us with moral dilemmas that cannot possibly be solved simply by "disassembling constructed social identities," or by dispelling stereotypes.

Looking at all these installations, with their insistent, one-dimensional point-scoring and lesson-teaching, may put a literary-minded spectator in mind of the don at the Grand Academy of Lagado in "Gulliver's Travels" who wanted to replace language, inadequate in its qualifications and abstractions, with simple, unconfusing objects; when you wanted to say "chair," for instance, you would hold up a chair. Swift's satiric point was that you couldn't do without the abstractions. A defense of the curators and the artists might be, I suppose, that by addressing these issues (what is a stereotype, who takes responsibility for our wars, and so on) this art is at least raising consciousness, provoking debate, and opening up new avenues of inquiry. But the real point of political discourse is not to provoke, or not *just* to provoke; it is to get it right. And getting it right depends on making the kinds of fine discriminations and discursive arguments and chains of complex connections that modernist art, by its nature, is not well equipped to make.

Perhaps no art is well equipped to argue in this way; we don't go to Bellini for discursive chains of historical reasoning, either. But then Bellini never set himself up as Machiavelli. Looking at all this new work, one has the sense that the complicated arguments of contemporary social theory can be incorporated into the idioms of modern art only after they have first been reduced to parodies. It is a parody of "critical theory" to imagine that watching a man chant stereotypes is actually a way of grasping something about the objectification of the "other," or, for that matter, to think that looking at the word "monochrome" actually reveals anything about the social construction of American abstract art. Bruce Nauman at least recognizes this dilemma; his sociological-anthropological rant at the Modern is meant, I think, as a farcical version of those disciplines, and as a gibe at those who believe that raw human desire can be satiated by "theory." But it certainly isn't being taken as a parody. Reading the commentary on the show, one gathers that there are a lot of people who apparently believe that chanting "Feed me, eat me—anthropology!" is actually a contribution to anthropology.

WELL, the argument runs, better parodied anthropology than real "beauty." (The headline in the *Times* discussing the Modern show announced that at last we had "Works Unafraid to Ignore Beauty.") The new political installations, and their centrality at the Carnegie and at MOMA, have become the occasion for a fatuous argument between those who like their art socially engaged and those who stand up for "aesthetic" values. This forced choice between a love of beauty and a passionate engagement with the world is not merely an obviously false opposition; it is the obviously false opposition that a hundred-odd years of modern art was designed to expose. The insistence of so many critics that this new work blessedly rejects aesthetic effects, with all their pretensions to "transcendence," for the truly engaged seems not so much postmodern as just antimodern. The great project of modernism was to propagate more ways in which art could serve as a transmitter between the self and the world, and thereby bridge the gap between mere "art" and real experience. The aesthetic dimension of, say, a Cubist collage is inseparable from its "politics"—



THE PARKER CLASSIC STERLING

Wrought from pure silver that acquires a subtle patina with time and use, the Classic Sterling represents Parker craftsmanship at its best. The highly distinctive grid pattern is enhanced by the famous Parker clip and the push button is finished in Parker's patented gold process. Guaranteed, of course, for a lifetime.

Classic Sterling Ball Pen. PA-52732. Reg. $47.50. **Special $35.**

Available with Classic Sterling .5mm Pencil in a set. PA-52772. Reg. $95. **Special $70.**

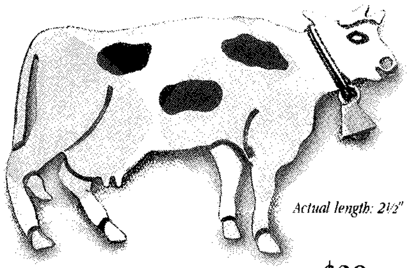
To order call TOLL FREE
800-372-3377
In NYS 212-254-7275
We ship anywhere in the U.S.

For the best selection and prices on name brand luggage, leather goods and fine writing instruments.

135 Orchard Street,
New York, NY 10002
212-254-7275
FAX 212-254-7663

Phone and mail orders promptly filled.
Major credit cards accepted
Corporate accounts welcome.
Ask for our free catalog.

ALTMAN LUGGAGE CO.



Moooooooo!

The Cow Pin *in Sterling Silver* $29.95

Call Toll Free: 1-800-786-3421
VISA, MasterCard. Check for $29.95 plus $3.95 shpg/hdlg
Berkshire Leather & Silver Outlet Since 1826
98 Main St. (Route 7A), Lenox, Ma. 01240 (413) 637-4363

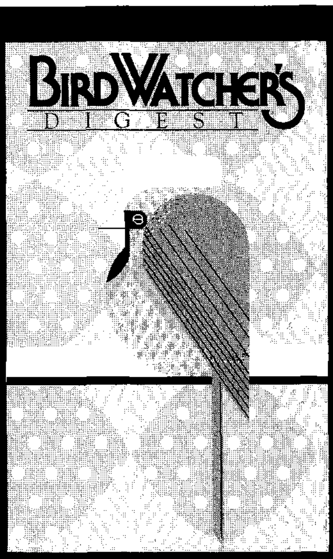
golf links *The Golf Quarterly*
Year Subscription: U.S. & Canada – $16 Elsewhere – $18
The perfect Christmas gift for golfers...
fascinating history, fiction, theories, reviews and news.
Write or telephone for a free issue. (502) 695-1035
golf links, 5486 Georgetown Rd., Frankfort, KY 40601

Georgia Pecans & Peanuts
NEW CROP / SHELLED / IN SHELL
Gifts / FREE BROCHURE / Cooking
SUN BURST FARMS
Dept. NY, P.O. Box 983, Tifton, GA 31793
TOLL FREE 1-800-358-9412

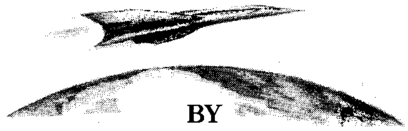
from its insistent reclamation of lived life, freed from clichés of conventional decorum. The point in having a domain of art that, in some rough way, you demarcate from other kinds of thinking is not that you believe art to be specially excluded from the world but that you believe there are ways of access to the world which no activity other than art provides.

Strangely, the new, overtly politicized art calls again and again, in its manifestos and supporting writings, on the authority and example of Eastern European revolutions as a spur to its rejection of "beauty" and its engagement with politics, while entirely missing the central insight of those revolutions about the relationship between art and society—which is that anyone who is serious about beauty is already engaged in a politically empowering act. The decision to put a flowered rug in your living room (or an abstract picture on your bedroom wall) is in itself profoundly political, since it asserts the human love of the nonutilitarian in the face of every kind of social regimentation. Modern art doesn't need to make a political point; its existence *is* a political point. There are always people around who want to regiment and coerce our response to beauty, too, but this is the easiest kind of regimentation in the world to evade. You just decide to see for yourself. The belief, central to this new art (it is the whole subject, for instance, of Sophie Calle's installations), that aesthetic regimentation is comparable to other kinds of social regimentation is possible only for those who have never really experienced the other kinds.

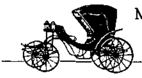
In a sense, though, the argument about art and politics which the new art has inspired is almost irrelevant, since nothing could be less politically effective than most of this art. The entire controversy about political art rests on the doubtful assumption that social change can actually begin in museums. It is a measure of the creeping unreality of the whole discussion that in Pittsburgh a "committed" artist told me that she dreamed of an art that would affect society "like the art of the Weimar Republic." People in the media often make the mistake of believing that because they have influence they have power. People in the art world are occasionally the victims of an even more primitive confusion: they believe



For a holiday gift that is thoughtfully perfect for bird watching friends (or yourself), consider *Bird Watcher's Digest.* Sparkling fact-filled articles on attracting and feeding birds, identification, bird behavior, and unusual birding adventures. Also original art, and woodworking and gardening tips. Subscribe for one year (six issues) by sending $15.95 to BWD, Box 110, Dept. ANY1, Marietta, OH 45750. Subscribers in Canada & Mexico add $5 (surface mail) and overseas add $10 per year. Visa/Mastercard call: 1-800-TRY BIRD.
ANY1



THE ONLY
AROUND THE WORLD
BY
SUPERSONIC CONCORDE
Oct. 23 to Nov. 13, 1992
$48,800 per person
Designed and operated by
INTRAV®
St. Louis, Missouri 63105-1961
1-800-825-2900



The CHARLOTTE INN
MARTHA'S VINEYARD
Featured in Country Inns and Back Roads
Mobil Travel Guide Four Star Rating
South Summer St., Edgartown, MA 02539 · 508 627-4751

HAND MADE IN EGYPT

Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $150.00
Sterling Silver from $ 40.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. 1-800-283-4978 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc.
Or write: Cartouche, Box 8474-2 Pgh., PA 15220

that because they have notoriety they have influence.

Installation art seems, in any case, less worldly than almost any art movement that has come before—more opaque to the uninstructed viewer, and more distant from the rhythms of lived experience. These works may claim the world, but most of them certainly don't *feel* like the world. Instead, they have a rote, self-satisfied peppiness and slickness. What one senses just beneath the contentious surface of the new installations is the complacency of the privileged. In what passes for a catalogue essay Fumio Nanjo, a member of the Carnegie International Advisory Committee, announces that "a new, loosely integrated, 'metacultural' vision of global reality is dawning," and he goes on to say:

> A truly international breed of people is beginning to emerge in the 1990s, people who take an imaginative, eclectic, nonhierarchical view of culture. Rather than subscribe to their native belief system or adopt another one prepackaged, they are enthusiastic about cultural differences and seek to develop an understanding of all cultural ways from which to construct their own codes, rituals, and responses.... This transcultural order will adopt a nomadic lifestyle and will thrive on a continuous and intensive change of pace, place, and community, seeking exposure to the widest possible range of cultures and expressions in pursuit of its focused interest. Cross-cultural bonds will be enriched by friendships made at points across the globe. Local, human contacts, as well as phone, fax, and electronic mail communications from far away, will dispel any feelings of isolation. These hypertravelers will feel no need to accumulate goods or achievements in any one community, field, or profession.... Instead, in order to avoid the confines of labels, this set will openly carry multiple personalities like a schizophrenic, seeking outlets in an assortment of guises, situations, and sites. As creative "free agents," they will choose their form of expression as the situation suggests it, responding resourcefully by switching medium, style, or attitude.

Like most fantasies, this sounds like an unconscious projection of life as it is being lived now by the fantasist—the life, in this case, of the international art-world apparatchik who assembles exhibitions like the Carnegie International. Mark Francis, one of the curators of the International, writes in the catalogue of the need for "a reassertion of 'felt experience' in opposition to a capitulation in the face of mediated or over-determined stimuli." What could be more admirable, or more desirable? But for how many people does "felt experience" take the form of the permanently jet-lagged, metacultural schizophrenia that is held up as the new ideal? Felt experience tends to be messy and unsure of itself, and is generally too busy trying to make sense of a little corner of the world to be able to hop on a plane with a fax machine and go make sense of "the widest possible range of cultures."

An art that claims all the prerogatives of public discourse without having a loving or attentive relationship to lived experience seems to define just what we mean by academic art. Has there at any time in the past hundred and fifty years—since the old academy first came under fire—been a larger gap between official art and real life? Modern art, whatever its failures, has almost always been at least an authentic expression of a shared human emotion. The Dadaists talked Dada; the Surrealists tried to live surrealistically; Pop people lived pop lives. But the colorless, sexless, humorless, hard-hearted work that is currently in vogue does not seem to have much connection to the lives even of the people who sponsor it or make it. Even its "politics" are unreal. When art-world people talk informally about art-world politics, they mean *politics*—horse-trading, coalition-constructing, favor-swapping. By that standard, an exhibition like the Carnegie International is, in no bad sense, a political miracle of platform-building. Yet the "politics" the same people want in their art seem only to be wan, second-generation copies of exhausted ideologies.

The five judges eventually gave the first prize at the Carnegie International to the Japanese-American artist On Kawara, who almost every day since January 25, 1966, has painted the date on a small gray panel—21,483 gray panels by the morning of the Carnegie International's opening. (Among the dates he exhibited in Pittsburgh were October 6, 1971; September 2, 1974; April 14, 1986; and November 20, 1987.) It seems right that at this moment we should be asked to prize an art that helps us not to live in days but just to count them—an art that is, in every sense, merely marking time.

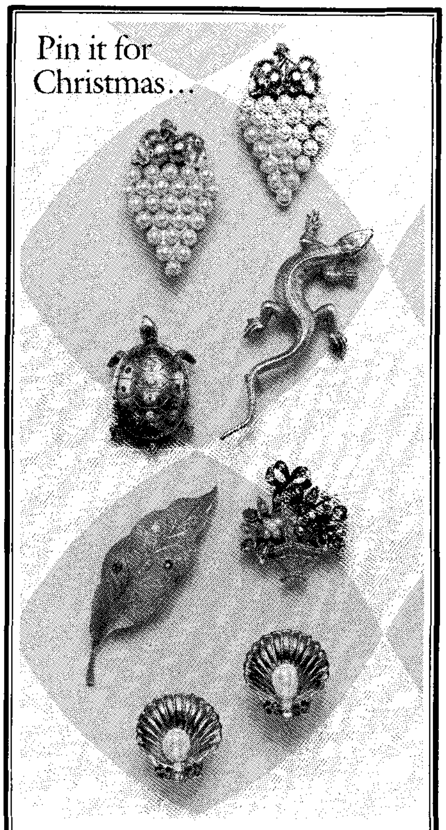
—ADAM GOPNIK

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[Adv. in the Seattle Times]

STUDENT to draft-write Christian Ethics paper for older student. $100. Leave message on recorder, give info about self & education.


Pin it for Christmas...

J. MAVEC & COMPANY, LTD.
Antique Jewelry and Silver
625 Madison Avenue Second Floor New York, NY 10022
Tel. (212) 888-8100 Fax (212) 888-0418
Antique Jewelry catalogue available $2.00

Versailles planter™
This enchanting planter recreates the ornamental keystones of Versailles' windows.
Attractive indoors or out.

12"x 9" Terra cotta in earthen or antique marble finish.
$55 (plus $4.50 shipping). Exclusively from
DAVIS & CO.
P.O. Box 3816, Portland, ME 04104
Or call 800.370 1066, in Maine, 780 1607

If you love words, you'll love VERBATIM, The Language Quarterly. Each interesting issue contains informative, entertaining articles, incisive book reviews, lively correspondence, amusing short bits, and puzzling word games.
$16.50/yr. Visa/MC (800) 999-2266
VERBATIM Post Office Box 78008MN
INDNPLS, IN 46278-0008

Extraordinary Pleasures
Russian bone china, handpainted lacquer pins, nesting dolls and collectible paperweights are just some of the gift-giving joys we offer.
Call for brochure 1-800-272-2896
WORLDLY TREASURES
MASTERCARD / VISA / AMERICAN EXPRESS

REPORT FROM ASPEN

IN more than twenty-five summers I have spent in Aspen, I cannot remember as much rain as we had this year. The rain had several notable consequences. The mountains around Aspen have always been famous for their wildflowers, but I have never seen anything there like this summer's display. The colors seemed to cluster in almost geometric patterns: yellow heart-leaf arnica, which is sometimes known as leopard's-bane; deep-red Indian paintbrush; mountain harebell, its lovely purple bells bent by the dew; columbines, the rarest and most beautiful of all the mountain flowers—they look like orchids that have for some reason taken up mountain climbing—hugging each other for protection. The State of Colorado helped, too: in 1925, it passed a law making it illegal to pick the Colorado blue columbine, which is the state flower, and since 1971 one can receive a fine of as much as five hundred dollars for willfully cutting down, breaking, or otherwise destroying "any living tree, shrubbery, wildflowers, or natural flora" in the wild. No state in the country takes its environment more seriously than Colorado, and no community in the state takes its environment more seriously than Aspen.

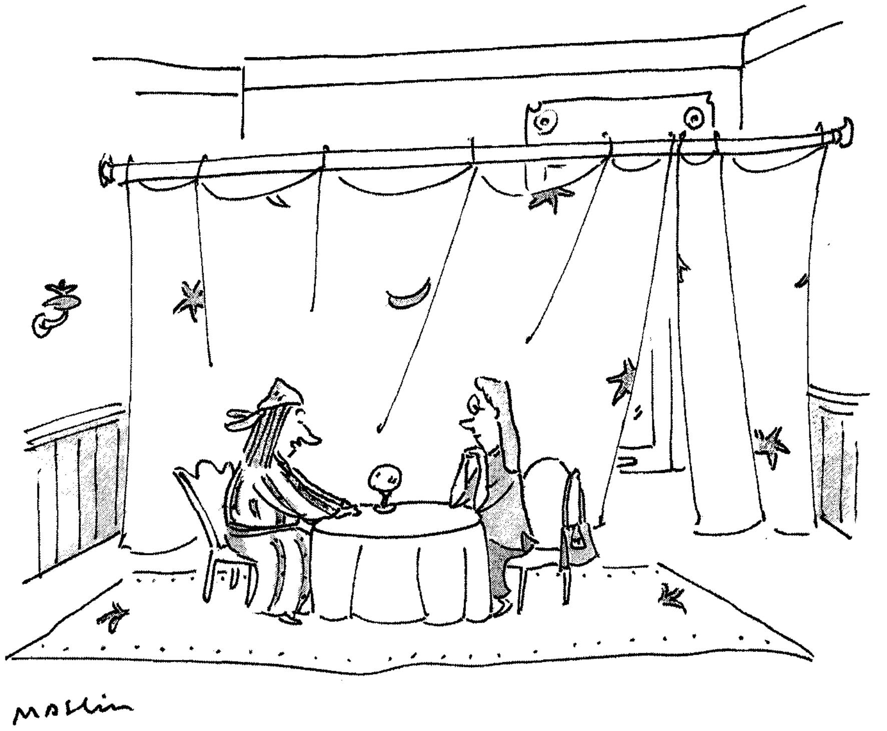
Some of the locals argue that the rain may have also served to loosen Aspen Mountain to the point where it could become unstuck and fall onto downtown Aspen. I first became aware of this possibility a few summers ago, when I was renting a condominium not far from the base of the mountain, which rises to a height of eleven thousand two hundred and twelve feet on the south side of Aspen. I was aroused from sleep by the wailing of sirens, and on investigating I learned that part of its north slope had slid into town. There were no casualties, but that part of town was covered with a considerable layer of mud and was cordoned off for several days. People living in the path of the slide had been told by the police that it might be better if they spent the rest of the night somewhere else. As it turned out, nothing more came down, and the incident was more or less forgotten—except by a few prophets of doom, who predicted that next time the whole town might get buried.

Aspen's environmental concerns have also found expression on Patti Clapper's answering machine. The message is a poem written by her husband, Tom, who is a ski instructor in the winter and a stonemason in the summer. The poem, which Patti recites on the machine, goes:

> Roses are red,
> Violets are blue.
> We're fighting the E.P.A.,
> And we hope you are, too.

How Patti Clapper, who is a thirty-eight-year-old registered nurse at the Aspen Valley Hospital, came to lead a citywide fight against the Environmental Protection Agency is one of the most remarkable local sagas of recent years, and one that may have an impact on how the E.P.A. deals with the Western mining states in the future.

It all began rather innocuously, in the spring of 1981, when a graduate student at Colorado State University named David Boon decided to test the fertility of the soil in and around the Smuggler Mobile Home Park, a trailer court at the foot of Smuggler Mountain, on the northeast side of Aspen. There are some eighty mobile homes there, which in fact don't look very mobile; on a recent visit, I saw one with a two-car garage. Tom and Patti Clapper and their two young children live in one of these mobile homes. (Patti prefers to call them "modular homes.") She and her husband bought theirs four years ago, for forty thousand dollars—a price that included its tiny plot of land. The Clappers' home, which is about twenty years old, is mobile in the sense that they have the various devices needed to move it, once the concrete foundation has been torn away. It has three bedrooms (one just large enough to contain a crib), a kitchen, a bath, and a living room. And there is a garden, in which the previous tenants grew fruit and vegetables—a common practice in the trailer court. That was one reason Boon was studying the soil—to help the trailer-court people with their agricultural activities. He also had an academic interest in lead and cadmium in the soils near old silver mines, and there are two old mines just a couple of hundred yards from the Smuggler Mobile Home Park. One is the Smuggler mine, which began producing in 1880. It is currently operated by a man named Stefan Albouy, who does some occasional mining and takes people on tours of the mine. The other mine, which started up at about the same time, was called the Mollie Gibson; many things around Aspen are named after Mollie Gibson, who according to local legend was a famed lady of the evening in the mining town of Leadville



"You will have more than one scatter rug, and all of your lamps will be gooseneck."

Farm Fresh California Almonds

Nature's Snackfood!

Buy Directly From the Grower and SAVE!!

$1.99 Per Lb.

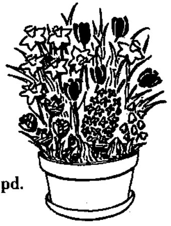
Buy your Natural California Almonds directly from our ranch in the sun-drenched San Joaquin Valley. Picked fresh from the tree, shelled, sorted, then shipped directly to you or your friends as gifts. And, ideal as an ingredient in recipes. Choose from three convenient sizes.

You can't lose with our 30-Day Money Back Guarantee

Mail to: P-R Farms
2917 E. Shepherd, Clovis, CA 93612
Send me these Natural Almond packs:
____10 lbs. @ $19.90 (plus $7 shipping)
____ 5 lbs. @ $14.50 (plus $5 shipping)
____25 lbs. @ $45.50 (plus $14 shipping)
Alaska/Hawaii add 30% to shipping
Payment Enclosed:
____Check ____Money Order
____VISA ____Mastercard
Card # __________ Exp____
Name __________
Address __________
City __________
State____Zip ______ NY121

FLOWERING DUTCH GARDEN

A unique and exciting gift.



Just add water...19 carefully selected bulbs (5 varieties) are potted, rooted, and ready to **bloom in stages** for weeks. Only **$27.00** ea. ppd.
NEW! Complement your Dutch Garden with a beautiful hand-thrown pot. Locally crafted and hand painted with blue Lupines (not pictured). Only **$22.00** ea. ppd.
Shipping begins Dec. 2 to March.
Order now for Christmas delivery.

Send ____ Dutch Gardens @ $27.00 ea. ppd.
____ Gardens w/Handthrown pot @ $49.00 ea. ppd.
Total $______ ☐ Payment enclosed ☐ MC ☐ Visa
Card #__________ Exp.______
Name __________
Street __________
City ______ State ____ Zip ______
MARLBOROUGH GREENHOUSES, INC.
P.O. Box 32-NY • Marlborough, NH 03455 • 603-876-4397

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

LITERATE T-SHIRTS!

Dickens, Shakespeare, Sherlock Holmes, Poe, Mozart, Van Gogh, Joyce, Austen, Twain, Nietzsche, Cheshire Cat, Darwin, Kafka, etc.
Brochure of over 100 designs: $1.00
T-Shirt: (white or grey) $13.75, 4/$49.
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $23, 2/$44.
Sizes: S, M, L, XL. **Ship:** $3.00 per order.
MC/VISA 1-617-787-1176
Historical Products, P.O. Box 220 X6, Cambridge, MA 02238

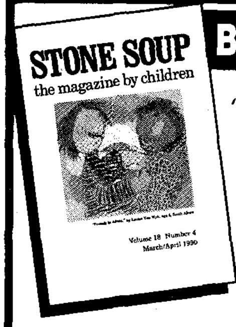
but seems in fact to have been the wife of a Colorado judge, and also the sister of the mine's original owner. In the heyday of silver mining, the area around the Smuggler Mobile Home Park looked, as one local put it to me, "like New Jersey"—all smokestacks. Both mines stopped large-scale production toward the end of the First World War, by which time they had yielded millions of dollars' worth of silver ore, but a lot of the residue from their activities was left in the soil, and that is what Boon was looking for.

The E.P.A. considers five hundred parts per million an acceptable level of lead in most soil samples. For reasons of practicality, the permissible standard around Aspen is a thousand parts per million; if the standard were more rigorous, Aspen and much of Colorado would be in trouble. However, Boon discovered places in and near the trailer court where the lead levels were over twenty thousand parts per million. The first suggestion that something ought to be done about this situation was a press release issued by the Colorado State University extension service on August 28, 1981. It read "Caution is advised to any individual or family whose garden is located near a mine site, for the soil may have toxic qualities. Remember, children should not be fed these vegetables, due to the risk of lead poisoning."

Boon's findings came to the attention of Tom Dunlop, the environmental-health officer for Pitkin County and for Aspen, which is the county seat. As Dunlop later explained to me, "I didn't know David Boon from Adam." So he repeated the tests, and got the same results. He immediately issued public notices requesting the residents of the Smuggler trailer court to stop eating vegetables from their gardens and to keep their children from playing in old mine tailings. He also informed both the city council and the county commissioners of the situation. At that time, the trailer court was part of the county but not of the city—a circumstance that changed a few years later, with dramatic consequences for the events of last summer.

It is Dunlop's impression that back when he first alerted the city and the county authorities, there were five or six hundred people living near the old Smuggler mine—some in the trailer court and some in a modest middle-class development called the Hunter

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE BY CHILDREN



"The New Yorker of the 8 to 13 set."
MS. MAGAZINE

"Blessings on the adult advisers of this enterprise."
THE NEW YORKER

STONE SOUP, now in its 19th year, is the perfect magazine for children. Children love reading the extraordinary stories, poems, and book reviews by their peers published in this handsome magazine. An Activity Guide in every issue encourages budding writers and artists to create and submit their work.

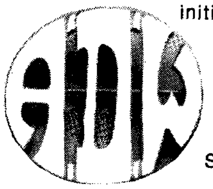
Published 5 times a year, every 2 months from Sept. to June.

☐ 1 yr $23 ☐ 2 yrs $40 ☐ 3 yrs $55

Name __________
Address __________
City, State, Zip __________
Gift card from __________

Send a check, or call toll free to charge
1-800-447-4569
P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063

INITIAL ENCIRCLEMENT



Leonore Doskow transforms your initials into a delightful circle. A brooch for all occasions. 1½" inches of precious metal.
Sterling silver **$54.00**
14 Karat yellow gold **$398.00**
Underline last name initial
Add $4.00 ea. for shipping and handling.
Send your check / money order to:
NY residents add sales tax
Croton Crafts
Telephone: 914-271-5981
P.O. Box 437, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10521

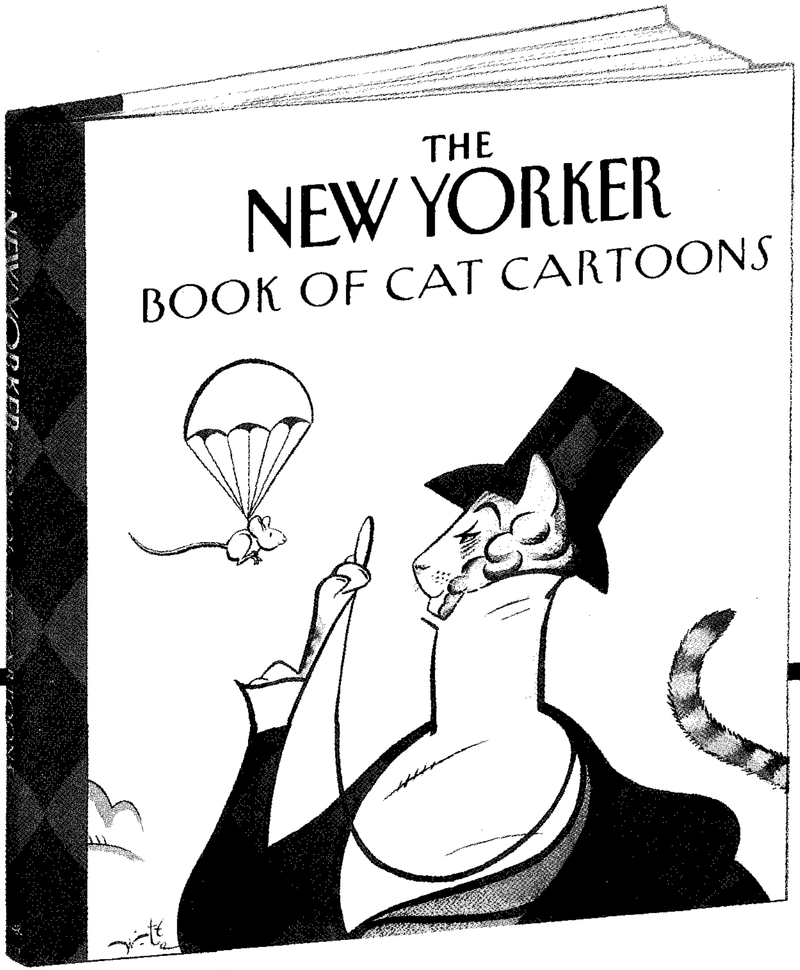
PAUL REST ◆ FINE ART
Maynard Dixon
Oil • Gouache • Watercolor
707-823-1823 • 800-333-9ART • Fax: 707-823-9338
8463 Peachland Avenue • Sebastopol, California 95472
By Appointment Only

SEND A BIT OF THE VERMONT WOODS FOR CHRISTMAS

22 *inch* Balsam Wreath *with* red velvet bow, cones & berries, enc. gift card . . . . $22.00 ppd.
Northeast Kingdom Balsam, Dept NY91, W. Glover, VT 05875
1-800-322-YULE MC/VISA FREE BROCHURE!

Creek condominiums. But the town was expanding rapidly in the direction of the mine (by now more than twice as many people live there), and the construction of a new development there—known as the Centennial condominiums and consisting of some two hundred and forty residences—was under study for approval by the county. The man behind Centennial was Sam Brown, who had the reputation of being, as a former county commissioner put it to me, "a good developer"—one who was deeply committed both to environmental issues and to middle- and low-income housing. (Brown was an organizer of the first Earth Day, and was in charge of Vista and the Peace Corps during the Carter Administration.) The county commissioners felt that they had a lead and cadmium problem in the area, and they were worried about letting more families move up there unless some remedial work was done, such as covering the most heavily contaminated places with fresh soil.

As it happens, Congress had enacted, a year earlier, the Comprehensive Environmental Response, Compensation, and Liability Act, which created the E.P.A.'s Superfund program. The Superfund, established at a billion six hundred million dollars, was to be used to clean up toxic-waste sites around the country. The fact that there was such a program came to the attention of a young county engineer named Pat Dobie. Dobie felt that if Aspen could qualify as a Superfund site this might help in financing the remediation, which the county had estimated would cost about three-quarters of a million dollars. None of the county commissioners then knew a great deal about how the Superfund program worked, but Dobie had heard about a provision concerning Potentially Responsible Parties, or P.R.P.s. These were entities from which the government could recover the cost of a cleanup—or, at least, part of the cost. It was not clear to the Aspen officials then, and is not clear now, what fraction of the total the P.R.P.s would pay and what fraction the government would pay. Dobie and the commissioners reasoned, however, that some of the P.R.P.s in Aspen's case were quite wealthy—for instance, the descendants of the principals of the Smuggler-Durant Mining Corporation, the original operator of the Smuggler



The book of the year for connoisseurs of cats & cartoons!

It's crowded with great cats

from George Booth cats (hyper) to Helen Hokinson cats (tolerant) to Charles Addams cats (eerie)

in 101 cartoons, the cream of the cream from 65 years of The New Yorker.

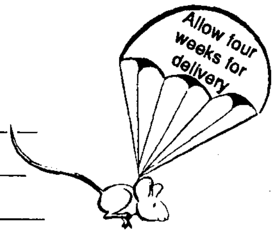
It's the cat's meow, a charming and hilarious book that embodies the comic essence of catness—cats consorting with cats, cats dealing with dogs, mice and men, cats doing what cats do—as envisioned by the funniest, most brilliant cartoonists of our time, including

William Steig and Saul Steinberg, Ed Koren and George Price, Roz Chast, Sempé, Shanahan, Richter, Modell, James Stevenson and Mick Stevens, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, and many more.

To order your own copy and gift copies, use the coupon below.
Or call toll free: **1-800-733-3000**
(Mention select code 008-44-NYCC)

To your bookseller, or make check payable to Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.,
(Dept. CH), 201 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me _____ copies of **The New Yorker Book of Cat Cartoons**
at $16.95 each plus $2.00 shipping cost per book.
My check for $___________ is enclosed.
Name___________________________________
Address_________________________________
City_______________State__________Zip__________


Allow four weeks for delivery

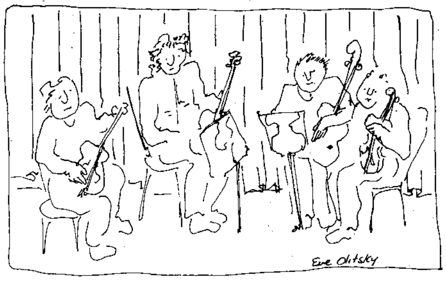
mine. (Indeed, they eventually grew to include the Atlantic Richfield Company, which had leased mineral rights to some of the mine tailings in the late forties.) The P.R.P.s might well pay for their share of the cleanup and for a whole lot of new landscaping besides. Hence the commissioners wrote a letter to the E.P.A., inviting the agency to turn its attention to Aspen. Not long afterward, the E.P.A. sent a team to begin studies of groundwater, surface water, and air quality which might lead to the area's qualifying as a Superfund site. The decision would be made on the basis of a point score: the minimum number of points required for a site to be put on the Superfund's national priorities list was twenty-eight and a half. Aspen scored what Dunlop referred to as "forty-four and change."

The tests that the E.P.A. did at that time have been disputed in Aspen ever since. No lead was then—or, indeed, ever—found in the water supply. A cadmium level of thirteen parts per billion was found in a private well; ten parts per billion is the E.P.A.'s allowed limit. A couple of months later, a second sample from the well showed eight parts of cadmium per billion. But the scoring had already been recorded and was not, according to the E.P.A., reversible. The air-quality data were taken from tests that Dunlop had already performed; they showed that the lead particulates in the air were lower than the national standard by roughly a factor of ten. Nonetheless, the E.P.A. decided that the air was a source of concern.

By 1984, when the community began to challenge the E.P.A., Pitkin County had discovered that it was itself one of the Potentially Responsible Parties, so its taxpayers were going to have to pay some indefinite part of the cleanup. In June of that year, representatives of the E.P.A. visited Dunlop in his office in the Aspen City Hall to inform him that an area of some seventy-five acres at the base of Smuggler Mountain had been designated a Superfund site, and that the cost of the cleanup, which would now involve removing a layer of the contaminated soil, would be somewhere around a million and a half dollars. At that point, the county and the other P.R.P.s—which by now included Sam Brown's Centennial Company, Stefan Albouy, and the Smuggler Racquet Club—decided to hire a firm of environmental engineers named Fred C. Hart Associates to reëvaluate the tests. The firm rescored the site, using data supplied by the county and the E.P.A., and the score it arrived at was 12.96—way below what was needed to qualify.

By 1986, when the site was formally put on the national priorities list, the E.P.A. had dropped its point score to 31.31. The air-pollution number was reduced to zero, since Dunlop's readings had been taken from the top of the county courthouse, half a mile from the site. The surface water was found to have negligible contamination, but the groundwater contamination was considered sufficiently serious to justify the designation. In the spring of 1985, the E.P.A. had drilled seven additional wells to test the site for contamination, at a cost (according to the Aspen *Times*) of eighteen thousand dollars. One of the wells collapsed, one was abandoned, and two came up dry, even after the engineers dug down some sixty-five feet. (To find water, the old silver miners often had to dig as deep as a hundred and sixty feet.) The remaining three showed no lead contamination, and no subsequent test has shown that the water on the site contains any lead, though appreciable levels of cadmium and zinc have been found.

In September of 1986, the E.P.A. announced that it had found a site on which to dump the contaminated soil. This was what is euphemistically called the Mollie Gibson Park, a two-acre boulder field just above the Racquet Club, on the northeast side of town, which, even without the influx of contaminated soil, looks more like a dump than a park. The agency also announced that it might have to dig down as much as four feet to remove all the contaminated soil, and might have to move the Smuggler trailer court's mobile homes to do so. From what I can gather, few people in town were paying much attention to all this.



Dunlop told me that whenever he spoke about the impending cleanup before the city council or before the county commissioners hardly anyone turned out.

ONE wonders how many people might have turned out if the E.P.A. had proposed to dig up four feet of soil in one of Aspen's more fashionable neighborhoods—for example, Starwood, a thousand-acre tract that is the most exclusive of the valley's developments. It is built on a mesa, with a magnificent view of the mountains; a privately hired guard, who writes down the license-plate numbers of visiting cars after inquiring where the visitors are going, protects the notables, such as John Denver and Rupert Murdoch, who have houses there.

Aspen's reputation as a haven for the well-to-do is of rather recent origin. After the collapse of the price of silver in 1893, most of the silver miners left, and the town gradually slid into a sort of coma that continued even through the nineteen-thirties, when it was discovered that Aspen Mountain was ideal for skiing. In 1939, Elizabeth Paepcke made her first visit to the town. She was then the young bride of Walter P. Paepcke, who was to turn his father's carton business into the Container Corporation of America, one of the nation's largest packaging companies. I have often heard Mrs. Paepcke, a strikingly handsome woman in her late eighties, describe that first visit. The streets of Aspen were unpaved. The Hotel Jerome, a showplace built in 1889, at the height of the silver boom, was charging three dollars a night for a room, and spittoons were strewn about the lobby. I once heard an old Aspenite say that his mother occasionally rode her horse into the Jerome bar. Mrs. Paepcke was not able to persuade her husband to visit Aspen until 1945, but when he did he fell in love with it and decided to create a kind of physical and intellectual utopia here. He decided, for one thing, that Aspen would be a splendid place to celebrate the Goethe bicentennial, and that Albert Schweitzer was just the person to come to Aspen to talk about Goethe. Schweitzer's American geography was somewhat hazy, so when the time came he headed from the jungles of French Equatorial Africa to

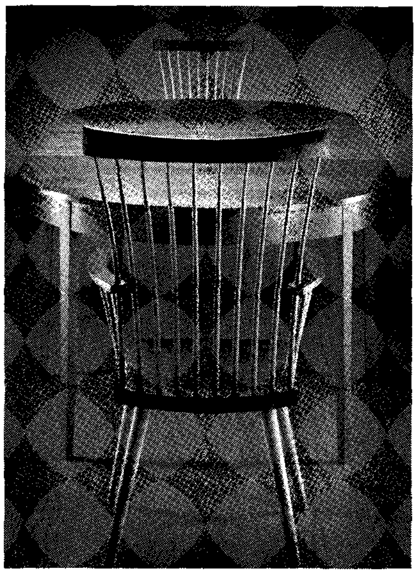
The best way to travel to Europe is with people who are well connected.

Any experienced traveler will tell you the best way to travel to Europe is with a native. And since Lufthansa is located right in the heart of it, you could say no one is in a better position to take you there. In fact, we have 88 European destinations, many more than all U.S. airlines combined. Which means there's always an experienced Lufthansa staff nearby to help with almost anything, including last-minute travel plans, advice on where to take a client for dinner, even to tell you which road leads to Rome. Combine that with Lufthansa's unparalleled on-board service and you'll understand why, at Lufthansa, we offer you the best flying experience anywhere in the world.

A passion for perfection.SM

Lufthansa

Lufthansa is a participant in the mileage programs of United, Delta, USAir and Continental. See your Travel Agent for details.



Graceful understatement
for home and office.

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS

ALEXANDRIA 703-548-3447
PHILADELPHIA 215-922-6440
CATALOG $9
415R CUMBERLAND AVE. PORTLAND, ME 04101
207-774-3791

CRAZY CANADIAN CATS RETURN
– on men's/women's supersoft T-Shirts, sweatshirts, pants, on glitzy sweaters, on "Great Cats Of History" coffee mugs. And our Catnip Video is a howl for cats.
CALL TOLL-FREE FOR FREE CAT-A-LOG
Can. 1-800-268-9323
U.S. 1-800-268-1630
MC VISA AMEX
Dick Shapiro's Cats, Unit 14,
20 Wertheim Ct., Richmond Hill,
Ontario, Canada L4B 3A8

100% cotton T-Shirt $19.95
Sweatpants $49.50 Set $65.00
(All prices plus $4.00 S/H)

GIVE A CAT A LAUGH
– **with Dick Shapiro's amazing Catnip Video** – a 25 minute movie cats watch and love. A howl of a gift for cat owners.
Just $19.95
plus $4 s/h
VISA MC AMEX
TOLL FREE
CAN. 1-800-268-9323
U.S. 1-800-268-1630
DICK SHAPIRO'S CATS
#14, 20 Wertheim Court., Richmond Hill, Ont. Canada L4B 3A8

Video Catnip
Entertainment For Cats

A Signature Gift
Handcast penpoint in 14K Gold or Sterling, 18" pendant $225/$195
Stickpin or lapel pin $95/$75 Send check or M.O. + $3.50
NJ Res. add tax

(actual size)
1-800-283-3661
KRB Designs, 50 E. Hudson Ave., Englewood, NJ 07631

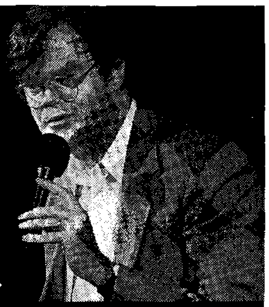
Chicago, where he had another speaking engagement, and was surprised to learn that he had an additional thousand miles to go.

Paepcke had been much taken by a Great Books course given for industrialists at the University of Chicago by Robert Hutchins and the philosopher Mortimer Adler, and he decided that he would find a way to combine skiing and the Great Books. In aid of the former, he created the Aspen Skiing Corporation, which set out to develop Aspen Mountain. In aid of the latter, he was instrumental in founding, in 1949, the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, and he brought in the Bauhaus architect Herbert Bayer to design the institute buildings, on what is known as the Meadows, a beautiful open space on the west side of Aspen. The idea was to bring tired businessmen to Aspen to be refreshed by the mountain air and an intense exposure to the Great Books. While the institute was nonprofit, it had probably not escaped Paepcke's attention that these captains of industry could afford to pay handsomely for the privilege of attending. The institute's gestalt is well described by Tom Lehrer's phrase (in reference to a dope peddler) "doing well by doing good."

The Aspen Institute rents out some of its land, at nominal cost, to three other nonprofit organizations: the Music Associates of Aspen, whose concerts are given in a tent on the Meadows designed by Bayer; the International Design Conference of Aspen, which gathers designers from all over the world for a week-long convention in the tent; and the Aspen Center for Physics, which put up three single-story buildings, one of which is named for the physicist Hans Bethe, who donated part of his Nobel Prize money for its construction. (The Physics Center was founded largely with financial aid from George Stranahan, a former theoretical physicist turned Aspen entrepreneur and innkeeper, and is currently celebrating its thirtieth year of operation. I have been involved with it for most of those years, and its existence explains why I have spent so much time in Aspen.) In 1957, three years before his death, Paepcke gave over the running of the Aspen Institute to Robert O. Anderson, the chief executive officer of Atlantic Richfield, and Anderson kept it going with large infusions of his own

RBC®
ROYAL BEACH CLUB
The *Royal Beach Club* redefines the word service. Enjoy the type of attention that is reserved for royalty in two of Hawaii's most spectacular resorts. To find out more about this exclusive club call 1-800-228-3000.
THE WESTIN KAUAI • THE WESTIN MAUI
WESTIN Resorts

Oh, the stories he tells....



GARRISON KEILLOR'S
AMERICAN RADIO COMPANY™
Live every Saturday. 6 p.m./5 p.m. Central.
Call 1-800-852-1144 for station information.

HARPOON: Hot new mag

Nation's best editorial cartoons, slyest comics, and wittiest writers. 3 Pulitzers. Only $24 for 24 issues. (That is $12 off the newsstand rate.) Money-back guarantee. MC, Visa, Diner's, Carte Blanche or check. Or send $1 for sample. Harpoon, 1685 Elmwood, suite 208 N, Buffalo, NY 14207. Call 716-875-0751

ISRAEL
Leisure Vacations
For People 50 Plus
22 Days via *EL AL* incl. Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Galilee, the Spa Resorts of Tiberias or the Dead Sea, 5-star Hotels, 2 meals daily, tours & much more.
For Free Brochure, Call (718) 945-5900 • 1-800-221-5002.

capital for the next couple of decades.

Meanwhile, quite another enterprise was unfolding at the base of Aspen Mountain. In the nineteen-sixties, a German-born builder named Hans Cantrup began quietly buying up much of the property there, including several run-down ski lodges and some modest housing rented to Aspen working people, who often need at least two jobs to make ends meet. It was unclear how Cantrup was financing these purchases, and he seemed to be in constant trouble with various housing authorities. During this period, the Aspen Institute was experiencing growing pains. It was occupying the rapidly deteriorating Aspen Meadows Lodge, which, incorporating some of the original Bayer buildings, had opened in 1954. In 1980, Anderson proposed tearing down the lodge and replacing it with a somewhat larger version, but the Aspen City Council was in one of its no-growth postures, and in any event there had been a certain amount of town-and-gown tension between the city and the institute. What no one anticipated was that Anderson would sell the Meadows property to Cantrup. The general view around town was that Anderson had chosen the most unlikely buyer in order to spite the city council for turning down what, in the light of later circumstances, seemed a relatively minor expansion of existing facilities.

For the next four years, rumors abounded that Cantrup was going broke. They proved to be true, and his properties eventually passed to the Commerce Savings Association, in San Antonio, Texas, which later collapsed in the savings-and-loan debacle. While Commerce was contemplating what to do with them, Donald Trump appeared on the scene. Like many of the visiting celebrities, Trump flew into Aspen from time to time in his private jet. As far as I know, he is not noted for an interest in the Great Books, but he saw an opportunity to build a new hotel on the old Cantrup property at the base of Aspen Mountain. He offered seventeen and a half million dollars for that parcel of land, and it looked like a done deal, but then out of nowhere appeared a Palestinian real-estate operator from Washington, D.C., named Mohamed Hadid, who managed to acquire the entire package—the Meadows as well as the land at the base of the mountain—

"A remarkable range of examples for visual thinking. A real treat for all who reason and learn by means of images." RUDOLF ARNHEIM

"The book itself provides a model of good design—each beautifully printed page a harmony of space, type and illustration. . ." NEW YORK TIMES

"Spectacular, reminiscent of E. H. Gombrich's *Art and Illusion*." BALLAST QUARTERLY

"An incredibly beautiful, true, refined and luscious book." DENISE SCOTT BROWN and ROBERT VENTURI

A three dimensional fold-up from the first English translation of Euclid's *Geometry*, published in 1570

ENVISIONING INFORMATION

by EDWARD R. TUFTE

Over 400 illustrations with exquisite 6 to 12-color printing throughout. Finest examples in technical, creative, and scientific presentations: diagrams, maps, charts, legal exhibits, computer graphics, and use of color. Winner of 7 book awards. $48 per copy postpaid. Also available: *The Visual Display of Quantitative Information*, $40 per copy postpaid.

Order directly from publisher. Same-day shipping. Moneyback guarantee.
Send check to: Graphics Press Box 430-N Cheshire, Connecticut 06410

AKTUELLES, KULTUR UND SCHLAGER!

If family members or friends on your holiday gift list speak German, give them *Schau ins Land*, the audiomagazine for intermediate and advanced students of German. Each monthly, hour-long edition is packed with reports on current events, politics, the arts, and travel, plus selections of contemporary German music. Every cassette comes with a word-for-word printed transcript, complete with an extensive German-English glossary and cultural notes.

Money-Back Guarantee Take 30 days to review your first tape. If you're not completely satisfied with the program, call for a full refund. *French and Italian programs also available.* To order by credit card call **1-800-824-0829**

Schau ins Land Send check or money order to *Schau ins Land*
Dept. GY10 • P.O. Box 158067 • Nashville, TN 37215-8067
☐ 5 editions ($69) ☐ 11 editions ($118)
☐ Study supplement ($20) ☐ Study supplement ($44)
Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax
Name ____________
Address ____________
City/State/Zip ____________

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

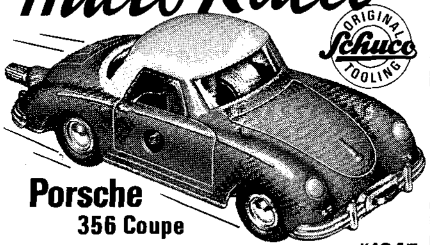
for forty-two million nine hundred thousand dollars, causing the Aspen *Times* to carry the headline "TRUMP TRUMPED."

At first, Hadid's pockets seemed bottomless. He bought a fancy house and gave parties that featured guests like Barbra Streisand, Goldie Hawn, and Jack Nicholson. Since Hadid now owned the Meadows, he had to deal with its occupants. On a visit to the Physics Center, he expressed interest in how many of our ninety-odd weekly participants would buy lunch in a newly renovated Meadows restaurant. He seemed disappointed to learn that the physicists, by and large, ate sandwiches in the center's back yard. A few such encounters must have persuaded the Hadid people that their financial interests lay elsewhere, since they failed to pick up an option to buy that part of the Meadows—some twenty-two acres—which housed the nonprofits. In the meantime, Hadid's pockets began to fray. An Aspen *Times* reporter discovered that Hadid had a silent partner—a reputed arms dealer named Abdul Aziz al-Ibrahim, who was a brother-in-law of King Fahd of Saudi Arabia. It never became clear how much, if any, of the money Hadid was throwing around Aspen was his own. Suspicions were aroused when, two summers ago, a bank foreclosed on Hadid's Aspen house, and a truck rolled up to remove the furniture only to be blocked by another truck, claiming priority. Abdul Aziz has now been linked to loans totalling a hundred and thirty-two million dollars from the Bank of Credit & Commerce International. (He denies that any of this money was used to finance his Aspen projects.)

Abdul Aziz is not the only Saudi to have made news in Aspen recently. There is also Prince Bandar bin Sultan. Bandar, a nephew of King Fahd, is currently Saudi Arabia's Ambassador to the United States. In June of 1989, he applied to the Pitkin County commissioners for permission to build the largest house in the Starwood development. There are many palatial houses in Starwood, but nothing like the one that the Prince was proposing to build. His house was to take up fifty-five thousand square feet, and would thus be larger than the Pitkin County airport. It was to have a thirty-eight-hundred-and-fifty-square-foot garage, four living rooms, thirteen bedrooms, and twenty-six bathrooms. It was explained to the county commissioners that the reason for the large number of bathrooms was that Muslim law forbids men and women to use the same bathroom, and that whenever the Prince travelled he took along a coterie of no fewer than twenty-eight people, including family and security personnel. The commissioners were at first reluctant to allow this chimera to be built, but after a gift from Bandar to the county of half a million dollars they saw the light. Last spring, the house was completed, at a cost estimated at some forty million dollars. I have never been inside, but I have seen it from close by. It has its own security system, with a row of barely concealed cameras beside a guardhouse, and it looks much like one of those resort hotels in the Catskills, like the old Grossinger's. I assume that Grossinger's had a higher occupancy rate than the Prince's house does. One of his neighbors told me that he spends about one month a year in it.

THE Clappers moved into the Smuggler Mobile Home Park in 1987 aware that it was an E.P.A. Superfund site but knowing little about the consequences of such a designation. It never seemed to them even a remotely dangerous place to live. Tom Clapper, who is a third-generation Aspenite, had played as a child among the mine dumps, but he had never suffered any of the effects of lead poisoning. In the spring of 1988, he went to a public meeting with officials from the E.P.A. and was startled to learn that he and all the other residents of the trailer court (along with the rest of the people living on the Superfund site, which had now grown to a hundred and ten acres) could also become Potentially Responsible Parties and could thus be held liable for part of the cost of the cleanup, even though some of them (as in the case of the Clappers) had moved in only a couple of years earlier. However, the E.P.A. had come to the realization, after some site visits, that moving the mobile homes and digging down to four feet was probably unreasonable, and had decided instead to leave the homes where they were and to dig down to only two feet. That would involve moving as much as a hundred and twenty thousand cubic yards of soil, which, coming and going, would amount to twelve thousand

Children's Photographs from $95.00
Gift Certificates Available MC/VISA
Bachrach
Photographers since 1868
We're Now in San Francisco
Boston 617-536-4730 Chicago 312-642-5500
Greenwich 203-869-6922 Morristown 201-267-2006
New York 212-755-6233 Philadelphia 215-563-0551
Washington, D.C. 703-548-2111
San Francisco 415-296-8231

MicroRacer


Porsche
356 Coupe
LENGTH: 4" WEIGHT: 4.5 OZ. SCALE: 1:45 #1047
Finally, after a many year absence, the beautifully detailed, highly desirable Porsche 356 is back in production. *One of the fastest Micro-Racers ever made.* **Features:** fast, vertical wind-up clockwork motor; clutch/brake lever for freewheeling; precision Micro-screw steering via knurled tailpipe; rubber tires, and rubber bumper inserts. *You gotta own one!*
Colors: Red, Silver, Lt. Blue, Dk. Blue, Green, Gold, Black, Ivory, w/contrasting roof colors. **$45**
Shipping $6 ea. In NV add 6% tax. **Satisfaction Guaranteed.**
Pay by: Visa, MasterCard, American Express or check.
Lilliput Motor Co. Ltd. P.O. Box 447, Yerington, NV 89447
Call: 1-800-TIN-TOYS (846-8697) **Fax: 702-463-5581**

STRAW HAT PIN

This whimsical straw hat from James Breakell is a lovely reminder of summer. In sterling silver $40; 14k gold $628. Add $3.50 handling. Brochure on request.
VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-767-6411 Actual size: 1½"
J.H. BREAKELL & CO.
69 Mill St. Dept. NYST Newport, RI 02840

truckloads, and at this point the E.P.A. decided it would have to use some of the Racquet Club land for an additional dumping ground. The original maximum estimate of around one and a half million dollars had risen to at least five million. Then, in August of 1989, in what became known as the Denver Agreement, the six-state regional administrator of the E.P.A., James Scherer, agreed to reduce the depth of the soil to be removed to one foot and then lay a carpet—a device the agency referred to as a geotextile cover—made of a feltlike material to protect new soil from any contaminated soil remaining beneath it. The E.P.A. also said that it would be back in five years to reëvaluate the remedy. The community was shocked when, at a meeting that October in Aspen, the E.P.A.'s representatives announced that it would cost five hundred thousand dollars to do the legal work required to put the Denver Agreement into effect. By this time, the agency had spent more than one and a half million dollars on the project, and nothing had been cleaned up.

In the spring of 1990, Patti Clapper decided to take things into her own hands. She had become seriously concerned, both as a registered nurse and as a mother, about the dangers of lead. "I talked to the pediatricians, and the radiologists, and the orthopedic surgeons, and the internists to see if they had ever seen anything that looked like cases of lead poisoning in the area," she told me. None of them had. Patti's next step was to call Dr. Chris Weis, one of the E.P.A.'s toxicologists in Denver, to ask for information. "He made me feel really stupid, and I hate that," she recalls. "He told me, 'It's your responsibility to your community to educate yourself on the risks of lead.' I said, 'Fine.' He said, 'I have volumes of information.' I said, 'Terrific. Send me some.' "

Among the documents that Weis sent her were three studies on lead poisoning, none of which seemed relevant to the circumstances of the trailer court. One was a 1960 study, done in Boston, that showed black children to have higher incidences of lead poisoning than white children. Another was a study, done in the early nineteen-seventies, that found poor children to be more susceptible to lead poisoning than wealthier children. The third study showed a high incidence of lead poisoning in children coming from

You could get our luxurious Irish Mohair throw duty free at Shannon Airport, Ireland.

You'd just have to pay a little more.

Landau's $59 Irish Mohair Throw: a luxurious $125 value, and a great gift idea, at less than half price. *When we first offered these throws for Holiday 1990, we sold out of them at $125! Rich new plaids have just arrived from Ireland, and are stocked in our Princeton warehouse: you'll be delighted with the luxurious texture, and the exceptional Irish quality. In fact,* ***we 100% Landau money-back guarantee it!***

How can we be so sure? Since we made the special price arrangements that allow us to offer them at $59, we have already sold more than ten times our 1990 volume! Everyone loves the quality, and most end up buying several. Great gifts!
70% Mohair, 30% Wool. Size: 66" X 54".
Select from five luxurious plaids: pink, green, red, beige or purple.
N6654. *Only* ***$59*** *plus $4 shipping.*

Business gift-buyers: sound like a great idea for a tight budget?
Please call for special pricing on 50 to 500.

For credit card orders, or more information,
call free: 1-800-932-0709
9 AM - 5 PM EST, Mon. - Sat.

Or send check to:
Landau, ***Dept. 51***
114 Nassau Street, PO Box 671
Princeton, NJ 08542

LANDAU
The World's Most Beautiful Woolens.

Send $2 for our Woolens catalog, and visit our shops in Princeton, NJ and Manchester, VT.

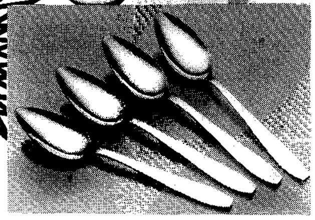
HUGE

WORLD FAMOUS INDIAN RIVER FRUIT!

1/2 BUSHEL
GRACEWOOD FRUIT COMPANY

FREE DELIVERY

FREE Serrated Spoons (a $7.95 value)



100% GUARANTEED

WHAT A GIFT!

Sugar sweet Navel Oranges and delicious Ruby Red Grapefruit. Delivered in a beautiful gift box with a set of four custom stainless steel Grapefruit spoons included **FREE!**

FREE DELIVERY

#13RNGS ¼ Bushel $20.95
#30RNGS ½ Bushel $27.95
#55RNGS 1 Bushel $39.95

ORDER TOLL FREE
1-800-678-1154
8 a.m. - 9 p.m. Mon. - Sat.

Mail order to:
GRACEWOOD FRUIT CO.
1626 90th Ave.
P.O. Box 2590-Dept. N.Y. 3
Vero Beach, FL 32961

Goose down robe

Surround yourself in warm, lightweight elegance. Superblend fabric for easy care. Contrasting piping, shawl collar and roll back cuffs. Fully guaranteed. Order cream, burgundy, peach, light blue, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $160 **Sale $89** Shipping and handling, $4.50

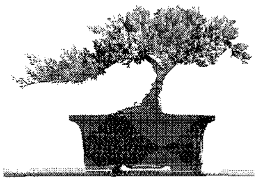
Goose Down Slippers match robes in cream, burgundy, peach, light blue, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $38 **Sale $22** Shipping $3.00

☐ Order by phone with MC or VISA, call 415/472-2154.

☐ Use MC, VISA or check for mail orders. CA residents add 7¼% tax

WARM THINGS

180 Paul Dr., Dept. NY /San Rafael, CA 94903
415/472-2154 • Ship within 48 hrs. • MC/VISA

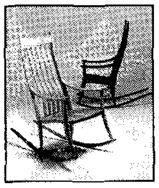


Beautiful Bonsai

A unique and wonderful gift
Professionally grown juniper bonsai in ceramic bonsai pots.
Care instructions included.

small 5" **19.50**
medium 8" **25.00**
large 10" **35.00**
deluxe 12" **45.00**

1-800-457-5445 • New England Bonsai
Major credit cards accepted. Prices do not include shipping.



Judith Ames Furniture
625 Western Ave.,
Suite 3
Seattle, WA 98104
206-624-4869

Please send $3 for brochure

Mainely Foods
Delicious Gift Treats Made In Maine
DIRIGO MORNING
Blueberry Griffle Mix
Pure Maple Syrup
Hex Blueberry Fruit Spread
$21.50
MC/Visa/Check.
Shipping Incl.
Corporate Orders Welcome.
Inquire about our other gift ideas. **1-800-682-6318**

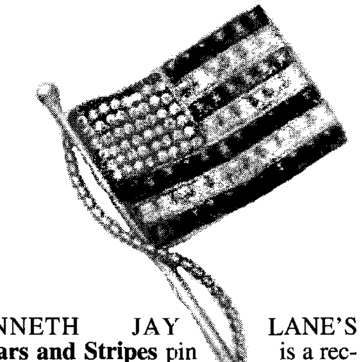
backgrounds where the level of education was low.

"So therefore if you were poor, dumb, and black, your chances of having lead poisoning were much greater," Patti told me. "I couldn't really tell how that fitted in here. Technically, in this community of multimillion-dollar homes, we are poor. But on the average for the nation we're not. We're middle class. My two nearest neighbors have master's degrees. My husband has five years of college; he has two degrees. I wouldn't say that we are uneducated. I don't really care whether people are black or white. It doesn't make any difference to me. But we don't have, at the moment, any black families living in the trailer court." (Very few blacks live in any part of Aspen.)

At that point, Patti decided that she needed to do her own research, so she began calling around. She discovered that a study of the health risks from old mine tailings had been done in Leadville, which is some thirty miles east of Aspen, and that similar studies had been conducted in Telluride, Colorado; Park City, Utah; and Kellogg, Idaho. The studies had in common the finding that there was only a weak correlation between the amount of lead present in those mine tailings and the levels of lead in blood samples taken from the people who lived *on* the tailings. People living near old mine sites that had been equipped with smelters were found to have elevated lead levels in their blood, but where there had been no smelters the lead levels were closer to normal. There were no smelters on the Smuggler and Mollie Gibson mine sites; the smokestacks that had made the area look like parts of New Jersey were from generators that pumped water out of the mines.

Patti became convinced that it would be riskier to clean up the Aspen site than simply *to leave it alone*, since cleaning it up would mean moving tens of thousands of cubic yards of dirt, with its attendant dust. She began writing letters to government officials and tried in general to persuade the community that the E.P.A. had embarked on a costly folly—to little avail. She also got in touch with the Colorado Department of Health and spoke to a woman there about testing the residents of the site for lead poisoning. The woman told her to write

Show Your Pride
the authentic flag pin by Kenneth Jay Lane



KENNETH JAY LANE'S **Stars and Stripes** pin is a recreation of the 1940's favorite. The stripes are ruby red and diamond white crystals. The sparkling stars are set on a hand-painted blue enamel background.

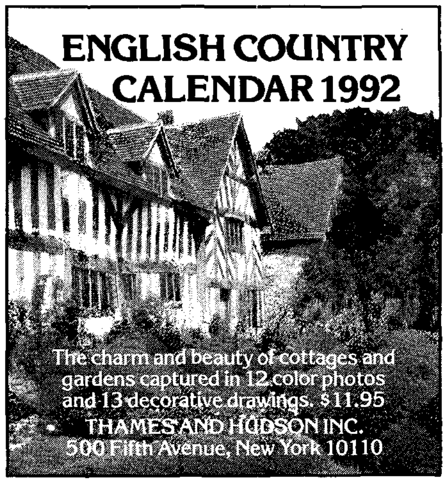
The flag's silver-tone setting is guaranteed never to tarnish. The pole rope is embellished with 18 karat gold.

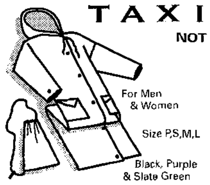
If made of real gems, this pin would cost over $25,000. But, the jeweled KJL **Stars and Stripes** pin is yours for just $39.50.

Lifetime warranty against breakage or tarnishing. 30-day money-back guarantee.

To order with Visa or MasterCard, call toll-free **1-800-233-3489, ext. K58.** Or mail check for $39.50 plus $3.95 shpg/hdlg (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to KJL (Dept. K58).

K·J·L by Kenneth Jay Lane
Jeweler to the World's Most Admired Women™
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10016


ENGLISH COUNTRY
CALENDAR 1992
The charm and beauty of cottages and
gardens captured in 12 color photos
and 13 decorative drawings. $11.95
THAMES AND HUDSON INC.
500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10110



TAXI COAT
NOT YOUR DUMB, ORDINARY *TRAVEL RAINCOAT*
ULTRA LIGHT RAINPROOF
CONTEMPORARY CHIC
OVERSIZE NYLON COAT
AND CARRYALL
For Men & Women
Size P,S,M,L
Black, Purple & Slate Green
1-800-677-7246
$83.60 POSTAGE PAID
CA RESIDENTS ADD $6.60 TAX
VISA & MASTERCARD

SALGADO
Fine Prints. Also Doisneau, Riboud, etc.
Write for free brochure: Mother Jones,
1663 Mission St., Box Y, San Francisco,
CA 94103. Fax: 415 863 5136

START EACH DAY WITH A SMILE.

WITH THE NEW YORKER DIARY FOR 1992, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO.

We've selected 60 all-time classic New Yorker cartoons and sprinkled them through the pages to be appropriate to the season. And we've supplied you with ample room in which to keep track of each day's appointments and all the things you want to remember.

The design is distinguished and very New Yorker: Eustace Tilley-patterned endpapers. The New Yorker's own distinctive typeface, even a special About Town listing of phone numbers and addresses at the front.

The diary's format is a large 10¼ x 8". The leather-textured covers are midnight blue. And you can have your name or initials imprinted* to match the gold-embossed title on the cover.

It's the most cheerful appointment book you'll ever find. It's appropriate for business or personal use. And to spread the smiles around a bit, it makes a wonderfully civilized gift for friends and associates.

Please send me:

_____ Copies @ $17.95 (211441)

_____ Copies with name imprinted @ $20.45 (211458)

_____ Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY please add applicable sales tax. Canadian orders must include 7% GST.

_____ Add $3.25 for shipping per copy within U.S., $6.50 for Canada.

My check or money order for $ _____ is enclosed.

☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Account # ____________________ Exp. Date __________

Signature ____________________

Send Order to:
The New Yorker, PO Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City / State / Zip ____________________

*Imprint name(s) ____________________

*(Please print clearly. Imprint limited to 22 letters. Use separate sheet if necessary.)
Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.
Offer only available in US and Canada.

235580

Psst! Want to save BIG on your Paris vacation?

With Jet Vacations great values on air and land packages, you'll save big the next time you go to Paris. Just send the coupon for your free brochure, and you'll see how easy it is to save!

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

43304

RETURN TO: Jet Vacations
c/o Keating Direct
425 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10017

USTOA $5 MILLION CONSUMER PROTECTION

Jet Vacations

POSTAGE INCLUDED
$9.95
Over 2" Long

. Beautiful hand painted Turtle
. Blue-green with black eyes, solid porcelain
. Absolute guarantee. Please send check or M.O.
Chesterfield's
# 569Y-200 West 3rd. Street, Sumas, WA 98295-8000

MOOSE'S SALOON

T-SHIRTS from MOOSE'S SALOON in MONTANA!
Wear one of our T-shirts, even if you won't be back for awhile. For free color brochure with designs and prices, write:
Moostly Mooses, PO Box 668, Kalispell, Montana 59903
Phone: **1-406-755-6667**
FAX: **1-406-257-2338**

Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA
Tel. 809-953-2211 • Fax 809-953-2731
For Res. call your Travel Agent
or 800-237-3237 / 800-424-5500

a letter to the department asking that a public-health study be conducted—a study that, as it turned out, the department had wanted to do for some time. Her letter was forwarded to the Agency for Toxic Substances and Disease Registry, in Atlanta, and the agency funded the first serious human-health study on the Superfund site. It was carried out in August and September of 1990. A hundred and twenty-five volunteers on the site were tested for blood lead levels; the average was found to be 2.77 micrograms per decilitre for children and 3.4 micrograms for adults. The Centers for Disease Control define a toxic lead level in blood as anything over twenty micrograms per decilitre of blood, and consider a level of ten micrograms per decilitre to be a matter of concern; the national average is from four to six micrograms per decilitre. One teen-age boy tested high, but he later admitted that he spent a lot of time riding his motorbike back and forth across the mine dump, kicking up clouds of dust. The E.P.A.'s target, after remedial action was taken, was to have ninety-five per cent of the residents with a blood lead level of less than ten micrograms. Not only were the lead levels of the residents of the site at about a third of that but they were less than the national average. The E.P.A. has discounted the tests, arguing that "short-term measures of exposure for a small population of individuals known to be exposed to high soil lead concentrations" are unreliable. The test results have not affected the E.P.A.'s decision to clean up the site.

I FIRST became aware of the controversy when I arrived in Aspen last May. By that time, there had been some further developments. In April, a four-party contract called the State Superfund Contract was signed by the city, the county, the state, and the E.P.A., authorizing the cleanup to begin on the first of August. The city had annexed the base of Smuggler Mountain in June of 1988, so it now had to be a party to any dealings—unwelcome news to the E.P.A., since it had no financial leverage over the city, which was not deemed one of the Potentially Responsible Parties. The cost estimate of the Smuggler remediation, including some three and a half million dollars in administrative expenses, had now risen to thirteen

ADOPT AN-ACRE

Looking for the World's Rarest Gift?

Save an acre of threatened tropical rainforest in the name of that special someone on your holiday list. We'll send each gift recipient a personalized honorary land deed suitable for framing, a detailed description of *their* acre, and periodic progress reports throughout the year on the protection of the land and its endangered wildlife. Do something wild this holiday season. $30 per acre.

THE NATURE CONSERVANCY
ADOPT-AN-ACRE PROGRAM
1815 North Lynn Street
Arlington, VA 22209
1-800-628-6860
(Visa, MasterCard)
Please add $3.50 shipping/handling charge.
Conservation Through Private Action Since 1951

Recorded Books

Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409
Charlotte Hall
MD 20622

LONDON FLATS
English Charm with American Standards
Selective Locations & Prices
Weekly and Long Term Lets
FARNUM & CHRIST
1-800-366-2048

Come to Scotland... Come to Ardsheal House

Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure: Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX Scotland. Tel: 44 63174 227. Fax: 44 63174 342.

million seven hundred thousand dollars. Nationally, as of the time of the signing, the E.P.A. had designated some twelve hundred Superfund sites, and had cleaned up about sixty. Aspen was No. 929 on the priorities list, and no one from the E.P.A. offered a convincing explanation of how it had suddenly jumped nearly nine hundred places. A second development was that because the Superfund site had become part of the city, the E.P.A. now had to deal with the Aspen City Council, a redoubtable group made up of highly educated professional people from all walks of life. They give ten or twenty hours a week to the job, for which they are paid about five thousand dollars a year and by virtue of which they become the targets of, as one of them told me, "two or three million dollars apiece in lawsuits."

Perhaps the most important event, however, was an appearance that Patti Clapper and Tom Dunlop had made in late April at a weekly men's lunch club, whose members were some of the most influential people in Aspen. "It scared me to death," Patti told me. "I am not a public speaker. I get nervous. But I decided to do it, what the heck!" It happened that two weeks earlier Patti had received a copy of a study done in Butte, Montana, by Dr. Robert Bornschein, the director of environmental epidemiology at the University of Cincinnati Medical School's Department of Environmental Health. The department has been studying lead and lead toxicology since the nineteen-twenties, and Bornschein is regarded as one of the world's foremost lead toxicologists. Butte is built on dozens, if not hundreds, of copper mines, and one might well assume the whole town to be toxic. Indeed, the lead levels in the soil are fairly high; however, the blood tests tell an interesting story. In the oldest parts of the city, where smelters had been active and the houses had lead plumbing and were painted with lead-based paint, the blood lead levels were elevated. But there was also in Butte a trailer park that was built right next to some old mine tailings. No smelters had been in operation there. The mobile homes were new, and the paint used on them was lead-free; the blood lead levels of their occupants were low. To Patti, the significance of this for Aspen was obvious. As she put it, "the lead in these smelter-free mine tailings

LA FRANCE EN CASSETTES!

Champs-Elysées®

This holiday season, delight your favorite Francophile with a gift of *Champs-Elysées*, the monthly audiomagazine for people who love France and the French language. Produced in Paris by Georges Lang, one of Europe's best-known broadcasters, each hour-long edition brings you interviews, music, and conversation about current events, travel, and the arts. A word-for-word transcription comes with each tape, complete with a French-English glossary and cultural notes. Study supplements, priced separately, help build listening comprehension with exercises based on selected program segments.

Send check or money order to Champs-Elysées, Inc.
Dept. FY11, P.O. Box 158067, Nashville, TN 37215-8067

☐ 5 editions ($69)
☐ 11 editions ($118)
☐ Study supplement ($20)
☐ Study supplement ($44)

Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

In Canada call collect (615) 383-8534 • German and Italian programs also available

FOR FASTER SERVICE, ORDER BY CREDIT CARD 1-800-824-0829

Rid your home or workplace of pests with the . . .

Rodelsonix IX

Just $69⁹⁵*

But read this ad for an even better deal!

Mice, rats, roaches, bats, fleas and spiders can make your life miserable at home or at work. Old-fashioned poisons temporarily get rid of them, but are hazardous to you, your children and your pets. Our *Rodelsonix IX* uses sound-waves to disrupt the nervous system of bugs and other pests, but is completely non-toxic to humans and pets. There's nothing to prepare, nothing to set up and no mess. Simply plug it in. Pests become disoriented and leave—never to return.

A powerful unit, *Rodelsonix IX* protects up to 10,000 sq. ft. (70,000 cu. ft.). Its six variable pitch and "loudness" settings can be adjusted to keep away larger pests such as raccoons, pigeons or rabbits. It is designed and engineered to work in homes, restaurants, factories and food processing plants. When covered to protect its enamel steel housing it may even be used outdoors. It's that powerful.

We offer this top-of-the-line industrial unit for just $69.95. But here's an even better deal: ***Buy two for just $139.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Get rid and stay rid of those nasty pests once and for all. Get the best—get *Rodelsonix IX* today!

• Rodelsonix IX
is the most powerful industrial-type unit you can buy. It's humane, clean and effective.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1803B092** for *Rodelsonix IX.* If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $4.75 for one *Rodelsonix IX*; $14.25 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

Looking for a bargain? Come in and visit our Catalog Outlet in San Francisco.

since 1967
haverhills®
of San Francisco

139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

was not bioavailable. You could serve it for lunch."

One of the organizers of the weekly men's get-together is a forty-nine-year-old dentist named Terry Hale, and it was he who had invited Patti Clapper and Tom Dunlop to speak. Hale told me that when the conclave was over he went up to Patti and said, " 'You're holding back on us a little. You're giving us a one-sided deal. This thing couldn't be as ridiculous as it sounds.' She said, 'It is,' and she rather challenged me to take a look at it myself. So I did. I made a few phone calls to the Colorado School of Mines, and I spoke with some of their mine toxicologists. They confirmed what Patti had told me." A few evenings later, Hale was stricken with a kidney stone. To relieve the pain, he went for a walk, and ended up in the courthouse, where a meeting was going on between representatives of the E.P.A. and the Smuggler trailer-court people. Public comment was asked for, and, in excruciating pain, Hale stood up and made an impassioned speech. That night, he went into the hospital, but the next morning he felt well enough to go back to work. At ten o'clock, he got a phone call from the E.P.A. saying that it was flying one of its toxicologists in to talk to him and anyone else he would care to bring along. Hale is a formidable public speaker, and the E.P.A. must have realized that it was now in for a real fight. He assembled a group of Aspen residents whom he considered to be knowledgeable in government, science, and medicine to question the toxicologist; the group was "very unhappy with the answers," he said. Later, Hale, through his medical contacts in the community, was put in touch with Robert Bornschein, who came to Aspen for two days, at his own expense, and described his Butte study to a number of the council members. Bornschein noted that the average blood lead levels in Cincinnati are about seventeen micrograms per decilitre—a figure typical of several Eastern cities. The residents of the Smuggler Mobile Home Park had blood lead levels about a sixth as high.

Frank Peters, an Aspen hotelier who has been a member of the Aspen City Council since June of 1989, has a somewhat less polemical view of what has been going on at the base of Smuggler Mountain than either Patti Clapper or Terry Hale. Peters was elected in part by a bloc of voters from the Smuggler Mobile Home Park, and he had been persuaded by talking to several of them that what they wanted most of all was to get the E.P.A. off their backs. Their concerns were financial: banks were now refusing to make any loans that were collateralized by real estate on the Superfund site, since the banks themselves might become P.R.P.s by virtue of their stake in those properties. Moreover, people on the site could no longer count on selling their homes. Who wanted to buy into a Superfund site and risk becoming a P.R.P.? Peters concedes that there might be a potential health risk from the high concentrations of lead in the soil, but he believes that it can be dealt with by what the E.P.A. calls institutional controls. This concept surfaced at the time of the Denver Agreement, in 1989. The idea was that, in order to insure that whatever remedy was effected by the cleanup would remain in place, a number of rules and regulations, or institutional controls, would be put in force. They would limit the amount of dirt that could be moved in constructing a new house, for example, or limit the depth to which one could dig in planting a garden.

Everyone agrees that institutional controls are an essential part of the process, and Peters (like almost everyone else in Aspen who has looked into the matter) does not believe that there is any present danger from the lead. According to Bornschein, it is locked into a mineral matrix that appears to block its bioavailability. If it is swallowed, as in the vegetables from the gardens of the trailer court, it passes harmlessly through the system; moreover, the particles are too large to lodge in the lungs. Therefore, although the lead levels are very high in the soil, lead does not show up in the residents' blood. The lead in automobile exhaust, smelter slag, and paint consists of minuscule unbound particles, which can be both absorbed by the lungs and digested. What worries Frank Peters is that without institutional controls people on the site will, on their own, move a few hundred cubic yards of toxic soil—to construct a garage, say, or put in a swimming pool—and that this will break up the particles and put toxic dust into the air. He has no confidence at all that the E.P.A. can move sixty thousand cubic yards of soil without releasing such stuff. He is also worried that once contracts for the cleanup have been let, the pressure of keeping within agreed cost limits will tempt truckers and the like to cut corners. The E.P.A. was still planning to have most of the dirt trucked into Mollie Gibson Park, where it would create a mountain of toxic soil forty feet high. The agency was not planning to do blood-lead-level tests over the two-year period while all this would be going on; it had stated in Aspen time and again that it was not a health organization and had no facilities to conduct health tests. The community, to protect itself, would have to conduct its own tests. At a meeting this summer between representatives of the E.P.A. and the city council, the city attorney raised the question of what the agency's position would be if the city council passed its own institutional controls, without accepting the rest of the E.P.A.'s program of remediation. An E.P.A. lawyer said that in that case the E.P.A. would sue the city.

THE opponents of the cleanup decided that the most pressing task was to keep the bulldozers from attacking the base of Smuggler Mountain on the first of August. Various tactics were considered. One was to enlist the aid of Colorado political figures, like Senator Tim Wirth. That was eventually done, and Wirth came to Aspen on two occasions to visit the site. Another tactic, which would shut the process down cold (at least temporarily), would be to get fifteen hundred signatures on a petition to hold a countywide referendum on whether the county commissioners should be required to renege on their participation in the State Superfund Contract. If the referendum passed, the county would have to back down on its offer of the use of Mollie Gibson Park as a dump site, or on its commitment to institutional controls, for at least a year—the span of time before the county could take action on the problem again. The E.P.A. would thus be forced into litigation before the bulldozers could roll as scheduled.

The E.P.A. probably understood that things were becoming unglued in Aspen, because on July 8th James Scherer, its six-state administrator, appeared at a meeting of the city council. The council was threatening to table the institutional controls, and John Bennett, Aspen's mayor, had gone as far as to say that if the E.P.A.'s bulldozers showed up at Smuggler he would stand in front of them. Scherer, a kindly-looking gray-haired man, seemed genuinely sorry for all the trouble the E.P.A.'s actions were causing. His message to the council was that the city should simply get this unpleasant business over with as soon as possible, as if it were a visit to the doctor. At one point, he said that the Superfund law was "East-dominated" and "not designed for the West," and he added, "I don't like the Superfund law. I hate it." But he also pointed out that his job was to enforce the law. He told the council that to get Aspen delisted as a site against the will of the E.P.A. would require a specific act of Congress.

Events moved rapidly after the July council meeting. Unpersuaded by Scherer, the council members decided to table the matter of institutional controls for six months. That in itself would have been enough to freeze the process, but, at the urging of the council, the county commissioners voted to rescind their own agreement on institutional controls. The referendum petition had gathered almost all the fifteen hundred necessary signatures, but the council and the county commissioners took these actions because a favorable outcome in the voting—a nearly sure thing—would tie the hands of the county for a full year, and if the E.P.A. should come back with a reasonable proposal before the year was up, the county could not act on it. Impressed by what he had seen (and, no doubt, by the political clout of the Aspen community), Senator Wirth wrote an open letter to the E.P.A., urging moderation. He also had a private talk with E.P.A. officials in Denver.

On August 7th, James Scherer wrote a letter to Senator Wirth announcing that the E.P.A. would postpone any remediation of the site for at least two years. The morning after this announcement, I ran into Terry Hale in a dry-cleaning establishment. He was pleased but not jubilant. In the first place, the E.P.A. had not delisted the

A wonder-full gift for that special child

An illustrated A-Z reference guide for young readers
The Random House Children's Encyclopedia

- From the creators of *Eyewitness Books.*
- More than 3,500 dazzling full-color illustrations.
- 250,000 words of up-to-date text.
- Over 2,400 alphabetically-arranged articles.
- Written and checked by experts.
- Unique cross-referencing system.
- Designed to make learning an ongoing adventure.

Just Published. Ages 7-11.
8½ x 11. 644 pages. $60.00,
in full-color gift carton.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
Random House

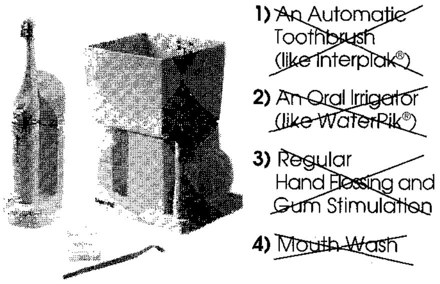
U.S. Dental Research says, "You have a 75% chance of developing gum disease."

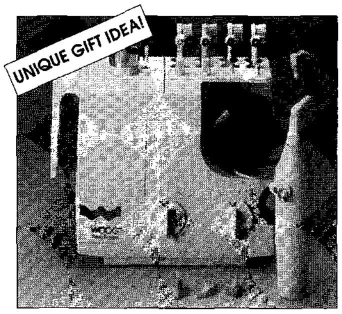
STOP BLEEDING AND GUM DISEASE IN AS LITTLE AS 30 DAYS!

Dr.Woog® PerioSystem®

The 4-In-1 Home Professional Periodontal System replaces:

1) ~~An Automatic Toothbrush (like Interplak®)~~
2) ~~An Oral Irrigator (like WaterPik®)~~
3) ~~Regular Hand Flossing and Gum Stimulation~~
4) ~~Mouth Wash~~





"The Woog System helps reduce or prevent gum disease."
– Dr. J.H. Manhold, Journal of Periodontology

Geneva, Switzerland - Revolutionary Swiss methodology supported by 160 university clinical tests, worldwide. His technology prevents and reduces bleeding and gum disease in less than 30 days. Plus eliminates most plaque.

Already Over 100,000 PerioSystems Sold
Dr. P.G. Woog, Ph.D., Toulouse University. Inventor of the first electric toothbrush (1956), owned by E.R. Squibb & Sons as BROXODENT™ since 1968. His work has been the subject of over 160 scientific papers.

A Brush Mechanically More Powerful than Interplak®
The hydraulically-powered brush removes plaque while it gently and effortlessly massages gums, strengthening them, helping to cut back gum disease and bleeding.

Not a Monojet like WaterPik®
17,000 micro-droplets of water and air per second safely ease away loosened plaque and debris, act as an hydraulic toothpick and accelerate circulation in gums.

Faster and Easier than Hand Flossing
4 custom periodontal attachments and micro-fractionated action reach, clean and massage...even around orthodontics, brass or chrome bridges, and partial dentures! Mouthwash released precisely by a dispenser.

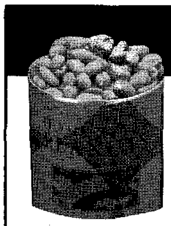
PLUS...30 DAY RISK FREE TRIAL!
Prove to yourself how easy and effective the Woog is to use, take advantage of our **30 day risk free trial offer.**

Dr.Woog® PerioSystem®
CCN, Inc., 1 Research Park, Dept. B233
Chester, CT 06412-1353, or call Toll-Free
1-800-677-5556
(In Canada 1-800-999-4744)
You will receive your FREE Dental Care Information within 7 days

FIGHT WINTER DOLDRUMS

The Ultra-Bright 10,000™ helps you fight the doldrums caused by the shorter, darker days of winter. **Just 30 minutes a day** helps you increase energy, adjust to shift work, and establish a smooth sleep-wake cycle. University tested. UV-free. Success reported in **Scientific American** and on ABC **20/20** and NBC **Today** show. ***Free Info 1-800-LIGHT-25 or write to*** **MEDIC-LIGHT, Dept. 7, Yacht Club Drive, Lake Hopatcong, NJ 07849**

PEANUT LOVERS SPECIAL!



The ***biggest*** grade of the ***biggest*** variety peanut in the U.S. Made the old fashioned way - never oily, always fresh! A delicious and ***cholesterol free treat!***

3½ lb. Jumbo Canister of "Home Style" Peanuts

ONLY **$16.50** *Ppd*

2 for *$31.00 Ppd* • 3 for *$45.00 Ppd*

(specify salted/unsalted).

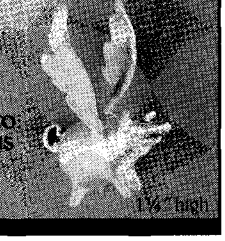
1-800-334-0492, ext. 607.

MC/Visa/AmEx. Or,send Ck, M.O.

Write for **FREE** Peanut Lover's Brochure!

NUTS D'VINE
Dept. NY2, P.O. 589
Edenton, NC 27932

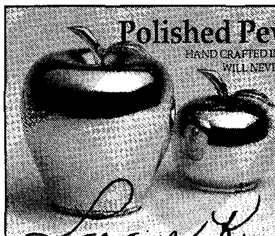
WHEN PIGS FLY!



PIGASUS™
14K Gold $395 p.p
Sterling $85 p.p.
Specify: Pin or Pendant
VISA, MC, OR CHECK TO:
JUNE SIMMONS DESIGNS
18 S. Palm Ave.
Sarasota, FL 34236
1-813-955-2770

1¼" high

Polished Pewter Apples



HAND CRAFTED IN THE U.S.A.
WILL NEVER TARNISH

Large—3"
$45

Small—2"
$21

add $3.50
for shipping/handling
VISA/MC/CK/MO
N.J. residents add 6% tax

Laraine K. Inc

Brochure Available:
(201)848-1747
(201)891-8734

103 Godwin Ave. Midland Park, NJ 07432

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.

A Million Pieces!

Active & Discontinued
China, Crystal & Flatware.

To Buy or Sell:

Call (919) 697-3000, or write:
1089 Knox Rd., P.O. Box 26029, Dept. YON1A
Greensboro, NC 27420 (SASE Please)

site, so the people living there were going to suffer all the financial inconveniences of the last several years for several more. In the second place, he was not happy with the new bioavailability studies that the E.P.A. was planning. Chris Weis, the Denver toxicologist, had announced that he was going to force-feed pigs with soil from the site and then slaughter them to see how much lead they had taken up. When Patti Clapper heard about that, she said, "We do not have any pigs living in the trailer court—just people." Katharine Thalberg, who owns Explore Booksellers, a combination bookstore and coffeehouse that is one of the delights of the valley, was so outraged by the proposed test that she wrote an angry letter and dispatched it to the local newspapers. It read, in part:

> The proposal to imprison pigs in laboratories and stuff lead-laced dirt down their throats is unethical and macabre, and will undoubtedly yield totally useless results. One doesn't have to be a scientist to know that these conditions will cause illness to any creature whose normal diet is not dirt with or without the lead added. Nor do we have to perform experiments to know that lead is not edible. . . .
>
> Pigs are extremely intelligent and sensitive animals, thought to be a good deal smarter than dogs. An adult pig is more intelligent and more capable than any human infant, or than a critically retarded human adult. Have we the right to conduct horrible experiments on other creatures just because they are not of our own species?

When I ran into Tom Dunlop a few days after the E.P.A. announcement, he told me that he was in the process of designing tests that would show once and for all whether the lead at the base of Smuggler Mountain was in any way bioavailable. He hoped that the E.P.A. would coöperate in setting up and helping to pay for the tests, he said, but he would seek other public funding as well. He thought that the cost would be about half a million dollars—nearly the amount that it would have cost the city ten years earlier to do the cleanup before bringing in the E.P.A.

Later, I asked Frank Peters why, in his view, the E.P.A. had not simply delisted the site.

He said that it was a matter of precedent. He told me that the lawyer representing the E.P.A. in Aspen had said to him, "I've got twenty other cases going on now. If we let you be delisted because we haven't proved that there is a biological hazard here—because we haven't come up with a goat with five legs, or whatever else you need to have to prove that there is a problem here—then I am going to have to prove that in every other one of my cases. The E.P.A. has never stood on that principle." The E.P.A., Peters told me, considers itself to be acting prophylactically. "Its mission is to go out and find hazards before they hurt people," he said. "Here we say we have had the hazard with us for a long time and apparently there is no ill effect. We think that that lack of evidence should be considered. And they say, 'We can't consider it. We have to look at the potential risk. We don't have to prove a present risk, just a potential risk.' "

While these events were unfolding, an enterprising reporter from the Aspen *Times* tracked down David Boon, whose 1981 master's-thesis project had started all the trouble. He discovered that Boon is now a professor, and the co-chairman of the Hazardous Materials Management Program, at Front Range Community College, in Westminster, Colorado. Boon was forthright. "In my opinion, [the Aspen site] should never have been listed," he said. "I fought like crazy to get it off the list."

By an interesting coincidence, just about the time that James Scherer was talking to the city council in Aspen the director of the Superfund, Henry L. Longest II, wrote a letter to the New York *Times* responding to an editorial entitled "In the Clutches of the Superfund Mess." Among the points Longest made was one that caught my eye. He wrote, "All 1,200 sites on the priority list have been screened for danger, and, when necessary, threats have been eliminated." It may be, however, that the agency's experience in Aspen has begun to swerve it in its inexorable course. A few weeks ago, it charged its science advisory board to address, among other things, "the unresolved issue" of the bioavailability of lead in various conditions. I have no idea whether Longest has ever visited Aspen. The wildflowers are gone now, and people are skiing on Aspen Mountain. When the snow melts, though, he might want to take a good hard look at the mountain's downtown side. It is laced with old mining sites, and if all of it ever comes down the E.P.A. will have something eminently worth cleaning up.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BOOKS

Children's Books for Christmas

NEXT fall, "Charlotte's Web" will be forty years old. I know of nothing written for children in those forty years that can touch it. The delight of E. B. White's story, the elegance of his prose, the clarity of his vision, the brightness of his wit, and the beauty of the world he reveals to us are not likely to be matched any time soon. "Stuart Little," White's first book for children, published seven years earlier, is wonderful, too. It is the story of a journey—youth's search for an unnameable grail. "Charlotte's Web" is about birth and death, and the sorrow and delight that lie in between. It is also about courage, using your wits, keeping your head. These may seem like heavy themes for children (and in other hands they might be), but children understand them, because they are themes that underlie young lives. Childhood is a quest and a journey, imbued with longing for something not yet known and always just ahead. Fear and intimations of mortality are also part of childhood. Charlotte, the spider, shows us how to conquer them—how to be brave.

To a reader of "Charlotte's Web" White once wrote, "All that I hope to say in books, all that I ever hope to say, is that I love the world. I guess you can find that in there, if you dig around." Recently, I have been digging around not only in "Charlotte's Web" but also in White's published letters (edited by Dorothy Lobrano Guth) and in Scott Elledge's excellent biography, which appeared in 1984, a year before White's death. I had been reading White all my life—his Notes and Comments were for decades the editorial voice of this magazine; his Talk of the Town reports, short fiction, and poems began appearing regularly in 1926, a year after *The New Yorker* was founded; his last piece was printed in 1976—but I'd come to realize that I lacked a sense of his life as a whole. I knew nothing of his early years or how it came about that a writer recognized primarily as a brilliant, original, and often very funny essayist and commentator on current affairs and human folly decided to write for children.

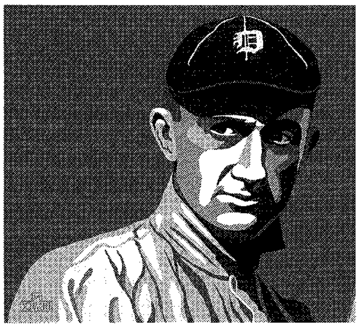
E. B. White never wrote an autobiography, but I found a surprising number of autobiographical fragments scattered about, and, of course, his children's books are in a sense emotional autobiographies. Because fantasies tap the subconscious, the writer finds that the themes that come to the surface, willy-nilly, are ones that have a deep emotional meaning for him. White's usual subject was the world as he saw it with his eyes open, his gaze clear and analytical. "Stuart Little" and "Charlotte's Web" report on the world as it was understood by his heart.

Elwyn Brooks White was born in Mount Vernon, New York, on July 11, 1899, the youngest of six children of Samuel and Jessie Hart White. Both parents had modest backgrounds. Samuel's father was a carpenter; Jessie's father was an artist, William Hart, whose landscapes were popular during his lifetime. Neither of them was educated beyond grammar school, nor was Jessie or Samuel. After quitting school at thirteen, Samuel found a job as a "bundle boy," wrapping packages at the piano firm of Horace Waters, on lower Fifth Avenue in Manhattan. He was neat and industrious, and quickly rose through the ranks, becoming general manager, vice-president, and, finally, president of the company. By 1891, he was prosperous enough to build a handsome turreted house—the house in which E. B. White was born. The baby was named Elwyn because his mother had taken a fancy to a little boy of that name. (White was glad to shed it in college. At Cornell, students whose last name was White were commonly called Andy, in honor of Cornell's first president, Andrew D. White; Elwyn White was called Andy the rest of his life.)

White always believed that he was endowed with great good luck—a belief that might be taken to mean that he knew very early that he was special. Certainly his childhood had all the elements that are supposed to make for happiness and security. His parents were kind and loving. His brothers and sisters were so much older that there was no rivalry; the two oldest were girls who were eighteen and fifteen when Elwyn was born. Then came two

"You were happy when you were making a lot of money. Maybe that's what you should be doing."

THE FINE ART OF BASEBALL



TY COBB
by Michael Schacht

This stunning nine-color portrait of the immortal Ty Cobb has been printed in an edition of 200 signed and numbered serigraphs utilizing Arches paper and the finest quality inks.

Price — $250
Framing — add $160

©1991, Estate of Ty Cobb by Curtis Mgt. Group

THE SUMMER GAME™
222 North Midvale Blvd.
Madison, Wisconsin 53705

To order or request a brochure
Call toll free 800-236-3587 anytime.

DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN INDIAN ART AND JEWELRY ■ OLD NAVAJO TEXTILES ■ CONTEMPORARY ART SPANISH COLONIAL FURNISHINGS

DEWEY GALLERIES, LTD.

ALL IN AN HISTORIC SETTING ON THE PLAZA IN SANTA FE

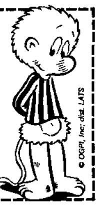
CALL 1·800·327·7721 FOR OUR INFORMATIVE VIDEO

$5.00 INCLUDES SHIPPING

KILLER RUGBY SHIRT

Official Rugby shirt of University College Cork, Ireland. Red, with black band and white motif. 75% cotton reinforced with 25% acrylic makes the UCC rugby shirt as tough as it looks. Men's L (42-44), XL (46-48), XXL (50-52).
Money Back Guarantee – Send $75 U.S. cheque or money order (includes shipping) to: International Innovations, MPO Box 38, Niagara Falls, N.Y. 14302. Please clearly indicate your name, address and zip code.

POGO CLIP & SAVE



Call 1-800-347-6902 for free Pogo newsletter with great gift ideas. Books, art, t-shirts & more. Entertainment Art Company, 400 Main St. #312N, Stamford, CT 06901

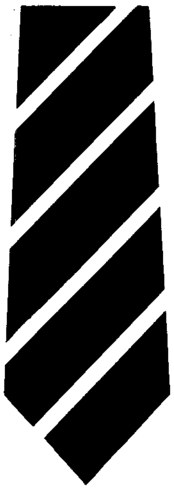
brothers, eleven and eight, and a sister, five. Family life was close, affectionate, and stable. Of his father White later wrote, “He was a man of great probity, scrupulously honest and fair, a wing-collar, starched-cuff man.” He described his mother as “a shy and simple person,” a Victorian mother whose consuming interest was the welfare of her children. Neither parent was intellectual or particularly interested in books. Both were in their forties when Elwyn was born, so, with the departure from home of the older children, the young boy was left with parents old enough to be his grandparents.

Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York City, was a fine place for a boy to grow up. Its streets were lined with shade trees, and its houses were large and shingled. There were gardens and stables. The air was clear, and one heard the clip-clop of horses more often than the buzz of motorcars. In an introduction to his collected letters White recalled his early childhood there:

> Our big house at 101 Summit Avenue was my castle. From it I emerged to do battle, and into it I retreated when I was frightened or in trouble. The house even had the appearance of a fortress, with its octagonal tower room for sighting the enemy and its second-story porches for gun emplacements. Just inside the massive front door was the oak hatrack, next to the umbrella stand. On the left the parlor, where the action was; on the right the “reception room,” where no one was ever received but where I found my mother one day stretched out on the settee, recovering from an accident with a runaway horse. I thought she was dead.
>
> I remember the cellar, its darkness and dampness, its set tubs, its Early American water closet for the help, its coal furnace that often tried to asphyxiate us all, and the early sound of the Italian furnace man who crept in at dawn and shook the thing down. As a very small boy, I used to repair to the cellar, where I would pee in the coal bin—for variety. Out back was the stable, where I spent countless hours hobnobbing with James Bridges, the coachman, watching him polish harness and wash carriages. . . .
>
> When the time came for me to enter kindergarten, I fought my parents with every ounce of my puny strength. I screamed and carried on. The idea of school terrified me—I wanted to stay home and live peacefully in familiar surroundings. My parents, of course, won, after a showdown, and I was bundled off to P.S. 2 on Lincoln Avenue. The name of my kindergarten teacher was Miss Greene. We sat in little chairs in a circle. There was a pudgy girl who thought I was cute and wanted to hold my hand. I hated her with all my heart and would pull my hand away in revulsion.

From what White wrote about himself, it is clear that from his earliest days the dominant emotional themes of

authentic irish poplin neckties



The perfect blend of Silk and Wool woven in Ireland for 300 years.
2 exclusive designs only available from our stock.
$50 per tie.

ORDER QUANTITY
Kelly Green with Red Stripe ☐
Kelly Green with Gold Stripe ☐

Elliotts Silks P.O. Box 71
Newtownabbey, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland BT36 8ZB

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
MASTERCARD ☐ VISA ☐
CARD NUMBER EXP. DATE

North America's best cross country skiing!

200+ inches of snow cover our 120 km of groomed trails yearly. Ski fresh powder snow, bask by a fireplace in the comfortable lodge or a chalet and enjoy gourmet American plan meals. We're just 25 miles north of the end of I-75 and air service is via Toronto/Sault Ste. Marie.

Stokely Creek Ski Touring Center, P.O. Box 507, Sault Ste. Marie, MI 49783 or Karalash Corners, Goulais River, Ontario POS 1EO, Canada (705) 649-3421.

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE JEWELRY
Your name translated into Egyptian hieroglyphics.
HANDMADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche shown spells 'Charlotte'

18K Gold from $150
Sterling Silver $40
ORDER BY PHONE
1 (800) 447-2504
VISA • MC • AMEX • DISCOVER
For FREE BROCHURE Call or Write:
LITTLE EGYPT IMPORTS
4039 Broadway
Kansas City, MO 64111

Elegant Country Charm – Luxury London Hotel

Telephone: 071-723 7874.
39-40 Dorset Square,
London NW1 6QN.
Telex: 263964 Dorset G.
Fax: 071-724 3328.
USA Toll Free 1-800-543 4138

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

his life were a counterpoint between fear, anxiety, and melancholy, on the one hand, and, on the other, joie de vivre, exultation in the natural world, a high sense of fun and wit, and the pleasure of using his remarkable mind. The fear and anxiety showed up very early. He wrote in that same introduction:

> If an unhappy childhood is indispensable for a writer, I am ill-equipped: I missed out on all that and was neither deprived nor unloved. It would be inaccurate, however, to say that my childhood was untroubled. The normal fears and worries of every child were in me developed to a high degree; every day was an awesome prospect. I was uneasy about practically everything: the uncertainty of the future, the dark of the attic, the panoply and discipline of school, the transitoriness of life, the mystery of the church and of God, the frailty of the body, the sadness of afternoon, the shadow of sex, the distant challenge of love and marriage, the far-off problem of a livelihood. I brooded about them all, lived with them day by day. Being the youngest in a large family, I was usually in a crowd but often felt lonely and removed.

In a sketch published in the *Reader's Digest* in 1940, White described the tendency to depression that would hang over him like a curse from a bad fairy all his life. The piece was entitled "A Boy I Knew": "He had a fine capacity for melancholy and the gift of sadness. I never knew anybody on whose spirit the weather had such a devastating effect. A shift of wind, or of mood, could wither him. There would be times when a dismal sky conspired with a forlorn side street to create a moment of such profound bitterness that the world's accumulated sorrow seemed to gather in a solid lump in his heart." He discovered an antidote in the companionship of animals. "This boy felt for animals a kinship he never felt for people. . . . He managed to provide himself with animals, so that he would never be without something to tend. He kept pigeons, dogs, snakes, polliwogs, turtles, rabbits, lizards, singing birds, chameleons, caterpillars and mice. The total number of hours he spent just standing watching animals, or refilling their water pans, would be impossible to estimate; and it would be hard to say what he got out of it."

Putting things into words also helped. "I took to writing early, to assuage my uneasiness and collect my thoughts." He wrote to his brother Stanley, in the forties, "I can remember really quite distinctly, looking a sheet of paper square in the eyes when I was seven or eight years old and thinking 'This

Join the Crossword Puzzles of the Month Club and put your crossword skills to the test!

Become a member and receive five challenging new puzzles (and their solutions) every month! Edited by the noted crossword puzzle expert Henry Hook, these are not reprints, but *original, full-size* puzzles with the same degree of difficulty as those in the Sunday New York Times!

Perfect for holiday gift giving – it's the gift that lasts all year!

Send us the names and addresses on your gift list and we'll send you elegant gift cards to present during the holidays. Then we'll start their gift membership with the new January 1992 puzzles! An entire year's worth is just $29.95. (We pay all the postage.) Mail us your gift list – or sign up for yourself – today! Send check or money order to:

Crossword Puzzles of the Month Club
5311 Fleming Court
Dept. 285
Austin, Texas 78744

Or call toll-free:
1-800-433-4386

and charge it to your MasterCard or Visa — *24 hours a day, 7 days a week.*

Your satisfaction is guaranteed.

©1991, CPMC

Waldhaus

Member of SWISS INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

CH- 7514 Sils-Maria
Tel. 0114182 - 4 53 31 - Fax 4 59 92
M. + F. Dietrich / U. Kienberger ★★★★★ SILS ENGADIN

Switzerland

An extraordinary hotel with turn-of-the-century charms and modern day comfort.
- All winter sports
- Free bus service to the cableways
- Orchestra
- Indoor pool and tennis
- Children's nursery
- Tower suites

Winter season: Dec. 19th - April 25th
Summer season: June 12th - Oct. 18th

Personally managed by the owners

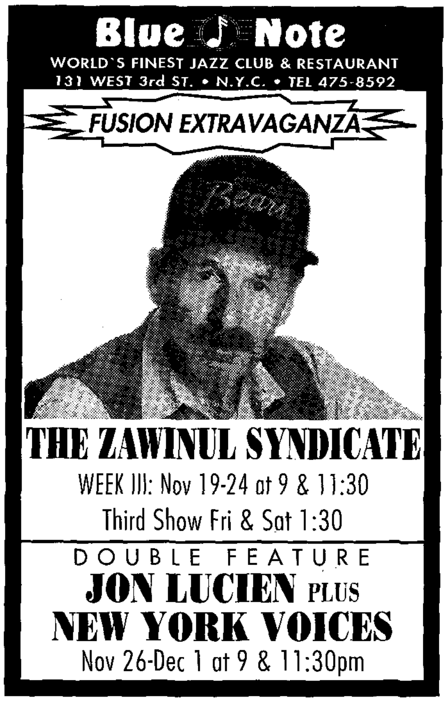
Rent Mother Nature®
Lease A Sugar Maple Tree Or Sap Bucket For One Year

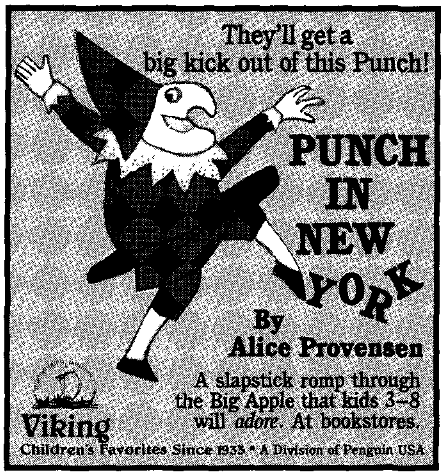
A truly memorable CHRISTMAS GIFT. First, we'll send each person on your list a copy of an authentic 1890 TREASURY DEPT. lease, hand-personalized and suitable for framing — plus a GIFT CARD from you. During the harvest each lessee receives PROGRESS REPORTS full of facts & folklore, thus sharing in the adventure of sugaring. In Spring '92, when all the sap has been processed, each Tree Tenant will get at least 50 oz. of the finest 100% pure wood-fired MAPLE SYRUP in decorated jugs (25 oz. guar. to Bucket Borrowers) even more if Mother Nature is bountiful. We do all the work, your friends get the delicious results, you get the raves! **100% satisfaction money back guarantee.**

Tree Lease $39.95 or
Bucket Lease $29.95
Add $3.50 per lease for shipping & handling.
Send for FREE Catalog!

RENT MOTHER NATURE®, Dept. 231
52 New St., Box 193, Cambridge, MA 02238
Phone **(617) 354-5430**
VISA, MC, AMEX, Discover

©1991, North Country Corp.


Blue Note
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB & RESTAURANT
131 WEST 3rd ST. • N.Y.C. • TEL 475-8592
FUSION EXTRAVAGANZA
THE ZAWINUL SYNDICATE
WEEK III: Nov 19-24 at 9 & 11:30
Third Show Fri & Sat 1:30
DOUBLE FEATURE
JON LUCIEN PLUS
NEW YORK VOICES
Nov 26-Dec 1 at 9 & 11:30pm


They'll get a big kick out of this Punch!
PUNCH IN NEW YORK
By Alice Provensen
A slapstick romp through the Big Apple that kids 3–8 will *adore*. At bookstores.
Viking
Children's Favorites Since 1933 • A Division of Penguin USA

Blazer Buttons
With Your
School Crest
Over 700 universities and prep schools available, including Harvard, shown. Also professional motifs, monogrammed and specialty designs. Write or call for our new catalog.
The Ben Silver Corp.
Department NYH
149 King Street
Charleston SC
29401
800-221-4671
THE BEN SILVER COLLECTION

I LOVE SANTA PIN
This sterling silver pin designed by Chip deMatteo expresses the mood of the Holidays. 2.25" $46.00 Postage pd. Catalog $2.
Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive • Williamsburg, VA 23185
1(800) 545-4556
HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

is where I belong, this is it.'" He began to keep a journal and was faithful to it for the next twenty years.

In contrast to the angst that oppressed him during the school year he had the joy of summer vacations in Maine, where the family spent each August in a rented camp on the shore of one of the Belgrade Lakes. As he wrote in the introduction to the letters:

> It was sheer enchantment. We Whites were city people—everything about Belgrade was a new experience: the big fresh-water lake, the pines and spruces and birches, the pasture with its sweetfern and juniper, the farmhouse where we took our meals. . . . The delicious smells and sounds of Belgrade are still with me after these many years of separation. I spent much of my time in a canoe, exploring bogs and streams, netting turtles. At night in bed, I fell asleep to the distant thump of a single-cylinder engine far out on the lake—a benign passage on dark waters.

In his biography, Professor Elledge describes White's teen-age years as outwardly normal and uneventful but often tinged by his peculiar sense of his own inadequacy. Though he had good friends, could skate and swim as well as anyone, got good marks, and could write poems, he was generally ill at ease. Then, there was the problem of girls: "In the matter of girls, I was different from most boys of my age. I admired girls a lot, but they terrified me. . . . In the four years I was in the Mount Vernon High School, I never went to a school dance and I never took a girl to a drugstore for a soda. . . . I wanted to do these things but did not have the nerve." He admired girls from a distance: "Being of special interest to me involved practically nothing on a girl's part—it simply meant that she was under constant surveillance. On my own part, it meant that I suffered an astonishing disintegration when I walked by her house, from embarrassment, fright, and the knowledge that I was in enchanted territory." Only with one girl—a girl who shared his love of ice-skating—was he able to cross the terrible barrier of shyness:

> On winter afternoons and evenings I would visit a pond (a fifteen-minute ride on a trolley car) and skate with a girl named Mildred Hesse. Her eyes were blue and her ankles were strong. Together we must have covered hundreds of miles, sometimes leaving the pond proper and gliding into the woods on narrow fingers of ice. We didn't talk much, never embraced, we just skated for the ecstasy of skating—a magical glide. After one of these sessions, I would go home and play *Liebestraum* on the Autola, bathed in the splendor of perfect love and natural fatigue. This brief interlude on ice, in the days of my youth, had a dreamlike quality, a purity, that has stayed with me all my life; and when nowadays I see a winter sky and feel the wind dropping with the sun and the naked trees against a reddening west, I remember what it was like to be in love before any of love's complexities or realities or disturbances had entered in, to dilute its splendor and challenge its perfection.

IN September of 1917, White entered Cornell. He was worried about the war, wondered if he should join the ambulance corps ("I would rather save men than destroy them"), and had no idea what was to become of him. On his birthday that July, he had written, "Eighteen, and still no future!" He arrived in Ithaca "a green boy if ever there was one." It must have been a surprise to find, quite soon, that he was enjoying a great deal of busyness and success. He won a place on the Cornell *Daily Sun*, became its editor-in-chief, and in his senior year wrote most of the editorials. He became the president of his fraternity and was elected to Quill and Dagger, the Senior Honorary Society. He was too busy writing to spend much time studying, but he had warm friendships with several of his professors, among them William Strunk, Jr., whose writing handbook, "The Elements of Style," White revised years later. By the time White graduated, transformed from Elwyn into Andy, he had also been transformed into a Big Man on Campus, who, he later remembered, "glowed with a fraudulent self-confidence, alight with love, full of importance."

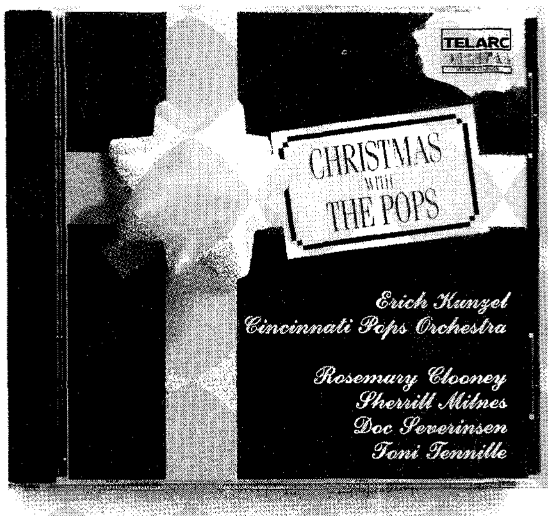
The love with which he was alight was for a pretty fellow-student named Alice Burchfield, but it was, White later recalled, an "immaculate" courtship. He addressed her more ardently in poetry than in person, and though he even imagined marrying her, he made no real effort to do so. For a year or two, he cherished her romantic image and wrote her long letters. They parted friends. Of his poetry in this period he later remarked, "I was giving birth almost continuously, like a hamster. None of the [poems] had any merit." Even in love, however, he kept in touch with his sense of humor. One of his odes compared Alice's eyes to those of his faithful dog, Mutt.

With Cornell behind him, White was forced to think about earning a living. He was hired by the United

Press as a reporter and rewrite man, but he hated the job and quit. He began submitting poems to newspapers, with some success. In an aimless and restless mood, he convinced a college friend, Howard Cushman, that they should hit the road in a Model T that White had bought with his United Press earnings; they would cross the continent, earning their way with poetry and odd jobs. The plan worked, and after some months of more or less merry adventure the two young men found themselves in Seattle. White got a job as a reporter on the Seattle *Times* and was soon writing short pieces of humor. Then, feeling lonely and adrift, he made an excursion to Alaska. In 1923, he returned home, more travelled but little wiser about what was to become of him.

During the next two years, White worked at an advertising agency—an experience that left him with an abiding dislike for that business, which he considered a compound of the trivial and the dishonest. He wrote a great deal, and sold a number of poems to "The Conning Tower," Franklin P. Adams' column in the *World*, which was an important showcase for young talent. On the strength of this success, he left his job and moved into an apartment in Greenwich Village, sharing it with three friends. Years later, in a story called "The Hotel of the Total Stranger," he wrote a powerful description of his darker moments: "Two flights up, what lean and tortured years, with those other fellows—all gainfully employed except himself—those mornings alone in the apartment straightening up after the others had left for work, rinsing the dirty cereal-encrusted bowls, taking the percolator apart and putting it together again, and then sinking down on the lumpy old couch in the terrible loneliness of midmorning, sometimes giving way to tears of doubt and misgiving (his own salt rivers of doubt), and in the back room the compensatory window box with the brave and grimy seedlings struggling, and the view of the naked fat lady across the yard."

In February, 1925, White bought a copy of the first issue of *The New Yorker*, hoping that it might be a new market for his work. Nine weeks later, the magazine published his first piece, and it ran several more within the year. Harold Ross, the founder and



"HARK!"

"This is the Christmas CD to end all Christmas CDs. Telarc has done it again. 10/10."
CD Review

"The most lavish Christmas Pops album of the year..."
The Washington Post

"Quite simply the best Pops Christmas program ever recorded."
Schwann InMusic

Joyful! Triumphant! "Christmas With The Pops" from Erich Kunzel and the Cincinnati Pops sets the season aglow. All your holiday favorites with a host of heavenly solo performances by Rosemary Clooney, Doc Severinsen, Sherrill Milnes and Toni Tennille. Glorious!

TELARC® DIGITAL

EVERYTHING YOU HEAR IS TRUE.

ORDER TOLL FREE: J & R MUSIC WORLD 1-800-551-7200.

NEW YORKER DASH

A T-shirt as spirited as *The New Yorker* itself. Featuring artist Ed Koren's fast-paced creatures in black on a white 100% cotton shirt. To order yours, make tracks to the nearest mailbox, and don't forget your friends!

Please send me the following Koren runner shirts:

__ Large T-Shirt (111062) @ $14.95 = $ ___
__ X-Large T-Shirt (111070) @ $14.95 = $ ___
__ Include sales tax in CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY. = $ ___
Shipping $2.50 per item = $ ___
My check or money order for is enclosed. = $ ___

Send order to:
New Yorker Wear,℠ P.O. Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336

Name ______
Address ______
UPS will not deliver to a P.O. Box. Please use street address.
City/State/Zip ______

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery. U.S. and Canada only.

© 1990, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

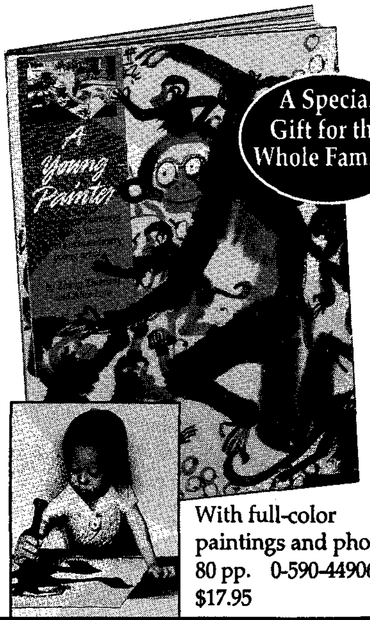
670448

Called "the Picasso of China," she's only 16 years old!

A Young Painter

The Life and Paintings of Wang Yani, —China's Extraordinary Young Artist

by Zeng Zhensun and Alice Low



A Special Gift for the Whole Family!

With full-color paintings and photos. 80 pp. 0-590-44906-0 $17.95

SCHOLASTIC HARDCOVER

THE FRESHEST BREW...THE RICHEST COFFEE... THE ULTIMATE GIFT

a coffee lover's ROAST-YOUR-OWN coffee dream!

COFFEE BEANS

The Complete Kit

The Kit contains: 12 ozs. of Guatemala's (Coban) finest green gourmet coffee beans • reusable burlap sack • roasting pan w/ lid • oven mitts • wooden spoon • thermometer • easy-to-follow stovetop instructions (ready in 15 min.) and recipe booklet • sample roasted beans • bean reorder form.

$29.95 plus $3.95 shipping Mastercard/Visa accepted

Call Toll-Free 1-800-873-7557 or send payment to:
AGAPE IMPORT/EXPORT, INC.
1116 Pine St., Phila., PA 19107

Minutes From Princeton, NJ

Two story dramatic Contemporary in Lawrenceville situated on 1.3 acres of lush private grounds. Its 4,700 sq. ft. include two master suites, two bedrooms, loft, 3 fireplaces, gourmet kitchen/sunlit breakfast room and much more. For further details & a private showing, call Susan Gordon.

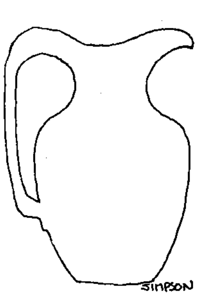
PRINCETON
10 Nassau St.
609-921-1411

A MEMBER OF THE SEARS FINANCIAL NETWORK
COLDWELL BANKER
SCHLOTT REALTORS®

editor, was pleased with them, and so was Katharine Angell, a young woman who, as Ross's editorial assistant, was his right hand. She urged Ross to hire White, but White, who hated desk jobs and was cautious about joining anything, went off to Europe. When he returned, in late 1926, he agreed to take a part-time job editing "newsbreaks," the magazine's end-of-column fillers. It was a decision that shaped his entire future and that of the magazine as well.

White was soon writing Comment and developing a style that was funny and fresh and wholly his own. He had reverence for nothing except truth. He was adept at putting his finger on whatever was silly or false and, in a phrase or two, rendering it ridiculous. He could be lighthearted and searching at the same time. His tone was modest. His guidelines were honesty and common sense, and his prose had faultless grace. White brought what Marc Connelly called "the steel and the music" to the magazine. In addition to Comment, he wrote captions for cartoons, light verse, short fiction pieces known as casuals, and parodies, and his tag lines for newsbreaks were often so funny that readers quoted them for years.

In the course of his work, he saw a great deal of Katharine Sergeant Angell. She was a New Englander and a Bryn Mawr graduate, quite beautiful in a patrician way, intelligent, sensitive, and strong-minded. Though married and the mother of two young children, she had been determined to have a career, and had joined *The New Yorker* in the summer of 1925. White later wrote, "She quickly discovered, in this fumbling and impoverished new weekly, something that fascinated her: its quest for humor, its search for excellence, its involvement with young writers and artists." White fell in love with her but, as always, was wary of committing himself. He wrote poems to her instead. Their courtship was further complicated by difficulties that Katharine was having in dissolving her unhappy marriage. After what White's biographer describes as "a long and intricate mating dance," they were married, with little ceremony, in November, 1929. A year later, their son, Joel, was born, and the next few years were the happiest that White would ever have. Marrying Katharine was, he wrote in a note to her, "the most beautiful decision of [my] life."



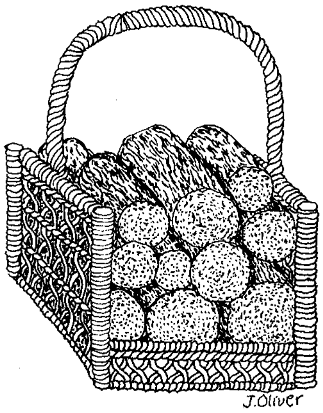
WHITE's childhood summers had left him with an abiding love of Maine, of the water, and of small boats. The Whites bought a fine old farm on a cove at North Brooklin, a coastal village, and White fled to it whenever life in New York threatened to overwhelm him. Even love and a happy marriage had not solved his emotional problems. Fears and illnesses continued to beset him. Though he was writing a great deal—all sorts of short, funny pieces that were enormously successful—he was dissatisfied with his work. He felt he ought to write something weightier—a magnum opus. He made a number of attempts, but nothing came of them. In 1938, he persuaded Katharine to move to Maine year-round. He also agreed to write a column for *Harper's* under the heading "One Man's Meat," in the hope that a monthly deadline would be easier than the weekly Comment at *The New Yorker*. This change, he thought, would give him the time and the serenity he needed for a major work. It didn't happen that way. White quickly accumulated a barnyardful of animals—at one point, according to Elledge, he had fifteen sheep, a hundred and fifty chickens, six roosters, three geese, a dog, a tomcat, a pig, and a captive mouse—and tending them was seductive and filled his days. Instead of a magnum opus he wrote a number of wonderful pieces about daily life on the farm—and, without intending to, laid the foundation of "Charlotte's Web."

By the spring of 1943, with the war consuming everyone's thoughts, White had decided to quit *Harper's* and move back to New York, where he could make the only contribution possible for him—writing about events on a weekly basis for *The New Yorker*, and especially about his belief that only a world government could bring lasting peace. White hated leaving the farm, and that summer he had what he called "a nervous crack-up." He continued to be ill and depressed for months. Then, in November, 1944, in a rented apartment in Greenwich Village, he began to feel better—well enough, at least, to sit down and finish a little children's book about a mouse which he had started, quite casually, years before.

Most of our classic children's books have come into being through a lucky accident, and "Stuart Little" is among them. In the late twenties, on a train trip, White had had a vivid dream about "a small character who had the features of a mouse, was nicely dressed, courageous, and questing." White liked the dream and wrote it down. Thereafter, when his nephews and nieces asked for a story he turned to his dream mouse. He added episodes from time to time, and, in 1938, finally showed them to a publisher, only to be turned down. At the time, Katharine was reviewing children's books, and White, too, wrote a short piece about them, in which he remarked that writing for children "must be a lot of fun." The piece brought a letter from his editor at Harper and Brothers (which had already published several collections of his poems and short pieces) asking to see the mouse stories Katharine had mentioned. The first chapters were enthusiastically received at Harpers, but other events overwhelmed the project, and White left "Stuart Little" unfinished for six more years.

In the winter of 1944-45, White later wrote, "I was almost sure I was about to die, my head felt so queer. With death at hand, I cast about to discover what I could do to ease the lot of my poor widow, and again my thoughts strayed to Stuart Little." He finished the book in eight weeks. Writing the last few chapters, which read so lyrically, was, he claimed, "a nightmare." He recalled, "I wrote them doggedly and while under the impression that I was at death's door." The book, published in 1945, was an instant success. It was praised by mainstream critics as well as by children's-book reviewers. It has now sold nearly three million copies and has been translated into twelve languages.

The story of Stuart Little begins in a setting very much like White's boyhood home, and, as it continues, sometimes seems a playful self-portrait. Its mouse hero is, like White, small and neat, a perfectionist, who does things right, and also likes to ice-skate, sail boats, and paddle canoes over clear water. Then Margalo, "a pretty little hen-bird, brown, with a streak of yellow on her breast," appears, and, though the light tone doesn't change, the story suddenly takes a grip on the reader's heart. Stuart instantly loves Margalo; when she flies away, he is heartbroken, and, though he is sad to leave home, and takes with him a strand of his mother's hair, he goes in search of her. The world turns out to be "a big place in which to go looking for a lost bird," and the book ends with Stuart pausing at a fork in the road, undecided on which direction to take. At last, he settles on north, where there are wonderful places: "swamps where cedars grow and turtles wait on logs but not for anything in particular; fields bordered by crooked fences broken by years of standing still . . . pastures rank with ferns and junipers, all under fair skies with a wind blowing." Stuart says, "I rather expect that from now on I shall be travelling north until the end of my days," and he sets out with the feeling that "he was headed in the right direction."



I WOULD have thought that there couldn't be a more perfect work for children if White hadn't gone on to write "Charlotte's Web."

In 1949, White told his publisher that he was working on a new children's book. "I look at it every day," he said. "I keep it in a carton, as you would a kitten." Most of "Charlotte's Web" was written the following year in Maine, where the barn that he had chosen as his cosmic model was at hand for quick reference.

If "Stuart Little" is the love song of White's youth, "Charlotte's Web" is the poetry of his middle age, in which he celebrates the beauty of nature and makes peace with its inevitabilities. The story, as almost everyone in the world knows, concerns a pig named Wilbur, who, faced with a sudden awareness of mortality, gives way to despair. "I don't *want* to die," he moans. "I want to stay alive, right here in my comfortable manure pile with all my friends. I want to breathe the beautiful air and lie in the beautiful sun." He is soothed and ultimately rescued by Charlotte, a spider, who speaks to him from her web, in a doorway high above his head. She is the voice of common sense and courage—a voice that White must have often listened for—and as she helps Wilbur subdue his fear she comforts us all.

"Charlotte's Web" is both funny and poignant. Of the link between sadness and humor White once wrote, "Humorous writing, like poetical writing, has an extra content. It plays, like an active child, close to the big hot fire which is Truth. And sometimes the reader feels the heat." Truth, the unexpected ruthlessness of White's perception, makes his writing funny. Charlotte is the embodiment of practicality. "You mean you *eat* flies?" gasps Wilbur, horrified at seeing her wrap up a struggling victim. "Do they taste good?" "Delicious," she replies. "Of course, I don't really eat them. I drink them—drink their blood. I love blood," and as she says that, we are told, "her pleasant, thin voice grew even thinner and more pleasant."

White deals truthfully with all his animal characters. "I discovered that there was no need to tamper in any way with the habits and characteristics of spiders, pigs, geese, and rats," he noted in a letter to the director of the animated-film version of "Charlotte's Web." "I spent a year studying spiders before I ever started writing the book. In this, I think I found the key to the story." His characters are amoral, as animals are—untroubled by human virtues. His barn world is filled with the ordinary things he found lovely. It is old. It smells of manure and hay and the sweat of tired horses and the wonderful sweet breath of patient cows, of grain and harness dressing, rubber boots and new rope. It is a place where miracles happen: lambs are born, eggs hatch, and tiny spiders emerge from their natal sac to sail into the air on threads of silk.

Outdoors lies another beautiful world: In early summer, "the days grow warm and soft. . . . In the fields, around the house, in the barn, in the woods, in the swamp—everywhere love and songs and nests and eggs. From the edge of the woods, the white-throated sparrow (which must come all the way from

©'85 JIM MORRIS

WILDLIFE T-SHIRTS

Support wildlife by wearing environmental t-shirts. (10% of profits go to environmental groups.) Many designs, $10.95 each. Heavyweight 100% cotton t-shirts in S, M, L, XL in white, blue, ash, natural. Sweats also, $22.50 each. FREE CATALOG.

JIM MORRIS P.O. Box 831 DEPT. NYB1
Boulder, CO 80306 (303) 444-6430

Satisfaction guaranteed. Share the Earth!

How did Santa *really* get to be Santa?

Here's the HO-HO-HO-le story!

YOUNG SANTA

By Dan Greenburg

Illus. by Warren Miller

Ages 9 up.

Viking At your bookstore

Children's Favorites Since 1933 • A Division of Penguin USA

The **best gift** you can buy a New Yorker

Where To... Find It, Buy It, Eat It in New York!

great gift! The complete guide to the best:

WHERE TO FIND IT BUY IT EAT IT IN NEW YORK

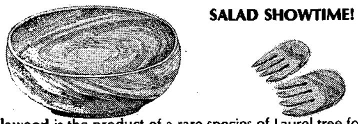
RESTAURANTS! SHOPPING! ATTRACTIONS! BUSINESSES! YOU NAME IT! YOU'LL LOVE IT!

Only $19.95 P & H included

Satisfaction is Guaranteed! or return for prompt refund.

over 600 pages!

Send CHECK or M.O. to:
PIANO BARN • BOX 1234 A
WATER MILL, NY 11976



SALAD SHOWTIME!

Myrtlewood is the product of a rare species of Laurel tree found only on the Northwest Coast. These handcrafted bowls and servers possess a beauty only nature can create, and a hardwood durability that will last generations. Each bowl can have colors ranging from straw to honey or browns, with grain patterns that seem to come alive in the light. Their beauty actually increases with use. The "hands" make salad tossing a theatrical event!

Send____ bowls @ $62.50 each. ____ Salad "Hands" @ $20.set.
____ Sets of Bowls and Hands @ $75.50 set.
Total $ ________ (CA residents, add sales tax)
☐ Payment enclosed (no cash) ☐ M/C ☐ VISA ☐ DINERS
CARD # ________ Exp. ____
Telephone ( ) ________
Name ________
Street ________
City, State, Zip ________

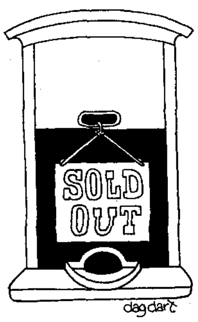
DISCOVERY KITCHEN
(800) 367-6865
P.O. Box 6325
Woodland Hills, CA 91365-6325

Boston) calls, 'Oh, Peabody, Peabody, Peabody!'. . . The song sparrow, who knows how brief and lovely life is, says, 'Sweet, sweet, sweet interlude; sweet, sweet, sweet interlude.' " And that, in essence, is the song the poet sings in this book.

When it is time for Charlotte to die, she accepts it, because that is the way things are for spiders. "After all," she says to Wilbur, "what's a life, anyway? We're born, we live a little while, we die. A spider's life can't help being something of a mess, with all this trapping and eating flies." But White does not leave it at that. He ends his matter-of-fact description of her death with the equally matter-of-fact line "No one was with her when she died," and stabs the reader to the heart.

"Charlotte's Web," published in 1952, was a huge success. It is still a steady seller, and is almost always on any list of children's favorite books.

IN 1957, the Whites left New York and moved to Maine for good. They were able to enjoy their life there only briefly. During the sixties, Katharine's health worsened, and White continued to have spells of undiagnosable malaise. He probably hit the nail on the head when he wrote, in a letter to his stepson, "My own suspicion is that I am dizzy for all the old reliable reasons, inability to write being one." Feeling pressed by medical bills and anxious about providing security for Katharine, he completed a third children's book, which he had begun some years earlier. "The Trumpet of the Swan," published in 1970, was successful, but it lacked the magical essence—possibly "the big hot fire which is Truth"—that infuses Charlotte and Stuart with life.



Katharine died in July, 1977, leaving White dreadfully alone. In answer to a letter from a friend he wrote, "I have lost the one thing that seemed to make any sense in my life," and, to another, "I am just a little man in a ten-room house, with nowhere to go but on." He did go on, for eight more years. During most of them, he was well enough to do some writing, to edit his past work, and to keep up with chores around the farm. We must hope that now and then, in spite of the loneliness and the sadness, there were moments when he enjoyed what he described so beautifully in "Charlotte's Web": "the changing seasons, the heat of the sun, the passage of swallows, the nearness of rats, the sameness of sheep, the love of spiders, the smell of manure, and the glory of everything."

E. B. White died October 1, 1985, at home on his farm. He was eighty-six years old. When I think of him, his words come back: "Sweet interlude. Sweet, sweet, sweet interlude."

THERE continues to be good news from the publishers of children's books. Their industry prospers, a bright spot in the general gloom. During the past year, many talented writers and artists have done their best, and the harvest looks good. Here is a list of books I especially liked, beginning with picture books designed for readers from two to six or seven:

MARIE ANGEL'S WOODLAND CHRISTMAS (Dial; $12.95). This charming book, which can double as an Advent calendar, consists of a series of scenes in a snowy forest as the animals gather to form a festive parade, carrying gifts and ornaments and a Christmas tree to a Christmas concert in a nearby all-animal village. Some of the scenes are surprises, hidden under tabs that the reader can lift. The pages are cardboard, and unfold, accordion fashion, to form a frieze nine feet long that can be mounted on a wall.

WEE MOUSE'S PEEKABOO HOUSE, illustrated by Jean Hirashima (Random House; $2.95). A cardboard book for infants that allows the reader to peek through holes in the pages to find baby mice hidden here and there in Mother Mouse's cottage. Cute, cute, cute—surefire for the peekaboo age.

THE LADYBUG AND OTHER INSECTS, created by Pascale de Bourgoing and Gallimard Jeunesse, illustrated by Sylvie Perols (Scholastic; $10.95). This little book, unusually pretty, is about ladybugs, and uses transparent sheets that peel back to show us different aspects of this marvellous insect. A brief text gives a straight, rather than fanciful, story about the life cycle of the ladybug, and some interesting facts about ants and grasshoppers and several other beetles.

TWO TINY MICE, by Alan Baker (Dial; $12.95). An appealing picture

© January 13, 1940. The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

National Academy
of Design
presents
Hallowed Haunts: The
Drawings and Watercolors
of Charles Addams

A retrospective of over seventy
privately owned works spanning the
years 1935–1989
with the support of
LEXUS
and THE NEW YORKER

November 3, 1991—January 12, 1992
National Academy of Design
1083 Fifth Avenue, at East 89th Street
New York City (212) 369-4880

Hours: Wednesday-Sunday: noon-5:00 p.m.
Tuesday: noon-8:00 p.m.
ADVERTISEMENT

A Legend
Fresh From Nova Scotia
Once crafted by our village people each 20" Balsam Fir Wreath is perfected with a bright red velvet bow and pine cones. Then packed in a humidity controlled gift box that assures freshness and fragrance.
Credit Cards Call 1-800-565-1230 24 hrs.
FAX (902) 897-0861
$25.00
Includes UPS shipping continental USA or CANADA
Include message for hand signed Nova Scotian gift card
DeLong Farms
R.R. #1 New Germany, Nova Scotia, Canada B0R 1E0

David & Susan
MARGONELLI
Fine Handmade Funiture
Eccentric
Birdseye Maple
1991 Portfolio $7• 207-633-3326
RR1 Box 25852, Edgecomb, ME 04556

story in which two tiny mice venture from the safety of their nest into the big world. They see and wonder at all sorts of larger creatures. Some of the creatures are harmless (a rabbit, a sparrow in its nest), some not so benign (a fox, an otter, a weasel), but none of the big animals ever see the two tiny mice, who go safely home and back to bed.

BERLIOZ THE BEAR, by Jan Brett (Putnam; $14.95). The setting for Jan Brett's new animal picture book is a village in the Bavarian Alps. It makes a stunning background for a story about a bear musician whose troubles begin when he hears a strange buzz coming out of his double bass. In this handsome book the artist makes the most of the costumes and folk art of the region.

CREEPY CASTLE, PADDY UNDER WATER, and THE SURPRISE PICNIC, by John S. Goodall (Margaret K. McElderry/Macmillan; $12.95 each). It is a pleasure to find that these three wordless classics by the distinguished British watercolorist have been reissued this year. In "Creepy Castle," two brave mice explore the spookiest castle ever seen and escape, but narrowly. Paddy, an adventurous pig, puts on scuba gear and finds both perils and enthralling wonders in the deep. A cats' picnic goes to pieces when the rock they have chosen as a table turns out to be a tortoise, who walks away. Things get rapidly worse before the cats reach home. The three books are equally inventive, funny, and wonderful.

THE SALAMANDER ROOM, by Anne Mazer, illustrated by Steve Johnson (Knopf; $13.95). A boy finds an orange salamander and takes it home. But salamanders need damp leaves, pools of water, and bugs to eat. Imaginative pictures show how, step by step, in an ever-enlarging fantasy, the boy's bedroom changes into a perfect habitat for a salamander and a boy to share. Anyone who has ever wanted to make friends with another species will understand.

NORA'S DUCK, by Satomi Ichikawa (Philomel; $14.95). A little girl comes across an injured duckling and carries it to a friend of hers—a doctor who shelters all sorts of needy animals on his farm. With this small episode the artist takes us into a peaceable kingdom of kindness and serenity, which, she tells us, really exists at the home

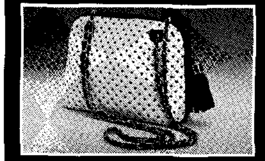
Give a child a subscription to LADYBUG. And get thanked 12 times a year.

Ladybug

The magazine for children ages 2 to 7. Once a month, a smile will say it all.
$19.97 for an eight-issue trial subscription. Order now by calling toll free 1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5LDL

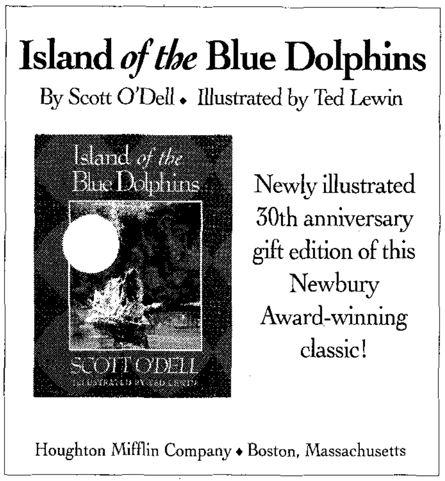
Handcrafted All Silk
Hole-in-One Tie
Woven Specifically for Us
in England. $40.
The Andover Shop
Ladies & Gentlemen
Clothing & Accessories
Free Catalogue upon Request
Credit Cards Accepted
127 Main Street • P.O. Box 5127
Andover, MA 01810
(508) 475-2252

PREPARE FOR SPRING

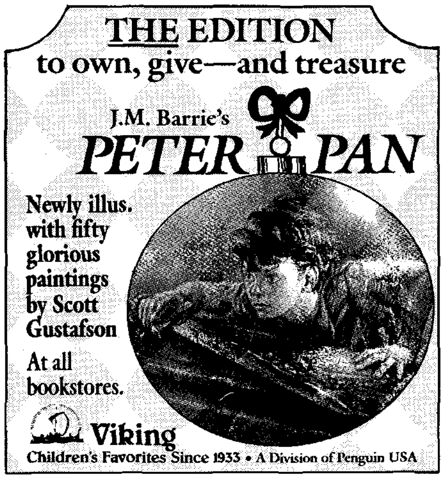


Pure style in design, quality, impact
- Handmade, using the finest materials
- Available in nine colors 8" x 10" $450

THE MARCO POLO COLLECTION
Treasures For The Entire Family
Catalog/Orders: 1-800-647-8740



Island *of the* Blue Dolphins
By Scott O'Dell ♦ Illustrated by Ted Lewin
Newly illustrated 30th anniversary gift edition of this Newbury Award-winning classic!
Houghton Mifflin Company ♦ Boston, Massachusetts



THE EDITION
to own, give—and treasure
J.M. Barrie's
PETER PAN
Newly illus. with fifty glorious paintings by Scott Gustafson
At all bookstores.
Viking
Children's Favorites Since 1933 • A Division of Penguin USA

Over 100 detailed descriptions of men's & women's toilets all over Manhattan
"If you're in the Big Apple with a Small Bladder, you need this book."
"Data on cleanliness, wheelchair access, no. of stalls! This book gets★★★★!"
8.95 Postpaid
ORDER TWO, GET 3RD FREE
The Toilets of New York
A HANDY GUIDE TO THE BEST (AND THE WORST) PUBLIC AND SEMIPUBLIC RELIEF STATIONS FOR THOSE WITH A NEED-TO-KNOW. INCLUDES WALKING AND TROTTING MAPS.
BY KEN EICHENBAUM
Call 414 354-5441 (have credit card handy) or write LITTERATI BOOKS: 4100 W River Lane Milwaukee WI 53209.
Can't wait? Fax order 414 354-7714

ANTIQUE LEATHERBOUND BOOKS
FULL SETS AND SINGLES
(Send for catalogue, $3.)
IMPERIAL FINE BOOKS
790 Madison Avenue, Room 200 (66th-67th)
New York, NY 10021 • (212) 861-6620

WASHABLE SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & BOOTS
Write or Call 1-800-950-2668
FREE CATALOG
Aussie Connection
825 N.E. BROADWAY
Portland, OR 97232

of a friend of *hers*, in an English village. Pastoral scenes are sensitively portrayed in watercolors. The book is filled with grace and a feeling of wonder.

Time Train, by Paul Fleischman, illustrated by Claire Ewart (HarperCollins; $14.95). A school field trip turns out to be a backward-in-time trip to the age of dinosaurs. When the class arrives at the Mesozoic, the kids enjoy scrambled dinosaur egg and pterodactyl-riding while the teacher freaks out. Playfully realistic watercolors sustain the fantasy beautifully.

The Last Princess: The Story of Princess Ka'iulani of Hawaii, by Fay Stanley, illustrated by Diane Stanley (Four Winds; $15.95). Born in 1875, the daughter of a princess, Ka'iulani seemed destined to be queen, but she grew up in a period when Americans were taking control away from the Hawaiian people and preparing to annex their islands. Princess Ka'iulani's efforts to hold on to Hawaii's independence were in vain. Her sad story casts an interesting light on the history of our fiftieth state and on our country's role in that history. Romantic illustrations ably convey the beauty and the pathos of the scene.

All the Lights in the Night, by Arthur A. Levine, illustrated by James E. Ransome (Tambourine; $14.95). During a time of persecution of Jews in czarist Russia, two boys set out alone on the long, dangerous journey to Palestine. It is the eve of Hanukkah, and the brothers find comfort and courage in the ancient story and in the light of a small, battered lamp their mother has given them. The simply told tale has the ring of authenticity, and the splendid oil paintings give a strong feeling of the time and place.

LEAVING picture books behind, we come to books for the intermediate reader or for reading aloud:

Rats on the Roof and Other Stories, by James Marshall (Dial; $12.95). Seven short and truly funny stories for a child who has recently outgrown picture books. The characters are familiar—Mr. and Mrs. Dog, some silly sheep, and a wily wolf are as old as Aesop—but their problems are modern and their conversations hilarious; black-and-white illustrations.

The Minpins, by Roald Dahl, illustrated by Patrick Benson (Viking; $16.95). A fine, old-fashioned fantasy in which a little boy enters a forbidden forest, is chased by a smoke-breathing monster, and discovers a race of tiny people, the Minpins, who live in trees. Sad to say, this is a posthumous book; Dahl died a year ago. It is one of his best—a scary, satisfying, fast-paced tale by a master of the genre.

The Jungle Book, by Rudyard Kipling, illustrated by Gregory Alexander (Arcade; $17.95). Here is a sumptuous edition of Kipling's marvellous jungle stories, derived from his childhood in India. Several are about Mowgli, the boy who lived with wolves. Others are "The White Seal," "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," about a mongoose, and "Toomai of the Elephants." In these masterly and haunting tales Kipling takes us across the boundary between the human and the wild as no other writer has.

Candy Floss, by Rumer Godden, illustrated by Nonny Hogrogian (Philomel; $16.95). Candy Floss is a carnival doll with golden hair. Clementina is a spoiled little rich girl who takes whatever she wants. She steals Candy Floss, but the doll resists; she wants to go back to the carnival. Somehow, the struggle between doll and child awakens Clementina's conscience, and, for the first time, she thinks about the feelings of others. Hogrogian's illustrations for this new edition (the story was first published in 1959) are beautiful, as they always are.

Michael Foreman's World of Fairy Tales (Arcade; $18.95). Michael Foreman, one of the most gifted and most versatile artists at work today, has chosen twenty-two folktales from around the world. Many are from faraway places—India, Japan, the Arctic—and the distinctive flavors of these different cultures are conveyed in powerful watercolors, full of myth and magic. The tales are well told, and each has a brief introduction by the artist explaining the background and the setting.

The Railway Children, by E. Nesbit, illustrated by Pamela Kay (Philomel; $16.95). A new, attrac-

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036-7440

Free Catalog
Bargain Books
Save up to 80% on recent overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints from all major publishers. Choose from up to 8,000 titles including 600-1,500 new arrivals each month! Biography, History, Fiction, Politics, Art, Science, Gardening, Cooking—something for everyone. An immense selection and with more books at $1.95, $2.95, $3.95 than you'll find anywhere else. Fast shipment, moneyback guarantee. Write for free Catalog:
HAMILTON
Box 15-583, Falls Village CT 06031

Spring on Bequia
ESCAPE TO TRANQUILITY
Beautiful, small inn on a plantation on Caribbean island of Bequia, St. Vincent Grenadines. Pool, tennis, beach, delicious food. Call or write: SPRING ON BEQUIA, P.O. Box 19251, Minneapolis, MN 55419. (612) 823-1202.

TIPS FROM A RIVER RAT

You WILL Catch Fish

Fishing SECRETS of a lifetime!
SEND $14.95 to
Moon Fishing Books
P.O. Box 100601 - Ft. Worth, TX 76185
YOU WILL CATCH FISH

tively illustrated edition of a Victorian classic about a gallant family suddenly bereft of Father and making the best of things. The children's courage, good cheer, loyalty, sense of fun, and unfailing upper-classness have a timeless charm. The book was written as a magazine serial, and its exciting episodes keep us turning the pages.

HERE are some nonfiction titles that readers who are eight or older will find interesting:

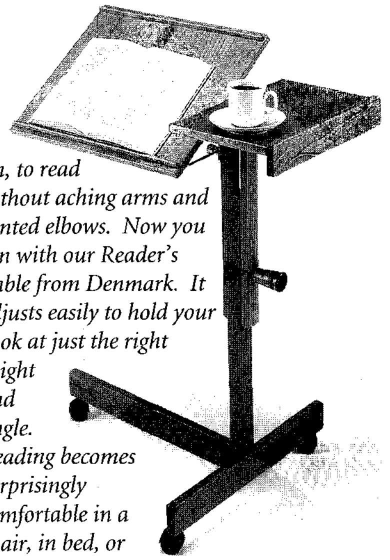
If You Were There in 1492, by Barbara Brenner (Bradbury; $13.95). At last, a book about Columbus that gives a real picture of what life was like in those days. Selecting her facts with diligence, good sense, and imagination, Mrs. Brenner describes the homely details—how people dressed, what they ate, where they slept—as well as the larger events and ideas that governed their lives. In her skillful hands, history makes exciting reading.

Eating the Plates: A Pilgrim Book of Food and Manners, by Lucille Recht Penner (Macmillan; $14.95). The Pilgrims, we are told, baked flat bread that could serve as a plate before being eaten. By concentrating on the Pilgrims' cuisine and other domestic matters (they seldom bathed, and did the laundry once or twice a *year*), the author gives us a vivid impression of these hardy people. She includes simple recipes that allow the reader to cook an authentic Pilgrim meal: corn soup, pickled eggs, Indian pudding, succotash stew, baked stuffed pumpkin, and bannock (i.e., griddle) cakes, washed down with a drink of swizzle (vinegar, molasses, ginger, and water). Delicious?

Predator!, by Bruce Brooks (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $13.95). A fascinating look at a group of animals (to which we belong) who share the same imperative—the need to kill other animals for food. The author explains the underlying rules and relationships that transform what otherwise seems random and cruel into an orderly system—the food chain—basic to life. Some of the unusually fine photographs are a bit distressing (such as one of a snake swallowing live prey), but the rest show our carnivorous cousins at their most magnificent.

George Catlin: Painter of the Indian West, by Mark Sufrin (Atheneum; $14.95). In 1832, George

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

$195 + $9.75 shipping via UPS ground
Assembly required—but worth it.
MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141
LEVENGER
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYRT26, Delray, FL 33445

ZORA NEALE HURSTON
Their Eyes Were Watching God

Their Eyes Were Watching God
Zora Neale Hurston's best-loved novel is now available in a deluxe clothbound gift edition designed by Barry Moser, with nine original drawings by award-winning illustrator Jerry Pinkney, and a foreword by Ruby Dee. $24.95
At bookstores or order toll free 800/545-4703 (MD residents, 301/338-6927)
University of Illinois Press

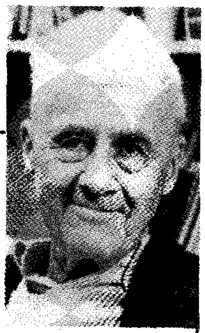
Wild Maine Blueberries

Sweet lowbush blueberries vacuum-packed in half-liter wire-bale jars.
Hand raked by people you'd like to know.
$7.25 plus shipping. Visa/MC accepted.
1-800 428 4580 (1-483 4196 in Maine)

Blue Barrens Farm

ST. FRANCIS
36" - $350.00
24" - $200.00
16" - $130.00
10" - $ 50.00
Catalog on Request
24 VILLAGE DRIVE
CHICKASHA, OK 73018
1-800-367-1714

Ortega Family
Wood Carvers
from
Duane Colcord Gallery
It's like shopping the backstreets of Santa Fe!



HOWARD
NEMEROV

This collection of Nemerov's matchless poems includes twenty-three written during his tenure as Poet Laureate.

TRYING
CONCLUSIONS

New and Selected Poems
1961–1991

$16.95 at bookstores. For MC/VISA orders, call:
1-800-621-2736. In IL: 312-568-1550

The University of Chicago Press

BOOKS
ON TAPE®

World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

KEN FOLLETT
NIGHT OVER WATER

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

(800) 626-3333

Sugar Maples from Vermont

Bring your own hills alive—and make the world a little greener—with the symbol of Vermont. Stately, spectacular, and an heirloom gift to last for centuries.
An elegant certificate is presented for gift-giving, with trees shipped in the spring.
Just $29.95, plus $4 shipping.
100% personal guarantee from Vermont's famous nursery.
Call 1-800-933-8727 to order.

The von Trapp Nursery
Tyler Bridge Road, RR1, Box 2280 Hinesburg, VT 05461

Catlin, a painter without formal training, set out on a self-appointed mission to record Indian culture and the "simplicity and loftiness" of a way of life that was being rapidly destroyed. During a four-thousand-mile journey, he painted hundreds of portraits and kept a journal full of detail and anecdote. His biography gives us a haunting picture of a doomed society and of a brave, gifted, and ultimately tragic man who became its historian.

Life in the Oceans, by Norbert Wu (Little, Brown; $17.95). By means of brilliant photography and an absorbing text, Mr. Wu takes us into the depths of the oceans, our planet's last frontier. He explores various ecosystems—including coral reefs, kelp forests, and open ocean—and explains how things work in this alien world. His book is full of new and surprising information, his personal narrative is always interesting, and his warnings about the fragility of the oceans are all too easy to believe.

A Young Painter: The Life and Paintings of Wang Yani—China's Extraordinary Young Artist, by Zheng Zhensun and Alice Low (Scholastic; $17.95). Yani is a Chinese girl, now sixteen years old, who has been painting, with amazing skill and inventiveness, since the age of three. She has been recognized as a prodigy in China and has had major exhibitions abroad. We are shown Yani's development as an artist and as a growing child in an appealing book, lavishly illustrated with her spirited and beautiful work in ink.

The Wright Brothers: How They Invented the Airplane, by Russell Freedman (Holiday; $16.95). As the Wrights went about their work of inventing the airplane, they photographed each step. Here is part of that fascinating record—thirty-eight of their photographs have been selected, along with some fifty taken by others—together with a well-written story that follows the brothers through the years of trial and frustration leading up to their moment of triumph. A bit of history that will never lose its excitement.

The Random House Children's Encyclopedia (Random House; $60). A big, hefty volume (six hundred and forty-four pages; weight, six pounds) that explains just about everything in terms a second grader can cope with but is equally useful to a reader of any age looking for basic information. Illustrations in color on every page encourage browsing. The indexes really work.

A Kid's Guide to How to Save the Animals, by Billy Goodman (Avon; $2.99). The major issues affecting animals, wild and domestic, are explained in straightforward, unsentimental language easily read by an eight-year-old. Solidly based on fact, this is a valuable handbook for anyone. The author's suggestions, such as boycotting furs, writing to lawmakers, and neutering pets, are practical. This unpretentious paperback is truly an important book: if all the kids in the world acted on it, the animals might be saved.

Finally, two first-rate novels for readers over ten:

Witch Baby, by Francesca Lia Block (Charlotte Zolotow/HarperCollins; $13.95). Witch Baby is a child left on the doorstep of a "family" that Ms. Block created in her weird and wonderful first novel, "Weetzie Bat," set in funky Los Angeles and published two years ago. Now Witch Baby wants to know who she is, who loves her, and how much; she finds out in this story about being alien (some members of the "family" are gay) and alienated (Witch Baby is angry at everybody). This is a lively and peculiar fantasy full of basic truth about love.

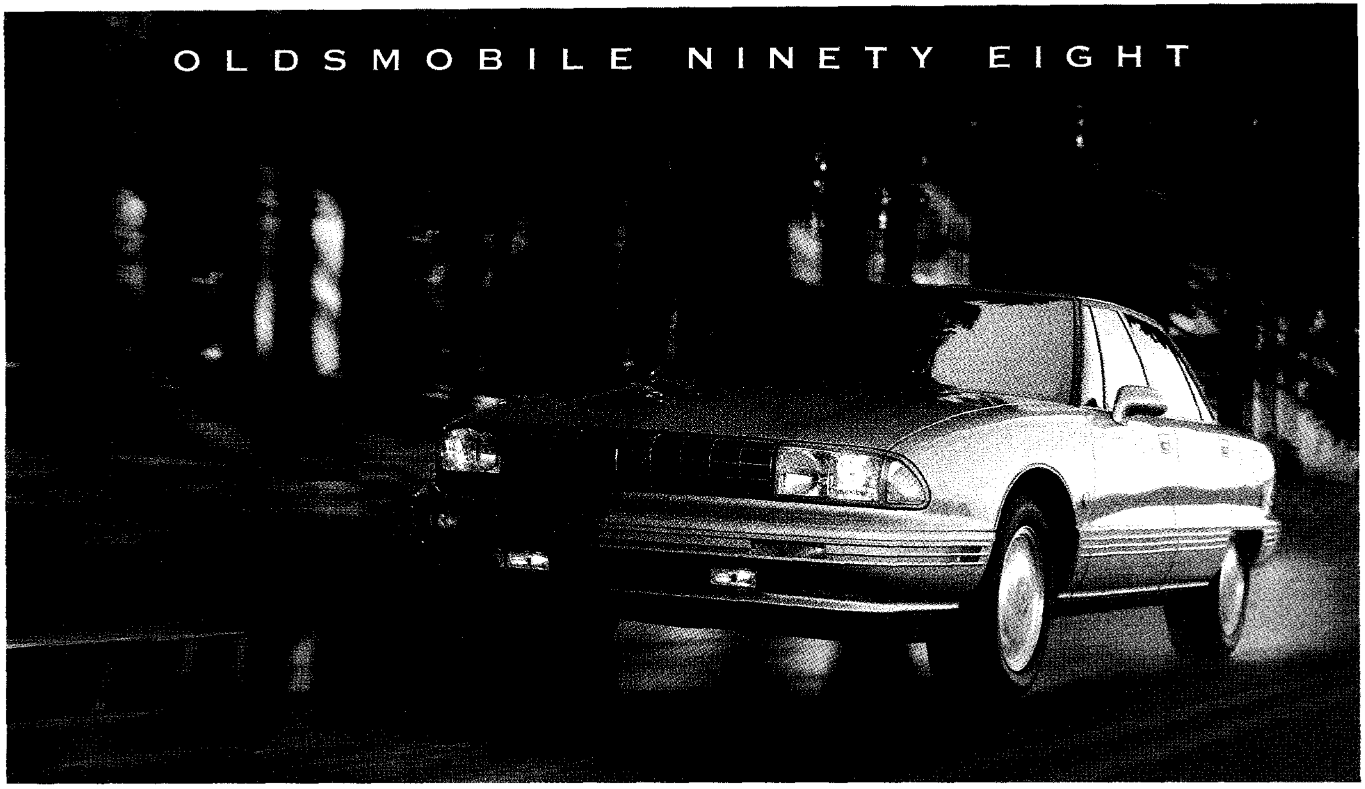
The Borning Room, by Paul Fleischman (Charlotte Zolotow/HarperCollins; $13.95). On the frontier a century ago, one room in a house was set aside for giving birth and, inevitably, for dying. Here is a life story, and the story of a family as well, told in terms of those critical events. A fine novel that combines the immediacy of personal experience with a sense of the changes and the continuity that make up our lives. —Faith McNulty

•

Coffee—Last week's article "In a Professional Cupping Room" incorrectly referred to Tim Castle's coffee firm as Inter Trade. Inter Trade is a firm solely owned by Alexander Castle, and Tim Castle has no interest in it. Tim Castle is the sole shareholder of Castle & Co., a company that has sought protection from its creditors under Chapter 11 of the bankruptcy court. Alexander Castle did not own coffee farms in Guatemala while Tim Castle worked for Inter Trade; accordingly, Tim Castle never found that Alexander Castle's coffee farms were not among Guatemala's best.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Questions?

Buckle Up, America! ©1991 GM Corp. All rights reserved. GM®

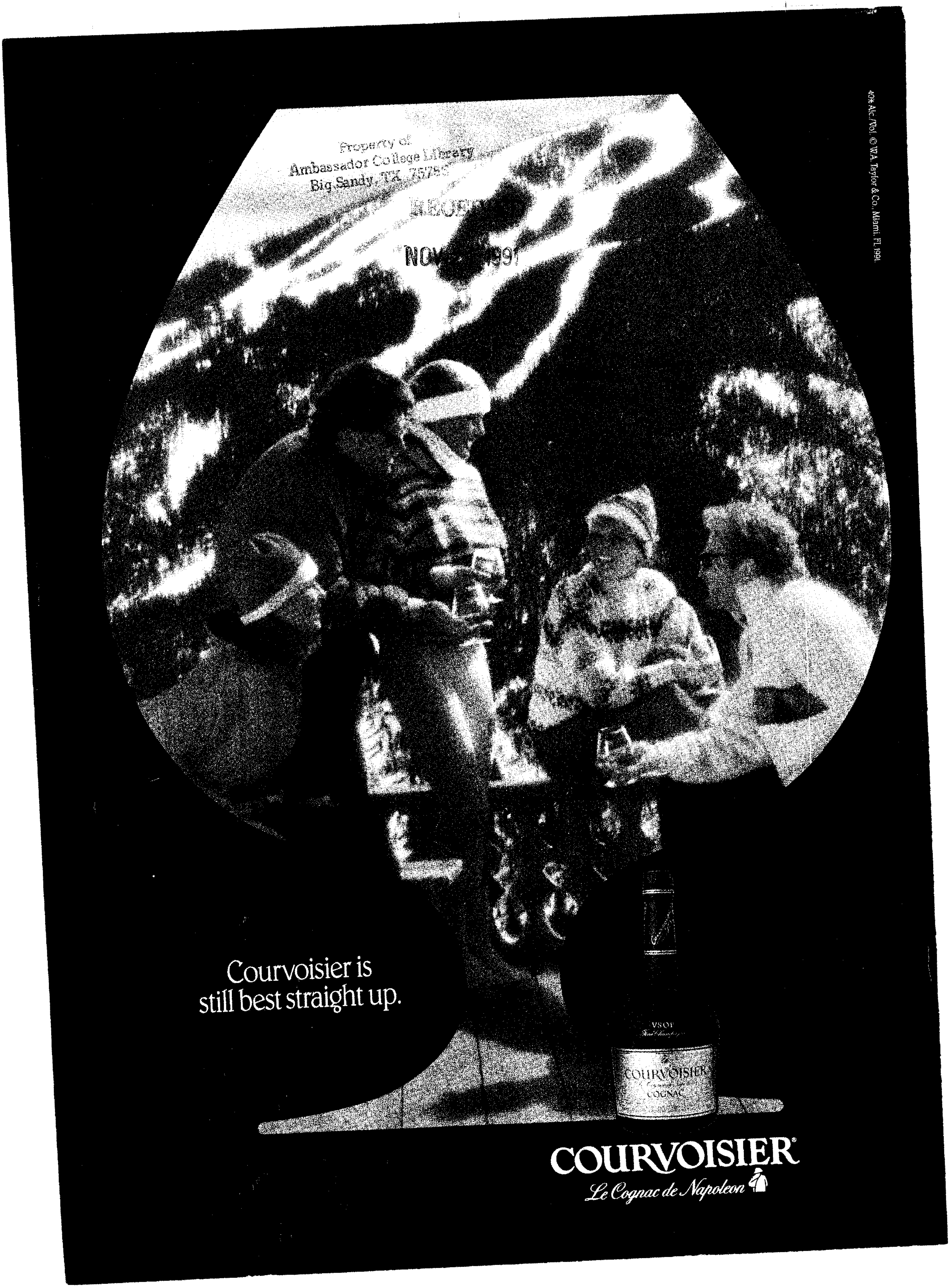


IN THE SILENCE OF 205 HORSES RUNNING, YOU HEAR THE POWER OF INTELLIGENT ENGINEERING.

This is the Ninety Eight® Touring Sedan. Listen. **It's the Supercharged 3800.** An available 205-horsepower engine. Concealed in silence. It's an electronic transmission designed so gears shift in a whisper. It's acoustical engineering which makes all this even quieter. **It's comfortable.** It's one of the most finely tuned suspensions on the road. It's automatic load-leveling for a smooth ride. On any road. Every road. **It's total luxury.** Leather seating areas and burled walnut and steering wheel touch controls. It's the option of having heated bucket seats. **It's the Oldsmobile Edge.℠** The most comprehensive owner satisfaction program in the industry. It's a luxury car you will like the sound of. Visit your Oldsmobile® dealer for a test drive or call **1-800-242-OLDS,** Monday-Friday, 8 a.m.-7 p.m. EST.

Oldsmobile

THE POWER OF INTELLIGENT ENGINEERING.™


Courvoisier is
still best straight up.
VSOP
COURVOISIER
COGNAC
COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon
40% Alc./Vol. © W.A. Taylor & Co., Miami, FL 1991.

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755
RECEIVED
NOV [illegible] 1991